

RECEIVED IN

22 MAR 1926

ALLAHABAD.

THE

TWENTY-FIRST VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
THE FOURTH VOLUME OF
DRYDEN'S MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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Vol. XXI.



MELEAGER AND ATALANTA.

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

CONNECTION to the former STORY.

Ovid, having told how Theseus had freed Athens from the tribute of children, which was imposed on them by Minos king of Creta, by killing the Minotaur, here makes a digression to the story of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the most inartificial connections in all the Metamorphoses: for he only says, that Theseus obtained such honour from that combat, that all Greece had recourse to him in their necessities; and, amongst others, Calydon; though the hero of that country, prince Meleager, was then living.

FROM him, the Caledonians fought relief;

Though valiant Meleagrus was their chief.

The cause, a boar, who ravag'd far and near:

Of Cynthia's wrath, th' avenging minister.

For Oeneus, with autumnal plenty blest'd,

In gifts to heaven his gratitude express'd:

Cull'd sheaves, to Ceres; to Lyæus, wine;

To Pan, and Pales, offer'd sheep and kine;

And fat of olives, to Minerva's shrine.

VOL. XXI.

B

Beginning

Beginning from the rural Gods, his hand
Was liberal to the powers of high command:
Each Deity in every kind was blest'd,
'Till at Diana's fane th' invidious honour ceas'd.
Wrath touches ev'n the Gods; the queen of night,
Fir'd with disdain, and jealous of her right,
Unhonour'd though I am, at least, said she,
Not unreveng'd that impious act shall be.
Swift as the word, she sped the boar away,
With charge on those devoted fields to prey.
No larger bulls th' Ægyptian pastures feed,
And none so large Sicilian meadows breed:
His eye-balls glare with fire, suffus'd with blood;
His neck shoots up a thickset thorny wood;
His bristled back a trench impal'd appears,
And stands erected, like a field of spears.
Froth fills his chaps, he sends a grunting sound,
And part he churns, and part befoams the ground.
For tusks with Indian elephants he strove,
And Jove's own thunder from his mouth he drove.
He burns the leaves; the scorching blast invades
The tender corn, and shrivels-up the blades:
Or, suffering not their yellow beards to rear,
He tramples down the spikes, and intercepts the year.
In vain the barns expect their promis'd load,
Nor barns at home, nor reeks are heap'd abroad:
In vain the hinds the threshing-floor prepare,
And exercise their flails in empty air.
With olives ever green the ground is strow'd,
And grapes ungather'd shed their generous blood.

Amid

Amid the fold he rages, nor the sheep
 Their shepherds, nor the grooms their bulls can keep.

From fields to walls the frightened rabble run,
 Nor think themselves secure within the town:
 Till Meleagrus, and his chosen crew,
 Contemn the danger, and the praise pursue.
 Fair Leda's twins, (in time to stars decreed)
 One fought on foot, one curb'd the fiery steed;
 Then issu'd forth fam'd Jason after these,
 Who mann'd the foremost ship that sail'd the seas;
 Then Theseus join'd with bold Pirithous came:

A single concord in a double name:
 The Thestian sons, Idas who swiftly ran,
 And Ceneus, once a woman, now a man.
 Lynceus, with eagle's eyes and lion's heart;
 Leucippus, with his never-erring dart;
 Acastus, Phileus, Phænix, Telamon,
 Echion, Lelex, and Eurytion,
 Achilles' father, and great Phocus' son;
 Dryas the fierce, and Hippasus the strong;
 With twice old Iolas, and Nestor then but young.

Laertes active, and Ancæus bold;
 Mopsus the sage, who future things foretold;
 And t' other seer yet by his wife unfold.

A thousand others of immortal fame;
 Among the rest fair Atalanta came,
 Grace of the woods; a diamond buckle bound
 Her vest behind, that else had flow'd upon the ground,
 And shew'd her buskin'd legs; her head was bare,
 But for her native ornament of hair;

Which in a simple knot was ty'd above,
 Sweet negligence, unheeded bait of love!
 Her founding quiver on her shoulder ty'd,
 One hand a dart, and one a bow supply'd.
 Such was her face, as in a nymph display'd
 A fair fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd
 The blushing beauties of a modest maid.
 The Caledonian chief at once the dame
 Beheld, at once his heart receiv'd the flame,
 With heavens averse. O happy youth, he cry'd;
 For whom thy fates reserve so fair a bride!
 He sigh'd, and had no leisure more to say:
 His honour call'd his eyes another way,
 And forc'd him to pursue the now neglected prey.

There stood a forest on the mountain's brow,
 Which over-look'd the shaded plains below,
 No sounding ax presum'd those trees to bite;
 Coeval with the world, a venerable sight.
 The heroes there arriv'd, some spread around
 The toils, some search the footsteps on the ground,
 Some from the chains the faithful dogs unbound.
 Of action eager, and intent on thought,
 The chiefs their honourable danger fought:
 A valley stood below; the common drain
 Of waters from above, and falling rain:
 The bottom was a moist and marshy ground,
 Whose edges were with bending osiers crown'd;
 The knotty bulrush next in order stood,
 And all within of reeds a trembling wood.

From

FROM OVID.

From hence the boar was rous'd, and sprung amain,
 Like lightning sudden on the warrior-train;
 Beats down the trees before him, shakes the ground,
 The forest echoes to the crackling sound: }
 Shout the fierce youth, and clamours ring around. }
 All stood with their protended spears prepar'd,
 With broad steel heads the brandish'd weapons glar'd.
 The beast impetuous with his tusks aside
 Deals glancing wounds; the fearful dogs divide: }
 All spend their mouth aloft, but none abide. }
 Echion threw the first, but miss'd his mark,
 And stuck his boar-spear on a maple's bark,
 Then Jafon; and his javelin seem'd to take,
 But fail'd with over-force, and whizz'd above his back.
 Mopsus was next; but ere he threw, address'd
 To Phœbus thus: O patron, help thy priest.
 If I adore, and ever have ador'd
 Thy power divine, thy present aid afford;
 That I may reach the beast. The God allow'd
 His prayer, and, smiling, gave him what he could:
 He reach'd the savage, but no blood he drew,
 Dian unarm'd the javelin as it flew.

This chaf'd the boar, his nostrils flames expire,
 And his red eye-balls roll with living fire.
 Whirl'd from a sling, or from an engine thrown,
 Amidst the foes, so flies a mighty stone,
 As flew the beast; the left wing put to flight,
 The chiefs o'erborn, he rushes on the right.
 Empalamos and Pelagon he laid
 In dust, and next to death, but for their fellows aid.

Onesimus far'd worse, prepar'd to fly;
The fatal fang drove deep within his thigh,
And cut the nerves; the nerves no more sustain
The bulk; the bulk unprop'd falls headlong on the
plain.

Nestor had fail'd the fall of Troy to see,
But, leaning on his lance, he vaulted on a tree;
Then, gathering up his feet, look'd down with fear,
And thought his monstrous foe was still too near.
Against a stump his tusk the monster grinds,
And in the sharpen'd edge new vigour finds;
Then, trusting to his arms, young Othrys found,
And ranch'd his hips with one continu'd wound.
Now Leda's twins, the future stars, appear:
White were their habits, white their horses were;
Conspicuous both, and both in act to throw,
Their trembling lances brandish'd at the foe:
Nor had they miss'd; but he to thickets fled,
Conceal'd from aiming spears, not perview to the speed.
But Telamon rush'd in, and happ'd to meet
A rising root, that held his fasten'd feet;
So down he fell, whom, sprawling on the ground,
His brother from the wooden gyves unbound.
Mean time the virgin-huntress was not slow
T' expel the shaft from her contracted bow:
Beneath his ear the fasten'd arrow stood,
And from the wound appear'd the trickling blood.
She blush'd for joy: But Meleagrus rais'd
His voice with loud applause, and the fair archer prais'd.

He

He was the first to see, and first to show
 His friends the marks of the successful blow.
 Nor shall thy valour want the praises due,
 He said; a virtuous envy seiz'd the crew.
 They shout; the shouting animates their hearts,
 And all at once employ their thronging darts;
 But, out of order thrown, in air they join;
 And multitude makes frustrate the design.
 With both his hands the proud Ancæus takes,
 And flourishes his double-biting ax:
 Then, forward to his fate, he took a stride
 Before the rest, and to his fellows cry'd,
 Give place, and mark the difference, if you can,
 Between a woman-warrior and a man;
 The boar is doom'd; nor, though Diana lend
 Her aid, Diana can her beast defend.
 Thus boasted he; then stretch'd, on tiptoe stood,
 Secure to make his empty promise good.
 But the more wary beast prevents the blow,
 And upward rips the groin of his audacious foe.
 Ancæus falls; his bowels from the wound
 Rush out, and clotted blood distains the ground.

Pirithous, no small portion of the war,
 Press'd on, and shook his lance: to whom from far,
 Thus Theseus cry'd: O stay, my better part,
 My more than mistress; of my heart, the heart.
 The strong may fight aloof: Ancæus try'd
 His force too near, and by presuming dy'd:
 He said, and while he spake, his javelin threw;
 Hissing in air th' unerring weapon flew;

But

But on an arm of oak, that stood betwixt
The marks-man and the mark, his lance he fixt.

Once more bold Jason threw, but fail'd to wound }
The boar, and slew an undeserving hound; }
And through the dog the dart was nail'd to ground. }

Two spears from Meleager's hand were sent,
With equal force, but various in th' event:
The first was fix'd in earth, the second stood
On the boar's bristled back, and deeply drank his blood.
Now while the tortur'd savage turns around,
And flings about his foam impatient of the wound,
The wound's great author close at hand provokes
His rage, and plies him with redoubled strokes;
Wheels as he wheels; and with his pointed dart
Explores the nearest passage to his heart.
Quick and more quick he spins in giddy gires,
Then falls, and in much foam his soul expires.
This act with shouts heaven-high the friendly band
Applaud, and strain in theirs the victor's hand.
Then all approach the slain with vast surprize,
Admire on what a breadth of earth he lies;
And, scarce secure, reach out their spears afar,
And blood their points, to prove their partnership of
war.

But he, the conquering chief, his foot impress'd
On the strong neck of that destructive beast;
And, gazing on the nymph with ardent eyes,
Accept, said he, fair Nonacrine, my prize,
And, though inferior, suffer me to join
My labours, and my part of praise, with thine:

At

At this presents her with the tusky head
And chine, with rising bristles roughly spread.
Glad, she receiv'd the gift; and seem'd to take
With double pleasure, for the giver's sake.
The rest were seiz'd with sullen discontent,
And a deaf murmur through the squadron went:
All envy'd; but the Theſſyan brethren show'd
The least respect, and thus they vent their spleen aloud:
Lay down those honour'd spoils, nor think to share,
Weak woman as thou art, the prize of war:
Ours is the title, thine a foreign claim,
Since Meleagrus from our lineage came.
Trust not thy beauty; but restore the prizes,
Which he, besotted on that face and eyes,
Would rend from us. At this, inflam'd with spite,
From her they snatch'd the gift, from him the giver's
right.

But soon th' impatient prince his fauchion drew,
And cry'd, Ye robbers of another's due,
Now learn the difference, at your proper cost,
Betwixt true valour, and an empty boast.
At this advanc'd, and sudden as the word,
In proud Plexippus' bosom plung'd the sword:
Toxeus amaz'd, and with amazement slow,
Or to revenge, or ward the coming blow,
Stood doubting; and, while doubting thus he stood,
Receiv'd the steel bath'd in his brother's blood.

Pleas'd with the first, unknown the second news,
Althæa to the temples pays their dues

For

For her son's conquest; when at length appear
 Her grisly brethren stretch'd upon the bier:
 Pale, at the sudden sight, she chang'd her cheer,
 And with her cheer her robes; but hearing tell
 The cause, the manner, and by whom they fell,
 'Twas grief no more, or grief and rage were one
 Within her soul; at last 'twas rage alone;
 Which burning upwards in succession dries
 The tears that stood considering in her eyes.

There lay a log unlighted on the earth:
 When she was labouring in the throes of birth:
 For th' unborn chief the fatal sisters came,
 And rais'd it up, and tofs'd it on the flame:
 Then on the rock a scanty measure place
 Of vital flax, and turn'd the wheel apace;
 And turning sung, To this red brand and thee,
 O new-born babe, we give an equal destiny:
 So vanish'd out of view. The frightened dame
 Sprung hasty from her bed, and quench'd the flame:
 The log in secret lock'd, she kept with care,
 And that, while thus preserv'd, preserv'd her heir.
 This brand she now produc'd; and first she strows
 The hearth with heaps of chips, and after blows;
 Thrice heav'd her hand, and, heav'd, she thrice re-
 press'd:

The sister and the mother long contest,
 Two doubtful titles in one tender breast;
 And now her eyes and cheeks with fury glow,
 Now pale her cheeks, her eyes with pity flow;

Now

Now lowering looks presage approaching storms,
And now prevailing love her face reforms:
Resolv'd, she doubts again; the tears, she dry'd
With blushing rage, are by new tears supply'd:
And as a ship, which winds and waves assail,
Now with the current drives, now with the gale,
Both opposite, and neither long prevail. }
She feels a double force, by turns obeys
Th' imperious tempest, and th' impetuous seas:
So fares Althæa's mind; first she relents
With pity, of that pity then repents:
Sister and mother long the scales divide,
But the beam nodded on the sister's side.
Sometimes she softly sigh'd, then roar'd aloud;
But sighs were stifled in the cries of blood.
The pious impious wretch at length decreed,
To please her brother's ghosts, her son should bleed;
And when the funeral flames began to rise,
Receive, she said, a sister's sacrifice:
A mother's bowels burn: high in her hand,
Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal brand;
Then thrice before the kindled pile she bow'd,
And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud:
Come, come, revenging sisters, come and view
A sister paying a dead brother's due:
A crime I punish, and a crime commit;
But blood for blood, and death for death, is fit:
Great crimes must be with greater crimes repaid,
And second funerals on the former laid.

Let

Let the whole household in one ruin fall,
And may Diana's curse o'ertake us all!
Shall fate to happy Oeneus still allow
One son, while Thestius stands depriv'd of two?
Better three lost, than one unpunish'd go.
Take then, dear ghosts, (while yet admitted new
In hell you wait my duty) take your due:
A costly offering on your tomb is laid,
When with my blood the price of yours is paid.

Ah! whither am I hurry'd? Ah! forgive,
Ye shades, and let your sister's issue live:
A mother cannot give him death; though he
Deserves it, he deserves it not from me.

Then shall th' unpunish'd wretch insult the slain,
Triumphant live, not only live, but reign?
While you thin shades, the sport of winds, are tost
O'er dreary plains, or tread the burning coast.
I cannot, cannot bear; 'tis past, 'tis done;
Perish this impious, this detested son;
Perish his fire, and perish I withal;
And let the house's heir, and the hop'd kingdom fall.

Where is the mother fled, her pious love,
And where the pains which with ten months I strove!
Ah! hadst thou dy'd, my son, in infant years,
Thy little herse had been bedew'd with tears.

Thou liv'st by me; to me thy breath resign;
Mine is the merit, the demerit thine.
Thy life by double title I require;
Once given at birth, and once preserv'd from fire:

One murder pay, or add one murder more,
And me to them who fell by thee restore.

I would, but cannot: my son's image stands
Before my sight; and now their angry hands
My brothers hold, and vengeance these exact,
This pleads compassion, and repents the fact.

He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his doom:
My brothers, though unjustly, shall o'ercome.
But, having pay'd their injur'd ghosts their due,
My son requires my death, and mine shall his pursue.

At this for the last time she lifts her hand,
Averts her eyes, and half unwilling drops the brand.
The brand, amid the flaming fuel thrown,
Or drew, or seem'd to draw, a dying groan;
The fires themselves but faintly lick'd their prey,
Then loath'd their impious food, and would have shrunk
away.

Just then the hero cast a doleful cry,
And in those absent flames began to fry:
The blind contagion rag'd within his veins;
But he with manly patience bore his pains:
He fear'd not fate, but only griev'd to die
Without an honest wound, and by a death so dry.
Happy Ancaëus, thrice aloud he cry'd,
With what becoming fate in arms he dy'd!
Then call'd his brothers, sisters, fire, around,
And her to whom his nuptial vows were bound;
Perhaps his mother; a long sigh he drew,
And, his voice failing, took his last adieu:

For

For as the flames augment, and as they stay
 At their full height, then languish to decay,
 They rise, and sink by fits; at last they soar
 In one bright blaze, and then descend no more;
 Just so his inward heats, at height, impair,
 Till the last burning breath shoots out the soul in air.

Now lofty Calydon in ruins lies;
 All ages, 'all degrees, unfluice their eyes;
 And heaven and earth resound with murmurs, groans,
 and cries.

Matrons and maidens beat their breasts, and tear
 Their habits, and root up their scatter'd hair.
 The wretched father, father now no more,
 With sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the floor,
 Deforms his hoary locks with dust obscene,
 And curses age, and loaths a life prolong'd with pain,
 By steel her stubborn soul his mother freed,
 And punish'd on herself her impious deed.
 Had I an hundred tongues, a wit so large
 As could their hundred offices discharge;
 Had Phœbus all his Helicon bestow'd,
 In all the streams inspiring all the God;
 Those tongues, that wit, those streams, that God, in vain
 Would offer to describe his sisters' pain:
 They beat their breasts with many a bruising blow,
 Till they turn livid, and corrupt the snow.
 The corpse they cherish, while the corpse remains,
 And exercise and rub with fruitless pains;
 And when to funeral flames 'tis borne away,
 They kiss the bed on which the body lay:

And

And when those funeral flames no longer burn
(The dust compos'd within a pious urn),
Ev'n in that urn their brother they confess,
And hug it in their arms, and to their bosoms press.

His tomb is rais'd; then, stretch'd along the ground,
Those living monuments his tomb surround:
Ev'n to his name, inscrib'd, their tears they pay,
Till tears and kisses wear his name away.

But Cynthia now had all her fury spent,
Not with less ruin, than a race, content:
Excepting Gorgé, perish'd all the seed,
And her whom heaven for Hercules decreed.
Sate at last, no longer she pursu'd
The weeping sisters; but, with wings endu'd,
And horny beaks, and sent to flit in air;
Who yearly round the tomb in feather'd flocks repair.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The author, pursuing the deeds of Theseus, relates how he, with his friend Pirithous, were invited by Achelous, the River-God, to stay with him, till his waters were abated. Achelous entertains them with a relation of his own love to Perimele, who was changed into an island by Neptune, at his request. Pirithous, being an atheist, derides the legend, and denies the power of the Gods to work that miracle. Lelex, another companion of Theseus, to confirm the story of Achelous, relates another metamorphosis of Baucis and Philemon into trees: of which he was partly an eye-witness.

THUS Achelous ends: his audience hear
 With admiration, and admiring fear
 The powers of heaven; except Ixion's son,
 Who laugh'd at all the Gods, believ'd in none;
 He shook his impious head, and thus replies,
 These legends are no more than pious lies:
 You attribute too much to heavenly sway,
 To think they give us forms, and take away.

The

The rest, of better minds, their sense declar'd
Against this doctrine, and with horror heard.

Then Lelex rose, an old experienc'd man,
And thus with sober gravity began:
Heaven's power is infinite: earth, air, and sea,
The manufacture mass, the making power obey:
By proof to clear your doubt; in Phrygian ground
Two neighbouring trees, with walls encompass'd round,
Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown,
One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
I saw the place and them, by Pittheus sent
To Phrygian realms, my grandfire's government.
Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise
Of mortal men conceal'd their Deities:
One laid aside his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilsome steps together trod;
For harbour at a thousand doors they knock'd,
Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd.
At last an hospitable house they found,
A homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatch'd with reeds and straw together bound. }
There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long married, and a happy pair:
Now old in love; though little was their store, }
Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master or for servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all,

Command was none, where equal love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.

From lofty roofs the Gods repuls'd before,
Now stooping, enter'd through the little door;
The man (their hearty welcome first express'd)
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.

But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuff'd with straw, the seat to raise;
Coarse, but the best she had; then takes the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
The living coals, and lest they should expire,
With leaves and barks she feeds her infant-fire:
It smokes, and then with trembling breath she blows,
Till in a chearful blaze the flames arose.

With brush-wood and with chips she strengthens these,
And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.

The fire thus form'd, she sets the kettle on,
(Like burnish'd gold the little seether shone)

Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground (a small well-water'd spot;)
She stripp'd the stalks of all their leaves; the best
She cull'd, and then with handy care she dress'd.

High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;

Good old Philemon seiz'd it with a prong,

And from the footy rafter drew it down,

Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one:

Yet a large portion of a little store,

Which for their sakes alone he wish'd were more.

This

This in the pot he plung'd without delay,
 To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
 The time between, before the fire they sat,
 And shorten'd the delay by pleasing chat.

A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
 Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
 This fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they set
 Before their guests; in this they bath'd their feet,
 And after with clean towels dry'd their sweat:
 This done, the host produc'd the genial bed,
 Sallow the foot, the borders, and the sted,
 Which with no costly coverlet they spread;
 But coarse old garments, yet such robes as these
 They laid alone, at feasts, on holydays.
 The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
 The tables set; th' invited Gods lie down.
 The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
 A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
 Who thrust, beneath the limping leg, a sherd,
 So was the mended board exactly rear'd:
 Then rubb'd it o'er with newly-gather'd mint,
 A wholesome herb, that breath'd a grateful scent.
 Pallas began the feast, where first was seen
 The party-colour'd olive, black and green:
 Autumnal cornels next in order serv'd,
 In lees of wine well pickled and preserv'd:
 A garden-sallad was the third supply,
 Of endive, radishes, and succory:
 Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
 And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
 Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.

All these in earthen-ware were serv'd to board;
And next in place, an earthen pitcher stor'd
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford. }
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining clean,
Varnish'd with wax without, and lin'd within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepar'd,
And to the table sent the smoking lard;
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A savory bit, that serv'd to relish wine:
The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
Still working in the must, and lately press'd.
The second course succeeds like that before,
Plums, apples, nuts, and, of their wintery store,
Dry figs and grapes, and wrinkled dates, were set
In canisters, t' inlarge the little treat:
All these a milk-white honey-comb surround,
Which in the midst the country-banquet crown'd.
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face:
In all they did, you might discern with ease
A willing mind, and a desire to please.
Mean time the beechen bowls went round, and fill,
Though often empty'd, were observ'd to fill,
Fill'd without hands, and of their own accord
Ran without feet, and danc'd about the board.
Devotion seiz'd the pair, to see the feast
With wine, and of no common grape, increas'd:

And

And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
 Excusing, as they could, their country fare.
 One goose they had ('twas all they could allow)
 A wakeful centry, and on duty now,
 Whom to the Gods for sacrifice they vow:
 Her, with malicious zeal, the couple view'd;
 She ran for life, and limping they pursu'd:
 Full well the fowl perceiv'd their bad intent,
 And would not make her master's compliment;
 But persecuted, to the powers she flies,
 And close between the legs of Jove she lies.
 He with a gracious ear the suppliant heard,
 And sav'd her life; then what he was declar'd,
 And own'd the God. The neighbourhood, said he,
 Shall justly perish for impiety:
 You stand alone exempted; but obey
 With speed, and follow where we lead the way:
 Leave these accurs'd; and to the mountain's height
 Ascend; nor once look backward in your flight.

They haste; and what their tardy feet deny'd,
 The trusty staff (their better leg) supply'd.
 An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
 And there secure, but spent with travel, stop;
 Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes;
 Lost in a lake the floated level lies:
 A watery desert covers all the plains,
 Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains:
 Wondering with peeping eyes, while they deplore
 Their neighbours fate, and country now no more,

Their little shed scarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increas'd, in height and bulk
to grow.

A stately temple shoots within the skies:
The crotchets of their cot in columns rise:
The pavement polish'd marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture grac'd, the spires and tiles of
gold.

Then thus the fire of Gods, with looks serene,
Speak thy desire, thou only just of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound.

A while they whisper; then, to Jove address'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request.
We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine:
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife,
We beg one hour of death; that neither she
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre.

The Godheads sign their suit. They run their race
In the same tenor all th' appointed space;
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple-gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green:
Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthen'd arms a sprouting wood:

New

New roots their fasten'd feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind:
Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give and take at once their last adieu;
At once, farewell, O faithful spouse, they said;
At once th' incroaching rinds their closing lips invade.
Ev'n yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
And offering fresher up, with pious prayer,
The good, said I, are God's peculiar care,
And such as honour heaven, shall heavenly honour }
share.

THE FABLE OF
IPHIS AND IANTHE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE fame of this, perhaps, through Crete had
flown;

But Crete had newer wonders of her own,
In Iphis chang'd; for near the Gnoſſian bounds,
(As loud report the miracle reſounds)
At Phæſtus dwelt a man of honeſt blood,
But meanly born, and not ſo rich as good;
Eſteem'd and lov'd by all the neighbourhood;
Who to his wife, before the time aſſign'd
For child-birth came, thus bluntly ſpoke his mind.
If heaven, ſaid Lygdus, will vouchſafe to hear,
I have but two petitions to prefer;
Short pains for thee, for me a ſon and heir.
Girls coſt as many throes in bringing forth;
Beſide, when born, the tits are little worth;
Weak puling things, unable to ſuſtain
Their ſhare of labour, and their bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a creature ſhalt produce,
Of ſo great charges, and ſo little uſe,
(Bear witneſs, heaven, with what reluctance)
Her hapleſs innocence I doom to die.

He

He said, and tears the common grief display,
Of him who bad, and her who must obey.

Yet Telethusa still persists, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind;
T' extend his wishes to a larger scope,
And in one vessel not confine his hope.
Lygdus continues hard: her time drew near,
And she her heavy load could scarcely bear;
When slumbering, in the latter shades of night,
Before th' approaches of returning light,
She saw, or thought she saw, before her bed,
A glorious train, and Isis at their head:
Her moony horns were on her forehead plac'd,
And yellow sheaves her shining temples grac'd:
A mitre, for a crown, she wore on high;
The dog and dappled bull were waiting by;
Osiris, sought along the banks of Nile;
The silent God; the sacred Crocodile;
And, last, a long procession moving on,
With timbrels, that assist the labouring moon.
Her slumbers seem'd dispell'd, and, broad awake,
She heard a voice, that thus distinctly spake.
My votary, thy babe from death defend,
Nor fear to save whate'er the Gods will send.
Delude with art thy husband's dire decree:
When danger calls, repose thy trust on me;
And know thou hast not serv'd a thankless Deity.
This promise made, with night the Goddess fled:
With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her bed;

Devoutly

Devoutly lifts her spotless hands on high,
And prays the powers their gift to ratify.

Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throes,
Till its own weight the burden did disclose.
'Twas of the beauteous kind, and brought to light
With secrecy, to shun the father's sight.
Th' indulgent mother did her care employ,
And pass'd it on her husband for a boy.
The nurse was conscious of the fact alone;
The father paid his vows as for a son;
And call'd him Iphis, by a common name,
Which either sex with equal right may claim.
Iphis his grandfire was; the wife was pleas'd,
Of half the fraud by Fortune's favour eas'd:
The doubtful name was us'd without deceit,
And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat.
The habit shew'd a boy, the beauteous face
With manly fierceness mingled female grace.

Now thirteen years of age were swiftly run,
When the fond father thought the time drew on
Of settling in the world his only son. }
Ianthé was his choice; so wondrous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis could compare;
A neighbour's daughter of his own degree,
And not more blest'd with Fortune's goods than he.
They soon espous'd: for they with ease were join'd,
Who were before contracted in the mind.
Their age the same, their inclinations too;
And bred together in one school they grew.

Thus, fatally dispos'd to mutual fires,
 They felt, before they knew, the same desires.
 Equal their flame, unequal was their care;
 One lov'd with hope, one languish'd in despair.
 The maid accus'd the lingering days alone:
 For whom she thought a man, she thought her own,
 But Iphis bends beneath a greater grief;
 As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
 Ev'n her despair adds fuel to her fire;
 A maid with madness does a maid desire.
 And, scarce refraining tears, Alas, said she,
 What issue of my love remains for me!
 How wild a passion works within my breast!
 With what prodigious flames am I possess'd!
 Could I the care of Providence deserve,
 Heaven must destroy me, if it would preserve.
 And that's my fate, or sure it would have sent
 Some usual evil for my punishment:
 Not this unkindly curse; to rage and burn,
 Where Nature shews no prospect of return.
 Nor cows for cows consume with fruitless fire;
 Nor mares, when hot, their fellow-mares desire:
 The father of the fold supplies his ewes;
 The stag through secret woods his hind pursues;
 And birds for mates the males of their own-species
 choose. }
 Her females nature guards from female flame, }
 And joins two sexes to preserve the game: }
 Would I were nothing, or not what I am!

Crete,

Crete, fam'd for monsters, wanted of her store,
Till my new love produc'd one monster more.
The daughter of the fun a bull desir'd,
And yet ev'n then a male a female fir'd:
Her passion was extravagantly new:
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impossible she was not bent,
But found the means to compass her intent.
To cheat his eyes, she took a different shape;
Yet still she gain'd a lover, and a leap.
Should all the wit of all the world conspire,
Should Dædalus assist my wild desire,
What art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change Ianthe to a boy?
Extinguish then thy passion, hopeless maid,
And recollect thy reason for thy aid.
Know what thou art, and love as maidens ought,
And drive these golden wishes from thy thought.
Thou canst not hope thy fond desires to gain;
Where hope is wanting, wishes are in vain.
And yet no guards against our joys conspire;
No jealous husband hinders our desire;
My parents are propitious to my wish,
And she herself consenting to the bliss.
All things concur to prosper our design;
All things to prosper any love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the fair;
'Tis past the power of heaven to grant my prayer.
Heaven has been kind, as far as heaven can be;
Our parents with our own desires agree;

But

But Nature, stronger than the Gods above,
 Refuses her assistance to my love;
 She sets the bar that causes all my pain:
 One gift refus'd makes all their bounty vain.
 And now the happy day is just at hand,
 To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band:
 Our hearts, but not our bodies: Thus accurs'd,
 In midst of water I complain of thirst.
 Why com'st thou, Juno, to these barren rites,
 To bless a bed defrauded of delights?
 And why should Hymen lift his torch on high,
 To see two brides in cold embraces lie?

Thus love-sick Iphis her vain passion mourns;
 With equal ardor fair Ianche burns,
 Invoking Hymen's name, and Juno's power,
 To speed the work, and haste the happy hour,

She hopes, while Telethusa fears the day,
 And strives to interpose some new delay:
 Now feigns a sickness, now is in a fright
 For this bad omen, or that boding sight.
 But, having done whate'er she could devise,
 And empty'd all her magazine of lies,
 The time approach'd; the next ensuing day
 The fatal secret must to light betray.

Then Telethusa had recourse to prayer,
 She and her daughter with dishevel'd hair;
 Trembling with fear, great Isis they ador'd,
 Embrac'd her altar, and her aid implor'd.

Fair queen, who dost on fruitful Egypt smile,
 Who sway'st the sceptre of the Pharian isle,
 And seven-fold falls of disemboguing Nile;

}
 Relieve,

Relieve, in this our last distress, she said,
A suppliant mother, and a mournful maid.
Thou, Goddess, thou wert present to my fight;
Reveal'd I saw thee by thy own fair light:
I saw thee in my dream, as now I see,
With all thy marks of awful majesty:
The glorious train that compass'd thee around;
And heard the hollow timbrel's holy sound.
Thy words I noted; which I still retain;
Let not thy sacred oracles be vain.
That Iphis lives, that I myself am free
From shame, and punishment, I owe to thee.
On thy protection all our hopes depend:
Thy counsel fav'd us, let thy power defend.

Her tears pursu'd her words; and while she spoke
The Goddess nodded, and her altar shook:
The temple doors, as with a blast of wind,
Were heard to clap; the lunar horns that bind
The brows of Isis cast a blaze around;
The trembling timbrel made a murmuring sound.

Some hopes these happy omens did impart;
Forth went the mother with a beating heart,
Not much in fear, nor fully satisfy'd;
But Iphis follow'd with a larger stride:
The whiteness of her skin forsook her face;
Her looks embolden'd with an awful grace;
Her features and her strength together grew,
And her long hair to curling locks withdrew.
Her sparkling eyes with manly vigour shone;
Big was her voice, audacious was her tone.

The latent parts, at length reveal'd, began
To shoot, and spread, and burnish into man.
The maid becomes a youth; no more delay
Your vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their gifts the parents to the temple bear:
The votive tables this inscription wear:
Iphis, the man, has to the Goddess paid
The vows, that Iphis offer'd when a maid.

Now when the star of day had shewn his face,
Venus and Juno with their presence grace
The nuptial rites, and Hymen from above
Descended to complete their happy love;
The Gods of marriage lend their mutual aid;
And the warm youth enjoys the lovely maid.

PYGMALION AND THE STATUE.

FROM THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The Propæitides, for their impudent behaviour, being turned into stone by Venus, Pygmalion, prince of Cyprus, detested all women for their sake, and resolved never to marry. He falls in love with a statue of his own making, which is changed into a maid, whom he marries. One of his descendants is Cinyras, the father of Myrrha: the daughter incestuously loves her own father; for which she is changed into a tree which bears her name. These two stories immediately follow each other, and are admirably well connected.

PYGMALION, loathing their lascivious life,
Abhorr'd all womankind, but most a wife:

So single chose to live, and shunn'd to wed,
Well pleas'd to want a consort of his bed:
Yet, fearing idleness, the nurse of ill,
In sculpture exercis'd his happy skill;
And carv'd in ivory such a maid, so fair,
As nature could not with his art compare,
Were she to work; but, in her own defence,
Must take her pattern here, and copy hence.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and last, the thing ador'd desires.
A very virgin in her face was seen,
And, had she mov'd, a living maid had been;
One would have thought she could have stirr'd; but
 strove

With modesty, and was asham'd to move.
Art, hid with art, so well perform'd the cheat,
It caught the carver with his own deceit;
He knows 'tis madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it, loves the more:
The flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,
Which feels so smooth, that he believes it soft.
Fir'd with this thought, at once he strain'd the breast,
And on the lips a burning kiss impress'd.
'Tis true, the harden'd breast resists the gripe,
And the cold lips return a kiss unripe:
But when retiring back, he look'd again,
To think it ivory was a thought too mean;
So would believe she kiss'd, and courting more,
Again embrac'd her naked body o'er;
And straining hard the statue, was afraid
His hands had made a dint, and hurt the maid:
Explor'd her, limb by limb, and fear'd to find
So rude a gripe had left a livid mark behind:
With flattery now he seeks her mind to move,
And now with gifts, the powerful bribes of love:
He furnishes her closet first; and fills
The crowded shelves with rarities of shells;

Adds orient pearls, which from the conchs he drew,
 And all the sparkling stones of various hue:
 And parrots, imitating human tongue,
 And singing-birds in silver cages hung;
 And every fragrant flower, and odorous green,
 Were sorted well, with lumps of amber laid between:
 Rich, fashionable robes her person deck,
 Pendants her ears, and pearls adorn her neck:
 Her taper'd fingers too with rings are grac'd,
 And an embroider'd zone surrounds her slender waste.
 Thus like a queen array'd, so richly dress'd,
 Beauteous she shew'd, but naked shew'd the best.
 Then from the floor he rais'd a royal bed,
 With coverings of Sidonian purple spread:
 The solemn rites perform'd, he calls her bride,
 With blandishments invites her to his side,
 And as she were with vital sense possess'd,
 Her head did on a plummy pillow rest.

The feast of Venus came, a solemn day,
 To which the Cypriots due devotion pay;
 With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
 Slaughter'd before the sacred altars, bled:
 Pygmalion offering, first approach'd the shrine,
 And then with prayers implor'd the powers divine:
 Almighty Gods, if all we mortals want,
 If all we can require, be yours to grant;
 Make this fair statue mine, he would have said,
 But chang'd his words for shame, and only pray'd,
 Give me the likeness of my ivory maid,

}
 The

The golden Goddess, present at the prayer,
 Well knew he meant th' inanimated fair,
 And gave the sign of granting his desire;
 For thrice in chearful flames ascends the fire.
 The youth, returning to his mistress, hies,
 And impudent in hope, with ardent eyes,
 And beating breast, by the dear statue lies. }
 He kisses her white lips, renews the bliss,
 And looks and thinks they redder at the kiss:
 He thought them warm'd before; nor longer stays,
 But next his hand on her hard bosom lays:
 Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
 It seem'd the breast beneath his fingers bent;
 He felt again, his fingers made a print,
 'Twas flesh, but flesh so firm, it rose against the dint,
 The pleasing task he fails not to renew;
 Soft, and more soft at every touch it grew:
 Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce
 The former mass to form, and frame to use.
 He would believe, but yet is still in pain, }
 And tries his argument of sense again,
 Presses the pulse, and feels the leaping vein,
 Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his studied thanks and praise
 To her who made the miracle, he pays:
 Then lips to lips he join'd; now freed from fear,
 He found the favour of the kiss sincere:
 At this the waken'd image op'd her eyes,
 And view'd at once the light and lover, with surprize.
 The Goddess, present at the match she made,
 So bless'd the bed, such fruitfulness convey'd,

That ere ten moons had sharpen'd either horn,
To crown their bliss, a lovely boy was born;
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood, wall'd
The city Paphos, from the founder call'd.

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

There needs no connexion of this story with the former: for the beginning of this immediately follows the end of the last: the reader is only to take notice, that Orpheus, who relates both, was by birth a Thracian; and his country far distant from Cyprus where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia whither she fled. You will see the reason of this note, soon after the first lines of this fable.

NOR him alone produc'd the fruitful queen;
 But Cinyras, who like his fire had been
 A happy prince, had he not been a fire.
 Daughters and fathers, from my song retire:
 I sing of horror; and, could I prevail,
 You should not hear, or not believe, my tale.
 Yet if the pleasure of my song be such,
 That you will hear, and credit me too much,
 Attentive listen to the last event,
 And with the sin believe the punishment:
 Since nature could behold so dire a crime,
 I gratulate at least my native clime,
 That such a land, which such a monster bore,
 So far is distant from our Thracian shore.

Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon and sweet Amomum boast,
Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her second harvests, and her double years;
How can the land be call'd so blest'd that Myrrha
bears?

Not all her odorous tears can cleanse her crime,
Her plant alone deforms the happy clime:
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy heart,
Disfowns thy love, and vindicates his dart;
Some fury gave thee those infernal pains,
And shot her venom'd vipers in thy veins.
To hate thy fire, had merited a curse:
But such an impious love deserv'd a worse.
The neighbouring monarchs, by thy beauty led,
Contend in crowds, ambitious of thy bed:
The world is at thy choice, except but one,
Except but him, thou canst not choose, alone.
She knew it too, the miserable maid,
Ere impious love her better thoughts betray'd,
And thus within her secret soul she said:
Ah Myrrha! whither would thy wishes tend?
Ye Gods, ye sacred laws, my soul defend
From such a crime as all mankind detest,
And never lodg'd before in human breast!
But is it sin? Or makes my mind alone
Th' imagin'd sin? For nature makes it none.
What tyrant then these envious laws began,
Made not for any other beast but man!

The father-bull his daughter may bestride,
The horse may make his mother-mare a bride;
What piety forbids the lusty ram,
Or more salacious goat, to rut their dam?
The hen is free to wed her chick she bore,
And make a husband, whom she hatch'd before.
All creatures else are of a happier kind,
Whom nor ill-natur'd laws from pleasure bind,
Nor thoughts of sin disturb their peace of mind. }
But man a slave of his own making lives;
The fool denies himself what nature gives:
Too busy senates, with an over-care
To make us better than our kind can bear,
Have dash'd a spice of envy in the laws,
And, straining up too high, have spoil'd the cause.
Yet some wise nations break their cruel chains,
And own no laws, but those which love ordains:
Where happy daughters with their fires are join'd,
And piety is doubly paid in kind.
O that I had been born in such a clime,
Not here, where 'tis the country makes the crime!
But whither would my impious fancy stray?
Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts away!
His worth deserves to kindle my desires,
But with the love that daughters bear to fires.
Then, had not Cinyras my father been,
What hinder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his queen?
But the perverseness of my fate is such,
That he 's not mine, because he 's mine too much:

Our kindred blood debars a better tie;
 He might be nearer, were he not so nigh.
 Eyes and their objects never must unite,
 Some distance is requir'd to help the sight:
 Fain would I travel to some foreign shore,
 Never to see my native country more,
 So might I to myself myself restore;
 So might my mind these impious thoughts remove,
 And, ceasing to behold, might cease to love.
 But stay I must, to feed my famish'd sight,
 To talk, to kiss; and more, if more I might:
 More, impious maid! What more canst thou design,
 To make a monstrous mixture in thy line,
 And break all statutes human and divine?
 Canst thou be call'd (to save thy wretched life)
 Thy mother's rival, and thy father's wife?
 Confound so many sacred names in one,
 Thy brother's mother! sister to thy son!
 And fear'st thou not to see th' infernal bands,
 Their heads with snakes; with torches arm'd their hands,
 Full at thy face, th' avenging brands to bear,
 And shake the serpents from their hissing hair?
 But thou in time th' increasing ill control,
 Nor first debauch the body by the soul;
 Secure the sacred quiet of thy mind,
 And keep the fancies nature has design'd.
 Suppose I should attempt, th' attempt were vain;
 No thoughts like mine his sinless soul profane:
 Observant of the right; and O, that he
 Could cure my madness, or be mad like me!

Thus

Thus she; but Cinyras, who daily fees,
A crowd of noble suitors at his knees,
Among so many, knew not whom to choose,
Irresolute to grant, or to refuse.
But, having told their names, inquir'd of her,
Who pleas'd her best, and whom she would prefer?
The blushing maid stood silent with surprize,
And on her father fix'd her ardent eyes,
And looking sigh'd: and as she sigh'd, began
Round tears to shed, that scalded as they ran.
The tender fire, who saw her blush and cry,
Ascrib'd it all to maiden-modeesty;
And dry'd the falling-drops, and, yet more kind,
He strok'd her cheeks, and holy kisses join'd:
She felt a secret venom fire her blood,
And found more pleasure than a daughter should;
And, ask'd again, what lover of the crew
She lik'd the best; she answer'd, One like you.
Mistaking what she meant, her pious will
He prais'd, and bade her so continue still:
The word of Pious heard, she blush'd with shame
Of secret guilt, and could not bear the name.
'Twas now the mid of night, when slumbers close.
Our eyes, and sooth our cares with soft repose;
But no repose could wretched Myrrha find,
Her body rolling, as she roll'd her mind:
Mad with desire, she ruminates her sin,
And wishes all her wishes o'er again
Now she despairs, and now resolves to try;
Would not, and would again, she knows not why;
Stops,

Stops, and returns, makes and retracts the vow:
Fain would begin, but understands not how:
As when a pine is hewn upon the plains,
And the last mortal stroke alone remains,
Labouring in pangs of death, and threatening all,
This way and that she nods, considering where to fall:
So Myrrha's mind, impell'd on either side,
Takes every bent, but cannot long abide:
Irresolute on which she should rely,
At last, unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die;
On that sad thought she rests; resolv'd on death,
She rises, and prepares to choak her breath:
Then while about the beam her zone she ties,
Dear Cinyras, farewell, she softly cries;
For thee I die, and only wish to be
Not hated, when thou know'st I die for thee:
Pardon the crime, in pity to the cause;
This said, about her neck the noose she draws;
The nurse, who lay without, her faithful guard,
Though not in words, the murmurs overheard,
And sighs and hollow sounds: surpriz'd with fright,
She starts, and leaves her bed, and springs a light:
Unlocks the door, and entering out of breath,
The dying saw, and instruments of death;
She shrieks, she cuts the zone with trembling haste,
And in her arms her fainting charge embrac'd:
Next (for she now had leisure for her tears)
She weeping ask'd, in these her blooming years,
What unforeseen misfortune caus'd her care,
To loath her life, and languish in despair!

The maid with down-cast eyes, and mute with grief,
For death unfinish'd, and ill-tim'd relief,
Stood fullen to her suit: the beldame pres'd
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd breast,
Adjur'd her, by the kindly food she drew
From those dry founts, her secret ill to shew.
Sad Myrrha sigh'd, and turn'd her eyes aside:
The nurse still urg'd, and would not be deny'd:
Nor only promis'd secrecy; but pray'd
She might have leave to give her offer'd aid.
Good will, she said, my want of strength supplies,
And diligence shall give what age denies.
If strong desires thy mind to fury move,
With charms and medicines I can cure thy love:
If envious eyes their hurtful rays have cast,
More powerful verse shall free thee from the blast:
If heaven offended sends thee this disease,
Offended heaven with prayers we can appease.
What then remain, that can these cares procure?
Thy house is flourishing, thy fortune sure:
Thy careful mother yet in health survives,
And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives.
The virgin started at her father's name,
And sigh'd profoundly, conscious of the shame:
Nor yet the nurse her impious love divin'd:
But yet surmis'd, that love disturb'd her mind:
Thus thinking, she pursued her point, and laid
And lull'd within her lap the mourning maid;
Then softly sooth'd her thus, I guess your grief:
You love, my child; your love shall find relief.

My

My long experienc'd age shall be your guide;
 Rely on that, and lay distrust aside:
 No breath of air shall on the secret blow,
 Nor shall (what most you fear) your father know.
 Struck once again, as with a thunder-clap,
 The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,
 And threw her body prostrate on the bed,
 And, to conceal her blushes, hid her head:
 There silent lay, and warn'd her with her hand
 To go: but she receiv'd not the command;
 Remaining still importunate to know:
 Then Myrrha thus; Or ask no more, or go:
 I prythee go, or staying spare my shame;
 What thou wouldst hear, is impious ev'n to name.
 At this, on high the beldame holds her hands,
 And, trembling both with age and terror, stands,
 Adjures, and falling at her feet intreats,
 Soothes her with blandishments, and frights with threats,
 To tell the crime intended, or disclose
 What part of it she knew, if she no farther knows:
 And last, if conscious to her counsel made,
 Confirms anew the promise of her aid.

Now Myrrha rais'd her head; but soon, oppress'd }
 With shame, reclin'd it on her nurse's breast;
 Bath'd it with tears, and strove to have confess'd: }
 Twice she began, and stopp'd; again she try'd;
 The faltering tongue its office still deny'd:
 At last her veil before her face she spread,
 And drew a long preluding sigh, and said,
 O happy mother, in thy marriage bed! }

Then

Then groan'd, and ceas'd; the good old woman shook,
Stiff were her eyes, and ghastly was her look:
Her hoary hair upright with horror stood,
Made (to her grief) more knowing than she would:
Much she reproach'd, and many things she said,
To cure the madness of th' unhappy maid:
In vain: for Myrrha stood convict of ill;
Her reason vanquish'd, but unchang'd her will:
Perverse of mind, unable to reply,
She stood resolv'd or to possess or die.
At length the fondness of a nurse prevail'd
Against her better sense, and virtue fail'd:
Enjoy, my child, since such is thy desire,
Thy love, she said; she durst not say, thy fire.
Live, though unhappy, live on any terms:
Then with a second oath her faith confirms.

The solemn feast of Ceres now was near,
When long white linen stoles the matrons wear;
Rank'd in procession walk the pious train,
Offering first-fruits, and spikes of yellow grain:
For nine long nights the nuptial bed they shun,
And, sanctifying harvest, lie alone.
Mix'd with the crowd, the queen forsook her lord,
And Ceres' power with secret rites ador'd
The royal couch, now vacant for a time,
The crafty crone, officious in her crime,
The curst occasion took: the king she found
Easy with wine, and deep in pleasure drown'd,
Prepar'd for love: the beldame blew the flame,
Confess'd the passion but conceal'd the name.

Her

Her form she prais'd; the monarch ask'd her years,
 And she reply'd, the same that Myrrha bears.
 Wine and commended beauty fir'd his thought;
 Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
 Pleas'd with her charge perform'd, she hies her home,
 And gratulates the nymph, the task was overcome.
 Myrrha was joy'd the welcome news to hear;
 But, clogg'd with guilt, the joy was insincere:
 So various, so discordant is the mind,
 That in our will, a different will we find.
 Ill she presag'd, and yet pursued her lust;
 For guilty pleasures give a double gust.
 'Twas depth of night: Arctophylax had driven
 His lazy wain half round the northern heaven,
 When Myrrha hasten'd to the crime desir'd;
 The moon beheld her first, and first retir'd;
 The stars amaz'd ran backward from the sight,
 And, shrunk within their sockets, lost their light.
 Icarus first withdraws his holy flame:
 The virgin sign, in heaven the second name,
 Slides down the belt, and from her station flies,
 And night with fable clouds involves the skies.
 Bold Myrrha still pursues her black intent:
 She stumbled thrice, (an omen of th' event;) }
 Thrice shriek'd the funeral owl, yet on she went,
 Secure of shame, because secure of sight;
 Ev'n bashful sins are impudent by night.
 Link'd hand in hand, th' accomplice and the dame,
 Their way exploring, to the chamber came:

The

'The door was ope, they blindly grope their way,
 Where dark in bed th' expecting monarch lay;
 'Thus far her courage held, but here forsakes;
 Her faint knees knock at every step she makes.
 'The nearer to her crime, the more within
 She feels remorse, and horror of her sin;
 Repents too late her criminal desire,
 And wishes, that unknown she could retire.
 Her lingering thus, the nurse (who fear'd delay
 'The fatal secret might at length betray)
 Pull'd forward, to complete the work begun,
 And said to Cinyras, Receive thy own:
 'Thus saying, she deliver'd kind to kind,
 Accurs'd, and their devoted bodies join'd.
 'The fire, unknowing of the crime, admits
 His bowels, and profanes the hallow'd sheets;
 He found she trembled, but believ'd she strove
 'With maiden modesty, against her love;
 'And sought with flattering words vain fancies to
 remove.

Perhaps he said, My daughter, cease thy fears,
 (Because the title suited with her years;)
 And, Father, she might whisper him again,
 That names might not be wanting to the sin.
 Full of her fire, she left th' incestuous bed,
 And carried in her womb the crime she bred:
 Another, and another night she came;
 For frequent sin had left no sense of shame:
 Till Cinyras desir'd to see her face,
 Whose body he had held in close embrace,

And

And brought a taper; the revealer, light,
Expos'd both crime and criminal to fight:
Grief, rage, amazement, could no speech afford,
But from the sheath he drew th' avenging sword;
The guilty fled: the benefit of night,
That favour'd first the sin, secur'd the flight.
Long wandering through the spacious fields, she bent
Her voyage to th' Arabian continent;
Then pass'd the region which Panchæa join'd,
And flying left the balmy plains behind.
Nine times the moon had mew'd her horns; at length
With travel weary, unsupply'd with strength,
And with the burden of her womb oppress'd;
Sabæan fields afford her needful rest:
There, loathing life, and yet of death afraid,
In anguish of her spirit, thus she pray'd:
Ye powers, if any so propitious are
T' accept my penitence, and hear my prayer;
Your judgments, I confess, are justly sent:
Great sins, deserve as great a punishment:
Yet since my life the living will profane,
And since my death the happy dead will stain,
A middle state your mercy may bestow,
Betwixt the realms above, and those below:
Some other form to wretched Myrrha give,
Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.
The prayers of penitents are never vain;
At least, she did her last request obtain;
For, while she spoke, the ground began to rise,
And gather'd round her feet, her legs, and thighs:

Her

Her toes in roots descend, and, spreading wide,
A firm foundation for the trunk provide:
Her solid bones convert to solid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to sap her blood:
Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their kind,
Her tender skin is harden'd into rind.
And now the rising tree her womb invades,
Now, shooting upwards still, invades her breasts,
And shades the neck; and, weary with delay,
She sunk her head within, and met it half the way.
And though with outward shape she lost her sense,
With bitter tears she wept her last offence;
And still she weeps, nor sheds her tears in vain;
For still the precious drops her name retain.
Mean time the misbegotten infant grows,
And, ripe for birth, distends with deadly throes
The swelling rind, with unavailing strife,
To leave the wooden womb, and pushes into life.
The mother-tree, as if oppress'd with pain,
Writhes here and there, to break the bark, in vain:
And, like a labouring woman, would have pray'd,
But wants a voice to call Lucina's aid:
The bending bole sends out a hollow sound,
And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.
The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and stood
Beside the struggling boughs, and heard the groaning
wood:
Then reach'd her midwife-hand, to speed the throes,
And spoke the powerful spells that babes to birth
disclose.

The bark divides, the living load to free,
And safe delivers the convulsive tree.
The ready nymphs receive the crying child,
And wash him in the tears the parent plant distill'd.
They swath'd him with their scarfs; beneath him spread
The ground with herbs; with roses rais'd his head.
The lovely babe was born with every grace:
Ev'n envy must have prais'd so fair a face:
Such was his form, as painters, when they show
Their utmost art, on naked Love's bestow:
And that their arms no difference might betray,
Give him a bow, or his from Cupid take away.
Time glides along, with undiscover'd haste,
The future but a length behind the past:
So swift are years: the babe, whom just before
His grandfire got, and whom his sister bore;
The drop the thing which late the tree inclos'd,
And late the yawning bark to life expos'd;
A babe, a boy, a beauteous youth appears;
And lovelier than himself at riper years.
Now to the queen of love he gave desires,
And, with her pains, reveng'd his mother's fires.

CEYX AND ALCYONE.

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Connection of this Fable with the former.

Ceyx, the son of Lucifer (the morning star), and king of Trachin in Thessaly, was married to Alcyone daughter to Æolus god of the winds. Both the husband and the wife loved each other with an entire affection. Dædalion, the elder brother of Ceyx, whom he succeeded, having been turned into a falcon by Apollo; and Chione, Dædalion's daughter, slain by Diana; Ceyx prepared a ship to sail to Claros, there to consult the oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid seems to intimate) to enquire how the anger of the Gods might be atoned.

THESE prodigies affect the pious prince,
But more perplex'd with those that happen'd since.
He purposes to seek the Clarian God,
Avoiding Delphos, his more fam'd abode;
Since Phlegian robbers made unsafe the road.
Yet could not he, from her he lov'd so well,
The fatal voyage, he resolv'd, conceal:
But when she saw her lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly cold ran shivering to her heart:

}

Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue,
And in her eyes the tears are ever new:
She thrice essay'd to speak; her accents hung,
And faltering dy'd unfinish'd on her tongue,
Or vanish'd into sighs: with long delay
Her voice return'd; and found the wonted way.
Tell me, my lord, she said, what fault unknown
Thy once-belov'd Alcyone has done?
Whither, ah whither is thy kindness gone?
Can Ceyx then sustain to leave his wife,
And unconcern'd forsake the sweets of life?
What can thy mind to this long journey move,
Or need'st thou absence to renew thy love?
Yet, if thou goest by land, though grief possess
My soul ev'n then, my fears will be the less.
But ah! be warn'd to shun the watery way,
The face is frightful of the stormy sea.
For late I saw a-drift disjointed planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.
Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy mind,
Because my fire in caves constrains the wind,
Can with a breath a clamorous rage appease,
They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas;
Not so, for once, indulg'd, they sweep the main:
Deaf to the call, or hearing hear in vain;
But bent on mischief bear the waves before,
And, not content with seas, insult the shore;
When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage,
And rooted forests fly before their rage:

At once the clashing clouds to battle move,
 And lightnings run across the fields above:
 I know them well, and mark'd their rude comport,
 While yet a child, within my father's court:
 In times of tempest they command alone,
 And he but sits precarious on the throne:
 The more I know, the more my fears augment,
 And fears are oft prophetic of th' event.
 But, if not fears or reasons will prevail,
 If fate has fix'd thee obstinate to fail,
 Go not without thy wife, but let me bear
 My part of danger with an equal share,
 And present suffer what I only fear:
 Then o'er the bounding billows shall we fly,
 Secure to live together, or to die.
 These reasons mov'd her starlike husband's heart,
 But still he held his purpose to depart:
 For, as he lov'd her equal to his life,
 He would not to the seas expose his wife;
 Nor could be wrought his voyage to refrain,
 But fought by arguments to sooth her pain;
 Nor these avail'd; at length he lights on one,
 With which so difficult a cause he won:
 My love, so short an absence cease to fear,
 For, by my father's holy flame, I swear,
 Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
 If heaven allow me life, I will return.

This promise of so short a stay prevails;
 He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,

And gives the word to lanch; the trembling views
This pomp of death, and parting tears renews:
Last, with a kiss, she took a long farewell,
Sigh'd, with a sad presage, and swooning fell;
While Ceyx seeks delays, the lusty crew,
Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order drew
To their broad breasts, the ship with fury flew. }

The queen recover'd rears her humid eyes,
And first her husband on the poop espies
Shaking his hand at distance on the main;
She took the sign; and shook her hand again.
Still as the ground recedes, retracts her view
With sharpen'd sight, till she no longer knew
The much-lov'd face; that comfort lost supplies
With less, and with the galley feeds her eyes;
The galley borne from view by rising gales,
She follow'd with her sight the flying sails:
When ev'n the flying sails were seen no more,
Forfaken of all sight, she left the shore.

Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And sought in sleep her weary'd eyes to close:
Her husband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he press'd, renew'd the former smart.

And now a breeze from shore began to blow,
The sailors ship their oars, and cease to row;
Then hoist their yards a-trip, and all their sails
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales:
By this the vessel half her course had run,
And as much rested till the rising sun;

Both

Both shores were lost to fight, when at the close
Of day, a stiffer gale at east arose:

The sea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
Like heralds, first denounce the watery war.

This seen, the master soon began to cry,
Strike, strike the top-sail; let the main-sheet fly,
And furl your sails: the winds repel the found,
And in the speaker's mouth the speech is drown'd.
Yet, of their own accord, as danger taught,
Each in his way, officiously they wrought;
Some stop their oars, or stop the leaky sides,
Another bolder yet the yard bestrides,
And folds the sails; a fourth, with labour, laves
Th' intruding seas, and waves ejects on waves.

In this confusion while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the sky,
And wage intestine wars; the suffering seas
Are toss'd, and mingled as their tyrants please.
The master would command, but, in despair
Of safety, stands amaz'd with stupid care,
Nor what to bid or what forbid he knows,
Th' ungovern'd tempest to such fury grows;
Vain is his force, and vainer is his skill;
With such a concourse comes the flood of ill:
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling shrowds;
Seas dash on seas, and clouds encounter clouds:
At once from east to west, from pole to pole,
The fork lightning flash, the roaring thunders roll.

Now waves on waves ascending scale the skies,
And, in the fires above, the water fries:

When yellow sands are sifted from below,
The glittering billows give a golden show :
And when the fouler bottom spews the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take :
Then frothy white appear the flatted seas,
And change their colour, changing their disease.
Like various fits the Trachin vessel finds,
And now sublime she rides upon the winds ;
As from a lofty summit looks from high,
And from the clouds beholds the nether sky ;
Now from the depth of hell they lift their fight,
And at a distance see superior light :
The lashing billows make a loud report,
And beat her sides, as battering-rams a fort :
Or as a lion, bounding in his way
With force augmented bears against his prey ;
Sidelong to seize : or, unappall'd with fear,
Springs on the toils, and rushes on the spear :
So seas impell'd by winds with added power
Assault the sides, and o'er the hatches tower.

The planks, their pitchy coverings wash'd away,
Now yield ; and now a yawning breach display :
The roaring waters with a hostile tide
Rush through the ruins of her gaping side.
Mean time in sheets of rain the sky descends,
And ocean swell'd with waters upwards tends,
One rising, falling one ; the heavens and sea
Meet at their confines, in the middle way :
The sails are drunk with showers, and drop with rain,
Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.

No star appears to lend his friendly light:
 Darkness and tempest make a double night.
 But flashing fires disclose the deep by turns,
 And, while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.

Now all the waves their scatter'd force unite,
 And as a soldier, foremost in the fight,
 Makes way for others, and an host alone
 Still presses on, and urging gains the town;
 So while th' invading billows come a-breast,
 The hero tenth advanc'd before the rest,
 Sweeps all before him with impetuous sway,
 And from the walls descends upon the prey;
 Part following enter, part remain without,
 With envy hear their fellows conquering shout,
 And mount on others backs, in hope to share
 The city, thus become the seat of war.

An universal cry resounds aloud,
 The sailors run in heaps; a helpless crowd;
 Art fails, and courage falls, no succour near;
 As many waves, as many deaths appear.
 One weeps, and yet despairs of late relief;
 One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief;
 But, stupid, with dry eyes expects his fate.
 One with loud shrieks laments his lost estate,
 And calls those happy whom their funerals wait.
 This wretch with prayers and vows the Gods implores;
 And ev'n the skies he cannot see, adores.
 That other on his friends his thoughts bestows,
 His careful father, and his faithful spouse.

The

The covetous worldling in his anxious mind
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.

All Ceyx his Alcyone employs,
For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys:
His wife he wishes, and would still be near,
Not her with him, but wishes him with her:
Now with last looks he seeks his native shore,
Which fate has destin'd him to see no more;
He fought, but in the dark tempestuous night
He knew not whither to direct his fight.
So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds the sky,
That the black night receives a deeper dye.

The giddy ship ran round; the tempest tore
Her mast, and over-board the rudder bore.
One billow mounts; and, with a scornful brow,
Proud of her conquest gain'd, insults the waves below;
Nor lighter falls, than if some giant tore
Pindus and Athos, with the freight they bore,
And toss'd on seas: press'd with the ponderous blow
Down sinks the ship within th' abyfs below:
Down with the vessel sink into the main
The many, never more to rise again.
Some few on scatter'd planks with fruitless care
Lay hold, and swim, but, while they swim, despair.

Ev'n he who late a sceptre did command
Now grasps a floating fragment in his hand,
And while he struggles on the stormy main,
Invokes his father, and his wife, in vain;
But yet his comfort is his greater care;
Alcyone he names amidst his prayer,

Names

Names as a charm against the waves, and wind;
 Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind:
 Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of safety past,
 From prayers to wishes he descends at last;
 That his dead body, wafted to the sands,
 Might have its burial from her friendly hands.
 As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,
 And peep above the seas, he names the fair,
 And, ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
 Murmuring Alcyone below the waves:
 At last a falling billow stops his breath,
 Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.
 Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears
 That night, his heavenly form obscur'd with tears;
 And since he was forbid to leave the skies,
 He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.

Mean time Alcyone (his fate unknown)
 Computes how many nights he had been gone,
 Observes the waning moon with hourly view,
 Numbers her age, and wishes for a new;
 Against the promis'd time provides with care,
 And hastens in the woof the robes he was to wear:
 And for herself employs another loom,
 New dress'd to meet her lord returning home,
 Flattering her heart with joys that never were to come:
 She fum'd the temples with an odorous flame,
 And oft before the sacred altars came,
 To pray for him, who was an empty name.
 All Powers implor'd, but far above the rest
 To Juno she her pious vows address'd,

Her

Her much-lov'd lord from perils to protect,
And safe o'er seas his voyage to direct:
Then pray'd that she might still possess his heart,
And no pretending rival share a part;
This last petition heard of all her prayer,
The rest dispers'd by winds were lost in air.

But she, the Goddess of the nuptial bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
Resolv'd the tainted hand should be repell'd,
Which incense offer'd, and her altar held:
Then Iris thus bespoke; Thou faithful maid,
By whom the queen's commands are well convey'd,
Haste to the house of sleep, and bid the God,
Who rules the night by visions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure and in form
Resembling him who perish'd in the storm:
This form before Alcyone present,
To make her certain of the sad event.

Indu'd with robes of various hue she flies,
And flying draws an arch (a segment of the skies):
Then leaves her bending bow, and from the steep
Descends to search the silent house of sleep.

Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowsy God;
Whose gloomy mansion nor the rising sun,
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome noon:
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky;
No crowing cock does there his wings display,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day:

Nor

Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace:
Nor beast of nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor trees with tempests rock'd, nor human cry;
But safe repose without an air of breath
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.

An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow
Arising upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps;
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And passing sheds it on the silent plains:
No door there was th' unguarded house to keep,
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.

But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon-bed:
Black was the covering too, where lay the God
And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad:
About his head fantastic visions fly,
Which various images of things supply,
And mock their forms; the leaves on trees not more,
Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon the shore.

The virgin entering bright indulg'd the day
To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams away:
The God, disturb'd with his new glare of light,
Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which sunk again,
And sinking on his bosom knock'd his chin:

At

At length shook off himself; and ask'd the dame,
(And asking yawn'd) for what intent she came?

To whom the Goddess thus: O sacred Rest,
Sweet pleasing sleep, of all the powers the best!
O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of the day,
Care shuns thy soft approach, and fullen flies away! }
Adorn a dream, expressing human form,
The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm,
And send it sitting to the Trachin court,
The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report:
Before his queen bid the pale spectre stand,
Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand.
She said, and scarce awake her eyes could keep,
Unable to support the fumes of sleep:
But fled returning by the way she went,
And swerv'd along her bow with swift ascent.

The God, uneasy till he slept again,
Resolv'd at once to rid himself of pain;
And, though against his custom, call'd aloud,
Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd:
Morpheus of all his numerous train express'd
The shape of man, and imitated best;
The walk, the words, the gesture, could supply,
The habit mimic, and the mien bely;
Plays well, but all his action is confin'd;
Extending not beyond our human kind.
Another birds, and beasts, and dragons apes,
And dreadful images, and monster shapes:

This dæmon, Icelos, in heaven's high hall
 The gods have nam'd; but men Phobeter call:
 A third is Phantafus, whose actions roll
 On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul;
 Earth, fruits, and flowers, he represents in dreams,
 And solid rocks unmov'd, and running streams:
 These three to kings and chiefs their scenes display,
 The rest before th' ignoble commons play:
 Of these the chosen Morpheus is dispatch'd:
 Which done, the lazy monarch overwatch'd
 Down from his propping elbow drops his head,
 Dissolv'd in sleep, and shrinks within his bed.

Darkling the dæmon glides for flight prepar'd,
 So soft that scarce his fanning wings are heard.
 To Trachin, swift as thought, the sitting shade
 Through air his momentary journey made:
 Then lays aside the steerage of his wings,
 Forfakes his proper form, assumes the king's;
 And pale as death, despoil'd of his array,
 Into the queen's apartment takes his way,
 And stands before the bed at dawn of day:
 Unmov'd his eyes, and wet his beard appears;
 And shedding vain, but seeming real tears;
 The briny water dropping from his hairs;
 Then staring on her, with a ghastly look
 And hollow voice, he thus the Queen bespoke:
 Know'st thou not me! Not yet, unhappy wife?
 Or are my features perish'd with my life?
 Look once again, and for thy husband lost,
 Lo all that's left of him, thy husband's ghost!

Thy

Thy vows for my return were all in vain;
 The stormy fouth o'ertook us in the main;
 And never shalt thou see thy living lord again.
 Bear witness, heaven, I call'd on thee in death,
 And while I call'd, a billow stopp'd my breath:
 Think not that flying fame reports my fate;
 I present, I appear, and my own wreck relate.
 Rise, wretched widow, rise, nor undeplor'd
 Permit my ghost to pass the Stygian ford:
 But rise, prepar'd, in black, to mourn thy perish'd
 lord.

Thus said the player-god; and, adding art
 Of voice and gesture, so perform'd his part,
 She thought (so like her love the shade appears)
 That Ceyx spake the words, and Ceyx shed the tears.
 She groan'd, her inward soul with grief oppress'd,
 She sigh'd, she wept; and sleeping beat her breast:
 Then stretch'd her arms t' embrace his body bare,
 Her clasping arms inclose but empty air:
 At this not yet awake she cry'd, Oh stay,
 One is our fate, and common is our way!
 So dreadful was the dream, so loud she spoke,
 That, starting sudden up, the slumber broke;
 Then cast her eyes around in hope to view
 Her vanish'd lord, and find the vision true:
 For now the maids, who waited her commands,
 Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands.
 Tir'd with the search, not finding what she seeks,
 With cruel blows she pounds her blubber'd cheeks;

Then

Then from her beaten breast the linen tare,
And cut the golden caul that bound her hair.
Her nurse demands the cause; with louder cries
She prosecutes her griefs, and thus replies.

No more Alcyone, she suffer'd death
With her lov'd lord, when Ceyx lost his breath:
No flattery, no false comfort, give me none,
My shipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone;
I saw, I saw him manifest in view,
His voice, his figure, and his gestures knew:
His lustre lost, and every living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face;
Though with pale cheeks, wet beard, and dropping hair,
None but my Ceyx could appear so fair:
I would have strain'd him with a strict embrace,
But through my arms he slipt, and vanish'd from the
place:

There, ev'n just there he stood; and as she spoke,
Where last the spectre was, she cast her look:
Fain would she hope, and gaz'd upon the ground
If any printed footsteps might be found.

Then sigh'd and said; This I too well foreknew,
And my prophetic fear presag'd too true:
'Twas what I begg'd, when with a bleeding heart
I took my leave, and suffer'd thee to part,
Or I to go along, or thou to stay,
Never, ah never to divide our way!
Happier for me, that all our hours assign'd
Together we had liv'd; ev'n not in death disjoin'd!

So had my Ceyx still been living here,
 Or with my Ceyx I had perish'd there:
 Now I die absent in the vast profound;
 And me without myself the seas have drown'd:
 The storms were not so cruel; should I strive
 To lengthen life, and such a grief survive;
 But neither will I strive, nor wretched thee
 In death forsake, but keep thee company.
 If not one common sepulchre contains
 Our bodies, or one urn our last remains,
 Yet Ceyx and Alcyone shall join,
 Their names remember'd in one common line.

No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
 For sighs come rushing in betwixt her words,
 And stopt her tongue; but what her tongue deny'd,
 Soft tears and groans, and dumb complaints supply'd.

'Twas morning; to the port she takes her way,
 And stands upon the margin of the sea:
 That place, that very spot of ground she sought,
 Or thither by her destiny was brought,
 Where last he stood: and while she sadly said,
 'Twas here he left me, lingering here delay'd
 His parting kiss; and there his anchors weigh'd; }
 Thus speaking, while her thoughts past actions trace,
 And call to mind, admonish'd by the place,
 Sharp at her utmost ken she cast her eyes,
 And somewhat floating from afar descries;
 It seem'd a corpse adrift, to distant sight,
 But at a distance who could judge aright?

It wafted nearer yet, and then ſhe knew
That what before ſhe but ſurmis'd, was true:
A corſe it was, but whoſe it was, unknown,
Yet mov'd, howe'er, ſhe made the caſe her own:
'Took the bad omen of a ſhipwreck'd man,
As for a ſtranger wept, and thus began:

Poor wretch, on ſtormy ſeas to loſe thy life,
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd wiſe!
At this ſhe pauſ'd; for now the flowing tide
Had brought the body nearer to the ſide:
The more ſhe looks, the more her fears increaſe,
At nearer ſight; and ſhe's herſelf the leſs:
Now driven aſhore, and at her feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom ſhe ſees:
Her husband's corſe; at this ſhe loudly ſhrieks,
'Tis he, 'tis he, ſhe cries, and tears her cheeks,
Her hair, her veſt, and, ſtooping to the ſands,
About his neck ſhe caſt her trembling hands.

And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
Thus, thus return'ſt thou to thy longing wiſe!
She ſaid, and to the neighbouring mole ſhe ſtrode
(Rais'd there to break th' incurſions of the flood);
Headlong from hence to plunge herſelf ſhe ſprings,
But ſhoots along ſupported on her wings;
A bird new-made about the banks ſhe plies,
Nor far from ſhore, and ſhort excuſions tries;
Nor ſeeks in air her humble flight to raiſe,
Content to ſkim the ſurface of the ſeas;
Her bill, though ſlender, ſends a creaking noiſe,
And imitates a lamentable voice:

Now lighting where the bloodless body lies,
She with a funeral note renews her cries.
At all her stretch her little wings she spread,
And with her feather'd arms embrac'd the dead:
Then, flickering to his pallid lips, she strove
To print a kiss, the last essay of love:
Whether the vital touch reviv'd the dead,
Or that the moving waters rais'd his head
To meet the kiss, the vulgar doubt alone;
For sure a present miracle was shown.
The Gods their shapes to winter-birds translate,
But both obnoxious to their former fate.
Their conjugal affection still is ty'd,
And still the mournful race is multiply'd;
They bill, they tread; Alcyone compress'd
Seven days sits brooding on her floating nest:
A wintery queen: her fire at length is kind,
Calms every storm, and hushes every wind:
Prepares his empire for his daughter's ease,
And for his hatching nephews smooths the seas.

ÆSACUS *transformed into a CORMORANT.*

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THESE some old man fees wanton in the air,
 And praises the unhappy constant pair.
 Then to his friend the long-neck'd cormorant shows,
 The former tale reviving others woes:
 That fable bird, he cries, which cuts the flood
 With slender legs, was once of royal blood;
 His ancestors from mighty Tros proceed,
 The brave Laomedon, and Ganymede
 (Whose beauty tempted Jove to steal the boy),
 And Priam, hapless prince! who fell with Troy:
 Himself was Hector's brother, and (had fate
 But given this hopeful youth a longer date)
 Perhaps had rival'd warlike Hector's worth,
 Though on the mother's side of meaner birth;
 Fair Alyxothoë, a country maid,
 Bare Æsacus by stealth in Ida's shade.
 He fled the noisy town, and pompous court,
 Lov'd the lone hills, and simple rural sport,
 And seldom to the city would resort.
 Yet he no rustic clownishness profess,
 Nor was soft love a stranger to his breast:
 The youth had long the nymph Hesperia woo'd,
 Oft through the thicket or the mead pursu'd:

Her haply on her father's bank he spy'd,
 While fearless she her silver tresses dry'd;
 Away she fled: not flags with half such speed,
 Before the prowling wolf, scud o'er the mead;
 Not ducks, when they the safer flood forsake,
 Pursu'd by hawks, so swift regain the lake.
 As fast he follow'd in the hot career:
 Desire the lover wing'd, the virgin fear.
 A snake unseen now pierc'd her heedless foot;
 Quick through the veins the venom'd juices shoot: }
 She fell, and 'scap'd by death his fierce pursuit.
 Her lifeless body, frighted, he embrac'd,
 And cry'd, Not this I dreaded, but thy haste:
 O had my love been less, or less thy fear!
 The victory thus bought is far too dear.
 Accursed snake! yet I more curs'd than he!
 He gave the wound; the cause was given by me.
 Yet none shall say, that unreveng'd you dy'd. }
 He spoke; then climb'd a cliff's o'er-hanging side,
 And, resolute, leap'd on the foaming tide.
 Tethys receiv'd him gently on the wave;
 The death he fought deny'd, and feathers gave.
 Debarr'd the surest remedy of grief,
 And forc'd to live, he curst th' unask'd relief.
 Then on his airy pinions upward flies, }
 And at a second fall successful tries:
 The downy plume a quick descent denies.
 Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the wave,
 And there in vain expects to find a grave.

His

His ceaseless sorrow for th' unhappy maid
Meager'd his look, and on his spirits prey'd.
Still near the founding deep he lives; his name
From frequent diving and emerging came.

THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

WHOLLY TRANSLATED.

Connection to the End of the ELEVENTH BOOK.

Æsacus, the son of Priam, loving a country life, forsakes the court: living obscurely, he falls in love with a nymph; who flying from him, was killed by a serpent; for grief of this, he would have drowned himself; but, by the pity of the Gods, is turned into a Cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æsacus, believes him to be dead, and raises a tomb to preserve his memory. By this transition, which is one of the finest in all Ovid, the poet naturally falls into the story of the Trojan war, which is summed up, in the present book, but so very briefly, in many places, that Ovid seems more short than Virgil, contrary to his usual style. Yet the House of Fame, which is here described, is one of the most beautiful pieces in the whole Metamorphoses. The fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the fray betwixt the Lapithæ and Centaurs, yield

yield to no other part of this poet: and particularly the loves and death of Cyllorus and Hylomene, the male and female Centaur, are wonderfully moving.

PRIAM, to whom the story was unknown,
 As dead, deplor'd his metamorphos'd son:
 A cenotaph his name and title kept,
 And Hector round the tomb, with all his brothers, wept.
 This pious office Paris did not share;
 Absent alone, and author of the war,
 Which, for the Spartan queen, the Grecians drew
 T' avenge the rape, and Asia to subdue.

A thousand ships were mann'd, to sail the sea:
 Nor had their just resentments found delay,
 Had not the winds and waves oppos'd their way. }
 At Aulis, with united powers, they meet;
 But there, cross winds or calms detain'd the fleet.

Now, while they raise an altar on the shore,
 And Jove with solemn sacrifice adore;
 A boding sign the priests and people see:
 A snake of size immense ascends a tree,
 And, in the leafy summit, spy'd a nest,
 Which, o'er her callow young, a sparrow pres'd.
 Eight were the birds unfledg'd; their mother flew,
 And hover'd round her care; but still in view:
 Till the fierce reptile first devour'd the brood;
 Then seiz'd the fluttering dam, and drank her blood.
 This dire ostent the fearful people view;
 Calchas alone, by Phoebus taught, foreknew

What

What heaven decreed: and with a smiling glance,
Thus gratulates to Greece her happy chance.
O Argives, we shall conquer; Troy is ours,
But long delays shall first afflict our powers:
Nine years of labour, the nine birds portend;
The tenth shall in the town's destruction end.

The serpent, who his maw obscene had fill'd,
The branches in his curl'd embraces held:
But, as in spires he stood, he turn'd to stone:
The stony snake retain'd the figure still his own.

Yet not for this the wind-bound navy weigh'd;
Slack were their sails; and Neptune disobey'd.
Some thought him loth the town should be destroy'd,
Whose building had his hands divine employ'd:
Not so the seer: who knew, and known foreshow'd,
The virgin Phœbe with a virgin's blood
Must first be reconcil'd; the common cause
Prevail'd; and, pity yielding to the laws,
Fair Iphigenia the devoted maid
Was, by the weeping priests, in linen robes array'd;
All mourn her fate; but no relief appear'd:
The royal victim bound, the knife already rear'd:
When that offended power, who caus'd their woe,
Relenting ceas'd her wrath; and stopp'd the coming blow.
A mist before the ministers she cast;
And, in the virgin's room, a hind she plac'd.
Th' oblation slain, and Phœbe reconcil'd,
The storm was hush'd, and dimpled ocean smil'd:
A favourable gale arose from shore,
Which to the port desir'd the Grecian gallies bore.

Full in the midst of this created space,
 Betwixt heaven, earth, and skies, there stands a place
 Confining on all three; with triple bound;
 Whence all things, though remote, are view'd around,
 And thither bring their undulating sound. }

The palace of loud fame; her seat of power;
 Plac'd on the summit of a lofty tower;
 A thousand winding entries, long and wide,
 Receive of fresh reports a flowing tide.
 A thousand crannies in the walls are made;
 Nor gate nor bars exclude the busy trade.
 'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse
 The spreading sounds, and multiply the news;
 Where echoes in repeated echoes play:
 A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
 Nor silence is within, nor voice express,

• But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease;
 Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow roar
 Of tides, receding from th' insulted shore:
 Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,
 When Jove to distance drives the rolling war.
 The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
 Of crouds, or issuing forth, or entering in:
 A thoroughfare of news: where some devise
 Things never heard; some mingle truth with lies:
 The troubled air with empty sounds they beat;
 Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
 Error sits brooding there; with added train
 Of vain credulity, and joys as vain:

Suspicion,

Suspicion, with sedition join'd, are near; [fear.
And rumors rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and panique
Fame sits aloft; and sees the subject ground,
And seas about, and skies above; enquiring all around.

The Goddess gives th' alarm; and soon is known
The Grecian fleet, descending on the town.
Fix'd on defence, the Trojans are not slow
To guard their shore from an expected foe.
They meet in fight: by Hector's fatal hand
Protefilaus falls, and bites the strand,
Which with expence of blood the Grecians won:
And prov'd the strength unknown of Priam's son.
And to their cost the Trojan leaders felt
The Grecian heroes, and what deaths they dealt.

From these first onsets, the Sigæan shore
Was strew'd with carcases, and stain'd with gore:
Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had slain;
Achilles in his car had scour'd the plain,
And clear'd the Trojan ranks: where'er he fought,
Cygnus, or Hector, through the fields he fought,
Cygnus he found; on him his force essay'd:
For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd.
His white-maned steeds, that bow'd beneath the yoke,
He cheer'd to courage, with a gentle stroke;
Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe:
And rising shook his lance, in act to throw.
But first he cry'd, O youth, be proud to bear
Thy death, enobled by Pelides' spear.
The lance pursued the voice without delay;
Nor did the whizzing weapon miss the way,

But

But pierc'd his cuirass, with such fury sent;
And sign'd his bosom with a purple dint.
At this the seed of Neptune; Goddess-born,
For ornament, not use, these arms are worn;
This helm, and heavy buckler, I can spare,
As only decorations of the war:
So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.
'Tis somewhat more from Neptune to proceed,
Than from a daughter of the sea to spring:
Thy fire is mortal; mine is Ocean's king.
Secure of death, I should contemn thy dart,
Though naked, and impassable depart:
He said, and threw: the trembling weapon pass'd
Through nine bull-hides, each under other plac'd,
On his broad shield, and stuck within the last.
Achilles wrench'd it out; and sent again.
The hostile gift: the hostile gift was vain.
He try'd a third, a tough well-chosen spear;
Th' inviolable body stood sincere,
Though Cygnus then did no defence provide
But scornful offer'd his unshielded side.
Not otherwise th' impatient hero far'd,
Than as a bull, encompass'd with a guard,
Amid the circus roars: provok'd from far.
By sight of scarlet, and a sanguine war:
They quit their ground; his bended horns elude;
In vain pursuing, and in vain pursued.
Before to farther fight he would advance,
He stood considering, and survey'd his lance.

Doubts

Doubts if he wickled not a wooden spear
Without a point: he look'd, the point was there.
This is my hand, and this my lance he said,
By which so many thousand foes are dead.
O whither is their usual virtue fled?
I had it once; and the Lyrnessian wall,
And Tenedos, confess'd it in their fall.
Thy streams, Caïcus, roll'd a crimson flood;
And Thebes ran red with her own natives blood.
Twice Telephus employ'd their piercing steel,
To wound him first, and afterward to heal.
The vigour of this arm was never vain:
And that my wonted prowess I retain,
Witness these heaps of slaughter on the plain.
He said, and doubtful of his former deeds,
To some new trial of his force proceeds.
He chose Menætes from among the rest;
At him he lanch'd his spear, and pierc'd his breast:
On the hard earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
And lay supine; and forth the spirit fled.
Then thus the hero; Neither can I blame
The hand, or javelin; both are still the same.
The same I will employ against this foe;
And wish but with the same success to throw.
So spoke the chief; and while he spoke he threw;
The weapon with unerring fury flew;
At his left shoulder aim'd: nor entrance found;
But back, as from a rock, with swift rebound
Harmless return'd: a bloody mark appear'd,
Which with false joy the flatter'd hero cheer'd.

Wound

Wound there was none; the blood that was in view,
The lance before from slain Menætes drew.

Headlong he leaps from off his lofty car,
And in close fight on foot renews the war.
Raging with high disdain, repeats his blows;
Nor shield nor armour can their force oppose;
Huge cantlets of his buckler strew the ground,
And no defence in his bor'd arms is found.
But on his flesh no wound or blood is seen;
The sword itself is blunted on the skin.

This vain attempt the chief no longer bears;
But round his hollow temples and his ears
His buckler beats: the son of Neptune, stunn'd
With these repeated buffets, quits his ground;
A sickly sweat succeeds, and shades of night;
Inverted nature swims before his sight:
Th' insulting victor presses on the more,
And treads the steps the vanquish'd trod before,
Nor rest, nor respite gives. A stone there lay,
Behind his trembling foe, and stopp'd his way:
Achilles took the advantage which he found,
O'er-turn'd, and push'd him backward on the ground.
His buckler held him under, while he press'd,
With both his knees above, his panting breast.
Unlac'd his helm: about his chin the twist
He try'd; and soon the strangled soul dismiss'd.

With eager haste he went to strip the dead;
The vanquish'd body from his arms was fled.
His sea-god fire, t' immortalize his fame,
Had turn'd it to the bird that bears his name.

A truce succeeds the labours of this day,
 And arms suspended with a long delay.
 While Trojan walls are kept with watch and ward;
 The Greeks before their trenches mount the guard;
 The feast approach'd; when to the blue-eyed maid
 His vows for Cygnus slain the victor paid,
 And a white heifer on her altar laid. }
 The reeking entrails on the fire they threw;
 And to the Gods the grateful odour flew:
 Heaven had its part in sacrifice: the rest
 Was broil'd and roasted for the future feast.
 The chief invited guests were set around:
 And hunger first assuag'd, the bowls were crown'd. }
 Which in deep draughts their cares and labours
 drown'd.

The mellow harp did not their ears employ:
 And mute was all the warlike symphony;
 Discourse, the food of souls, was their delight,
 And pleasing chat prolong'd the summer's night.
 The subject, deeds of arms; and valour shown,
 Or on the Trojan side, or on their own.
 Of dangers undertaken, fame atchiev'd,
 They talk'd by turns; the talk by turns reliev'd.
 What things but these could fierce Achilles tell,
 Or what could fierce Achilles hear so well?
 The last great act perform'd, of Cygnus slain,
 Did most the martial audience entertain:
 Wondering to find a body, free by fate
 From steel, and which could ev'n that steel rebate:

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd their admiration they renew;
And scarce Pelides could believe it true.

Then Nestor thus; What once this age has known,
In fated Cygnus, and in him alone,
These eyes have seen in Cæneus long before,
Whose body not a thousand swords could bore.
Cæneus, in courage, and in strength, excell'd,
And still his Othrys' with his fame is fill'd:
But what did most his martial deeds adorn,
(Though since he chang'd his sex) a woman born.

A novelty so strange, and full of fate,
His listening audience ask'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common suit;
O father, first for prudence in repute,
Tell with that eloquence so much thy own,
What thou hast heard, or what of Cæneus known:
What was he, whence his change of sex begun,
What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he won?
Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal strife
The youth, without a wound, could lose his life?

Neleides then; Though tardy age, and time
Have shrunk my sinews, and decay'd my prime;
Though much I have forgotten of my store,
Yet not exhausted, I remember more.
Of all that arms atchiev'd, or peace design'd,
That action still is fresher in my mind
Than aught beside. If reverend age can give
To faith a sanction, in my third I live.

'Twas in my second century, I survey'd
Young Cænis, then a fair Thessalian maid:

Cænis the bright was born to high command;
A princess, and a native of thy land,
Divine Achilles: every tongue proclaim'd
Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy fire, perhaps had fought her bed,
Among the rest; but he had either led
Thy mother then, or was by promise ty'd;
But she to him, and all, alike her love deny'd.

It was her fortune once to take her way
Along the sandy margin of the sea:
The power of Ocean view'd her as she pass'd,
And, lov'd as soon as seen, by force embrac'd.
So fame reports. Her virgin treasure seiz'd,
And his new joys the ravisher so pleas'd,
That thus, transported, to the nymph he cry'd;
Ask what thou wilt, no prayer shall be deny'd.
This also fame relates: the haughty fair,
Who not the rape ev'n of a God could bear,
This answer, proud, return'd: To mighty wrongs
A mighty recompence, of right, belongs.
Give me no more to suffer such a shame;
But change the woman, for a better name;
One gift for all: she said; and while she spoke,
A stern, majestic, manly tone she took.
A man she was: and as the Godhead swore,
To Cæneus turn'd, who Cænis was before.

To this the lover adds, without request:
No force of steel should violate his breast.
Glad of the gift, the new-made warrior goes;
And arms among the Greeks, and longs for equal foes.

Now

Now brave Pirithous, bold Ixion's son,
 The love of fair Hippodame had won.
 The cloud-begotten race, half men, half beast,
 Invited, came to grace the nuptial feast:
 In a cool cave's recess the treat was made,
 Whose entrance trees with spreading boughs o'er-shade.
 They sate: and, summon'd by the bridegroom, came,
 To mix with those, the Lapithæan name:
 Nor wanted I: the roofs with joy resound:
 And Hymen, Iô Hymen, rung around.
 Rais'd altars shone with holy fires; the bride,
 Lovely herself (and lovely by her side
 A bevy of bright nymphs, with sober grace),
 Came glittering like a star, and took her place:
 Her heavenly form beheld, all wish'd her joy;
 And little wanted, but in vain, their wishes all employ.

For one, most brutal of the brutal blood,
 Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
 Or both at once, beheld with lustful eyes
 The bride; at once resolv'd to make his prize.
 Down went the board; and fastening on her hair,
 He seiz'd with sudden force the frightened fair.
 'Twas Eurytus began: his bestial kind
 His crime pursued; and each as pleas'd his mind,
 Or her, whom chance presented, took: the feast
 An image of a taken town express'd.

The cave resounds with female shrieks; we rise,
 Mad with revenge, to make a swift reprisal:
 And Theseus first; What frenzy has possess'd,
 O Eurytus, he cry'd, thy brutal breast,

To wrong Pirithous, and not him alone,
But, while I live, two friends conjoin'd in one?

To justify his threat, he thrusts aside
The crowd of Centaurs, and redeems the bride;
The monster nought reply'd: for words were vain;
And deeds could only deeds unjust maintain:
But answers with his hand; and forward press'd,
With blows redoubled, on his face and breast.
An ample goblet stood, of antique mold,
And rough with figures of the rising gold;
The hero snatch'd it up, and toss'd in air,
Full at the front of the foul ravisher:
He falls; and falling vomits forth a flood
Of wine, and foam and brains, and mingled blood.
Half roaring, and half neighing, through the hall,
Arms, arms, the double-form'd with fury call;
To wreak their brother's death: a medley flight
Of bowls and jars, at first, supply the fight,
Once instruments of feasts, but now of fate;
Wine animates their rage, and arms their hate.

Bold Amycus, from the robb'd vestry brings
The chalices of heaven, and holy things
Of precious weight: a sconce, that hung on high,
With tapers fill'd, to light the sacrifice,
Torn from the cord, with his unhallow'd hand
He threw amid the Lapithæan band.
On Celadon the ruin fell; and left
His face of feature and of form bereft:
So, when some brawny sacrificer knocks,
Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,

His

His eye-balls rooted out are thrown to ground :
 His nose dismantled in his mouth is found,
 His jaws, cheeks, front, one undistinguish'd wound, } ,

This Belates, th' avenger, could not brook;
 But, by the foot, a maple-board he took;
 And hurl'd at Amycus; his chin is bent
 Against his chest, and down the Centaur sent;
 Whom sputtering bloody teeth, the second blow
 Of his drawn sword dispatch'd to shades below.

Grineus was near; and cast a furious look
 On the side-altar, cens'd with sacred smoke,
 And bright with flaming fires. The Gods, he cry'd,
 Have with their holy trade our hands supply'd:
 Why use we not their gifts? Then from the floor
 An altar-stone he heav'd, with all the load it bore:
 Altar and altar's freight together flew
 Where thickest throng'd the Lapithæan crew;
 And, at once, Broteas and Oryus flew: }
 Oryus' mother, Mycale, was known
 Down from her sphere to draw the labouring moon.

Exadius cry'd, Unpunish'd shall not go
 This fact, if arms are found against the foe.
 He look'd about, where on a pine were spread
 The votive horns of a stag's branching head:
 At Grineus these he throws; so just they fly,
 That the sharp antlers stuck in either eye:
 Breathless and blind he fell; with blood besmear'd,
 His eye-balls beaten out hung dangling on his beard.
 Fierce Rhætus, from the hearth, a burning brand
 Selects, and whirling waves; till, from his hand

The fire took flame; then dash'd it from the right,
 On fair Charaxus' temples, near the sight:
 The whistling pest came on, and pierc'd the bone
 And caught the yellow hair, that shrivel'd while it
 shone.

Caught, like dry stubble fir'd, or like seerwood;
 Yet from the wound ensued no purple flood;
 But look'd a bubbling mass of frying blood. }
 His blazing locks sent forth a crackling sound,
 And hiss'd, like red-hot ir'n within the smithy drown'd.
 The wounded warrior shook his flaming hair,
 Then (what a team of horse could hardly rear)
 He heaves the threshold-stone; but could not throw;
 The weight itself forbade the threaten'd blow;
 Which, dropping from his lifted arms, came down
 Full on Cometes' head, and crush'd his crown.
 Nor Rhætus then retain'd his joy; but said, }
 So by their fellows may our foes be sped!
 Then with redoubled strokes he plies his head:
 The burning lever not deludes his pains;
 But drives the batter'd skull within the brains.

Thus flush'd, the conqueror, with force renew'd,
 Evagrus, Dryas, Corythus, pursued:
 First, Corythus, with downy cheeks, he slew;
 Whose fall when fierce Evagrus had in view,
 He cry'd, What palm is from a beardless prey?
 Rhætus prevents what more he had to say;
 And drove within his mouth the fiery death,
 Which enter'd hissing in, and chok'd his breath.

At

At Dryas next he flew; but weary chance
 No longer would the same success advance.
 But while he whirl'd in fiery circles round
 The brand, a sharpen'd stake strong Dryas found; }
 And in the shoulder's joint inflicts the wound.
 The weapon struck: which roaring out with pain }
 He drew: nor longer durst the fight maintain,
 But turn'd his back, for fear; and fled amain. }
 With him fled Orneus, with like dread possess'd;
 Thaumias and Medon wounded in the breast,
 And Mermeros, in the late race renown'd,
 Now limping ran, and tardy with his wound.
 Pholus and Melaneus from fight withdrew,
 And Abas maim'd, who boars encountering slew:
 And Augur Aftylos, whose art in vain }
 From fight dissuaded the four-footed train,
 Now beat the hoof with Nessus on the plain; }
 But to his fellow cry'd, Be safely slow,
 Thy death deferr'd is due to great Alcides' bow.

Mean time strong Dryas urg'd his chance so well,
 That Lycidas, Areos, Imbreus fell;
 All, one by one, and fighting face to face:
 Crenæus fled, to fall with more disgrace:
 For, fearful while he look'd behind, he bore
 Betwixt his nose and front, the blow before.
 Amid the noise and tumult of the fray,
 Snoring and drunk with wine, Aphidas lay.
 Ev'n then the bowl within his hand he kept,
 And on a bear's rough hide securely slept.

Him Phorbas with his flying dart transfix'd;
 Take thy next draught with Stygian waters mix'd,
 And sleep thy fill, th' insulting victor cry'd;
 Surpriz'd with death unfelt, the Centaur dy'd;
 The ruddy vomit, as he breath'd his foul,
 Repas'd his throat, and fill'd his empty bowl.

I saw Petraeus' arms employ'd around
 A well-grown oak, to root it from the ground.
 This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous bands,
 The trunk was like a sapling in his hands,
 And still obey'd the bent: while thus he stood,
 Perithous' dart drove on, and nail'd him to the wood.
 Lycus and Chromys fell, by him oppress'd:
 Helops and Dictys added to the rest
 A nobler palm: Helops, through either ear
 Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating spear.
 This Dictys saw; and, seiz'd with sudden fright,
 Leapt headlong from the hill of steepy height;
 And crush'd an ash beneath, that could not bear his
 weight.

The shatter'd tree receives his fall, and strikes,
 Within his full-blown paunch, the sharpen'd spikes.
 Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty stone,
 The fragment of a rock, and would have thrown;
 But Theseus, with a club of harden'd oak,
 The cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke;
 And left him maim'd; nor seconded the stroke.
 Then leapt on tall Bianor's back (who bore
 No mortal burden but his own, before).

Prefs'd

Press'd with his knees his sides; the double man,
His speed with spurs increas'd, unwilling ran.
One hand the hero fasten'd on his locks;
His other ply'd him with repeated strokes.
The club hung round his ears and batter'd brows;
He falls; and, lashing up his heels, his rider throws.

The same Herculean arms Nedymnus wound;
And lay by him Lycotas on the ground;
And Hippafus, whose beard his breast invades;
And Ripheus, haunter of the woodland shades:
And Tereus, us'd with mountain-bears to strive;
And from their dens to draw th' indignant beasts alive.

Demoleon could not bear this hateful fight,
Or the long fortune of th' Athenian knight:
But pull'd with all his force, to disengage
From earth a pine, the product of an age:
The root stuck fast: the broken trunk he sent
At Theseus: Theseus frustrates his intent,
And leaps aside, by Pallas warn'd, the blow
To shun (for so he said; and we believ'd it so).
Yet not in vain th' enormous weight was cast;
Which Crantor's body sunder'd at the waist:
Thy father's squire, Achilles, and his care;
Whom conquer'd in the Delopeian war,
Their king, his present ruin to prevent,
A pledge of peace implor'd, to Peleus sent.
Thy fire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate;
And cry'd, Not long, lov'd Crantor, shalt thou wait
Thy vow'd revenge. At once he said, and threw
His ashen-spear, which quiver'd as it flew.

With

With all his force and all his soul apply'd;
The sharp point enter'd in the Centaur's side:
Both hands, to wrench it out, the monster join'd;
And wrench'd it out; but left the steel behind.
Stuck in his lungs it stood: inrag'd he rears
His hoofs, and down to ground thy father bears.
Thus trampled under foot, his shield defends
His head; his other hand the lance protends.
Ev'n while he lay extended on the dust,
He sped the Centaur, with one single thrust.
Two more his lance before transfix'd from far;
And two his sword had slain in closer war.
To these was added Dorylas: who spread
A bull's two goring horns around his head.
With these he push'd; in blood already dy'd:
Him, fearless, I approach'd, and thus defy'd:
Now, monster, now, by proof it shall appear,
Whether thy horns are sharper, or my spear.
At this, I threw: for want of other ward,
He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.
His hand it pass'd, and fix'd it to his brow:
Loud shouts of ours attend the lucky blow:
Him Peleus finish'd, with a second wound,
Which through the navel pierc'd: he reel'd around,
And dragg'd his dangling bowels on the ground: }
Trod what he dragg'd, and what he trod he crush'd:
And to his mother-earth, with empty belly, rush'd.

Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus, foreshow
Thy fate (if form to monsters men allow):

Just

Just bloom'd thy beard, thy beard of golden hue:
Thy locks, in golden waves, about thy shoulders flew.
Sprightly thy look: thy shapes in every part
So clean, as might instruct the sculptor's art,
As far as man extended: where began
The beast, the beast was equal to the man.
Add but a horse's head and neck, and he,
O Castor, was a courser worthy thee.
So was his back proportion'd for the seat;
So rose his brawny chest; so swiftly mov'd his feet.
Coal-black his colour, but like jet it shone;
His legs and flowing tail were white alone.
Belov'd by many maidens of his kind,
But fair Hylonome possess'd his mind;
Hylonome, for features, and for face,
Excelling all the nymphs of double race:
Nor less her blandishments, than beauty, move;
At once both loving, and confessing love.
For him she dress'd; for him with female care
She comb'd, and set in curls, her auburn hair.
Of roses, violets, and lilies mix'd,
And sprigs of flowing rosemary betwixt,
She form'd the chaplet, that adorn'd her front:
In waters of the Pegaſæan fount,
And in the streams that from the fountain play,
She wash'd her face, and bath'd her twice a day.
The scarf of furs, that hung below her side,
Was ermin, or the panther's spotted pride;
Spoils of no common beast: with equal flame
They lov'd: their sylvan pleasures were the same:

All day they hunted; and when day expir'd,
Together to some shady cave retir'd.

Invited, to the nuptials both repair:

And, side by side, they both engage in war.

Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart
At Cyllarus was sent, which pierc'd his heart.
The javelin drawn from out the mortal wound,
He faints with staggering steps, and seeks the ground:
The fair within her arms receiv'd his fall,
And strove his wandering spirits to recal:
And, while her hand the streaming blood oppos'd,
Join'd face to face, his lips with hers she clos'd.
Stifled with kisses, a sweet death he dies;
She fills the fields with undistinguish'd cries:
At least her words were in her clamour drown'd;
For my stunn'd ears receiv'd no vocal sound.
In madness of her grief, she seiz'd the dart
New-drawn, and reeking from her lover's heart;
To her bare bosom the sharp point apply'd,
And wounded fell; and, falling by his side,
Embrac'd him in her arms, and thus embracing dy'd.

Ev'n still, methinks, I see Phæocomes;
Strange was his habit, and as odd his dress.
Six lions hides, with thongs together fast,
His upper part defended to his waist;
And where man ended, the continued vest
Spread on his back the hous and trappings of a beaff.
A stump too heavy for a team to draw
(It seems a fable, though the fact I saw);

He

He threw at Pholon; the descending blow
Divides the skull, and cleaves his head in two.
The brains, from nose and mouth, and either ear,
Came issuing out, as through a colendar
The curdled milk: or from the press the whey,
Driven down by weights above, is drain'd away.

But him, while stooping down to spoil the slain,
Pierc'd through the paunch, I tumbled on the plain.
Then Chthonius and Teleboas I slew:

A fork the former arm'd; a dart his fellow threw.

The javelin wounded me (behold the scar).

Then was my time to seek the Trojan war;

Then I was Hector's match in open field;

But he was then unborn; at least a child;

Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell

By Periphantes how Pyretus fell;

The Centaur by the Knight: nor will I stay

On Amphix, or what deaths he dealt that day:

What honour, with a pointless lance, he won,

Stuck in the front of a four-footed man.

What fame young Macareus obtain'd in fight:

Or dwell on Nessus, now return'd from flight.

How prophet Mopsus not alone divin'd,

Whose valour equal'd his foreseeing mind.

Already Cæneus, with his conquering hand,

Had slaughter'd five the boldest of their band:

Pyrachmus, Helymus, Antimachus,

Bromus the brave, and stronger Stiphelus:

Their names I number'd, and remember well,

No trace remaining, by what wounds they fell.

Latreus,

Latreus, the bulkiest of the double race,
Whom the spoil'd arms of slain Halesus grace,
In years retaining still his youthful might,
Though his black hairs were interspers'd with white,
Betwixt th' embattled ranks began to prance,
Proud of his helm, and Macedonian lance;
And rode the ring around; that either host
Might hear him, while he made this empty boast.
And from a strumpet shall we suffer shame?
For Cænis still, not Cæneus, is thy name:
And still the native softness of thy kind
Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind.
Remember what thou wert: what price was paid
To change thy sex: to make thee not a maid;
And but a man in shew: go, card and spin;
And leave the business of the war to men.

While thus the boaster exercis'd his pride,
The fatal spear of Cæneus reach'd his side:
Just in the mixture of the kinds it ran;
Betwixt the nether beast and upper man.
The monster mad with rage, and stung with smart,
His lance directed at the hero's heart:
It strook; but bounded from his harden'd breast;
Like hail from tiles, which the safe house invest;
Nor seem'd the stroke with more effect to come,
Than a small pebble falling on a drum.
He next his fauchion try'd, in closer fight;
But the keen fauchion had no power to bite.
He thrust; the blunted point return'd again.
Since downright blows, he cry'd, and thrusts are vain,

I'll

I'll prove his side: in strong embraces held,
 He prov'd his side; his side the sword repell'd:
 His hollow belly echo'd to the stroke;
 Untouch'd his body, as a solid rock;
 Aim'd at his neck at last, the blade in shivers broke. }

Th' impassive knight stood idle, to deride
 His rage, and offer'd oft his naked side: }

At length, Now, monster, in thy turn, he cry'd,
 Try thou the strength of Cæneus: at the word
 He thrust; and in his shoulder plung'd the sword.
 Then writh'd his hand; and as he drove it down,
 Deep in his breast, made many wounds in one.

The Centaurs saw, inrag'd, th' unhop'd success;
 And rushing on, in crowds, together press;
 At him, and him alone, their darts they threw:
 Repuls'd they from his fated body flew.
 Amaz'd they stood; till Monychus began,
 O shame, a nation conquer'd by a man!
 A woman-man; yet more a man is he,
 Than all our race; and what he was, are we.
 Now, what avail our nerves? th' united force,
 Of two the strongest creatures, man and horse:
 Nor goddess-born, nor of Ixion's seed,
 We seem (a lover built for Juno's bed);
 Master'd by this half man. Whole mountains throw
 With woods at once, and bury him below.
 This only way remains. Nor need we doubt
 To choak the soul within, though not to force it out.
 Heap weights, instead of wounds: he chanc'd to see
 Where southern storms had rooted up a tree;

This

This, rais'd from earth, against the foe he threw;
Th' example shewn, his fellow brutes pursue.
With forest-loads the warrior they invade;
Othrys and Pelion soon were void of shade;
And spreading groves were naked mountains made. }
Press'd with the burden, Cæneus pants for breath;
And on his shoulders bears the wooden death.
To heave th' intolerable weight he tries;
A length it rose above his mouth and eyes;
Yet still he heaves: and struggling with despair,
Shakes all aside, and gains a gulp of air:
A short relief, which but prolongs his pain;
He faints by fits; and then respire again:
At last, the burden only nods above,
As when an earthquake stirs th' Idæan grove.
Doubtful his death: he suffocated seem'd
To most; but otherwise our Mopsus deem'd.
Who said, he saw a yellow bird arise
From out the pile, and cleave the liquid skies:
I saw it too: with golden feathers bright,
Nor e'er before beheld so strange a sight.
Whom Mopsus viewing, as it soar'd around
Our troop, and heard the pinions rattling sound,
All hail, he cry'd, thy country's grace and love;
Once first of men below, now first of birds above.
Its author to the story gave belief;
For us, our courage was increas'd by grief:
Asham'd to see a single man, pursu'd
With odds, to sink beneath a multitude:

We push'd the foe, and forc'd to shameful fight;
Part fell; and part escap'd by favour of the night.

This tale, by Nestor told, did much displease
Tlepolemus, the seed of Hercules:

For, often he had heard his father say,
That he himself was present at the fray;
And more than shar'd the glories of the day.

}

Old Chronicle, he said, among the rest,
You might have nam'd Alcides at the least:
Is he not worth your praise? The Pylia prince
Sigh'd ere he spoke; then made this proud defence.
My former woes, in long oblivion drown'd,
I would have lost; but you renew the wound:
Better to pass him o'er, than to relate
The cause I have your mighty fire to hate.
His fame has fill'd the world, and reach'd the sky;
(Which, oh, I wish, with truth, I could deny!)
We praise not Hector; though his name, we know,
Is great in arms; 'tis hard to praise a foe.

He, your great father, level'd to the ground
Messenia's towers: nor better fortune found
Elis, and Pylas; that a neighbouring state,
And this my own: both guiltless of their fate.

To pass the rest, twelve, wanting one, he slew;
My brethren, who their birth from Neleus drew.
All youths of early promise, had they liv'd;
By him they perish'd: I alone surviv'd.
The rest were easy conquest: but the fate
Of Periclymenos is wondrous to relate.

To him our common grandfire of the main
Had given to change his form, and, chang'd, resume
again.

Vary'd at pleasure, every shape he try'd;
And in all beasts Alcides still defy'd:
Vanquish'd on earth, at length he soar'd above;
Chang'd to the bird, that bears the bolt of Jove:
The new-diffembled eagle, now endu'd
With peak and pounces, Hercules pursu'd,
And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face;
Then, safe retir'd, and tour'd in empty space.
Alcides bore not long his flying foe
But, bending his inevitable bow,
Reach'd him in air, suspended as he stood;
And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.
Light was the wound; but in the sinew hung
The point; and his disabled wing unstrung.
He wheel'd in air, and stretch'd his vans in vain;
His vans no longer could his flight sustain:
For while one gather'd wind, one unsupply'd
Hung drooping down; nor pois'd his other side.
He fell: the shaft, that slightly was impress'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd,
Drove through his neck, aslant; he spurns the ground,
And the soul issues through the weazon's wound.

Now, brave commander of the Rhodian seas,
What praise is due from me to Hercules?
Silence is all the vengeance I decree
For my slain brothers; but 'tis peace with thee.

Thus with a flowing tongue old Nestor spoke:
 Then, to full bowls each other they provoke:
 At length, with weariness and wine oppress'd,
 They rise from table, and withdraw to rest.

The fire of Cygnus, monarch of the main,
 Mean time, laments his son, in battle slain:
 And vows the victor's death, nor vows in vain. }
 For nine long years the smother'd pain he bore
 (Achilles was not ripe for fate before):
 Then when he saw the promis'd hour was near,
 He thus bespoke the God that guides the year.
 Immortal offspring of my brother Jove;
 My brightest nephew, and whom best I love,
 Whose hands were join'd with mine, to raise the wall
 Of tottering Troy, now nodding to her fall;
 Dost thou not mourn our power employ'd in vain,
 And the defenders of our city slain?
 To pass the rest, could noble Hector lie
 Unpity'd, dragg'd around his native Troy?
 And yet the murderer lives: himself by far
 A greater plague, than all the wasteful war:
 He lives; the proud Pelides lives, to boast
 Our town destroy'd, our common labour lost!
 O, could I meet him! But I wish too late;
 To prove my trident, is not in his fate.
 But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy dart,
 And pierce his only penetrable part.

Apollo bows to the superior throne;
 And to his uncle's anger adds his own.

Then in a cloud involv'd, he takes his flight,
 Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal fight;
 And found out Paris, lurking where he stood,
 And stain'd his arrows with plebeian blood:
 Phœbus to him alone the God confess'd,
 Then to the recreant knight he thus address'd:
 Dost thou not blush, to spend thy shafts in vain
 On a degenerate and ignoble train?
 If fame, or better vengeance, be thy care,
 There aim. and, with one arrow, end the war.

He said; and shew'd from far the blazing shield
 And sword, which but Achilles none could wield;
 And how he mov'd a God, and mow'd the standing
 field. }

The Deity himself directs aright
 Th' invenom'd shaft; and wings the fatal flight.

Thus fell the foremost of the Grecian name;
 And he, the base adulterer, boasts the fame.
 A spectacle to glad the Trojan train;
 And please old Priam, after Hector slain.
 If by a female hand he had foreseen
 He was to die, his wish had rather been
 The lance and double ax of the fair warrior queen. }
 And now, the terror of the Trojan field,
 The Grecian honour, ornament, and shield,
 High on a pile, th' unconquer'd chief is plac'd:
 The God, that arm'd him first, consum'd at last,
 Of all the mighty man, the small remains
 A little urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains.

Yet

Yet great in Homer, still Achilles lives;
And, equal to himself, himself survives.

His buckler owns its former lord; and brings
New cause of strife betwixt contending kings;
Who worthiest, after him, his sword to wield,
Or wear his armour, or sustain his shield.
Ev'n Diomedes sat mute, with down-cast eyes;
Conscious of wanted worth to win the prize:
Nor Menelaus presum'd these arms to claim,
Nor he the king of men, a greater name.
Two rivals only rose: Laertes' son,
And the vast bulk of Ajax Telamon.
The king, who cherish'd each with equal love,
And from himself all envy would remove,
Left both to be determin'd by the laws;
And to the Grecian chiefs transferr'd the cause.

THE
S P E E C H E S
O F
A J A X A N D U L Y S S E S.
FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE chiefs were fet, the foldiers crown'd the field:
To these the master of the sevenfold shield
Upstart'd fierce: and kindled with disdain,
Eager to speak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The shore, and Grecian gallies haul'd a-ground.
Then stretching out his hands, O Jove, he cry'd,
Must then our cause before the fleet be try'd?
And dares Ulysses for the prize contend,
In fight of what he durst not once defend?
But basely fled that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming prey.
So much 'tis safer at the noisy bar
With words to flourish, than engage in war.
By different methods we maintain'd our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.

In

In bloody fields I labour to be great;
His arms are a smooth tongue, and soft deceit.
Nor need I speak my deeds, for those you see;
The sun and day are witnesses for me.
Let him who fights unseen relate his own,
And vouch the silent stars, and conscious moon.
Great is the prize demanded, I confess,
But such an abject rival makes it less.
That gift, those honours, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain:
Losing he wins, because his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durst contend with me.
Werè mine own valour question'd, yet my blood
Without that plea would make my title good:
My fire was Telamon, whose arms, employ'd
With Hercules, these Trojan walls destroy'd;
And who before, with Jason, sent from Greece,
In the first ship brought home the golden fleece:
Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (th' inquisitor of guilty lives
In shades below; where Sisyphus, whose son
This thief is thought, rolls up the restless heavy stone).
Just Æacus the king of Gods above
Begot: thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor should I seek advantage from my line,
Unless, Achilles, it were mix'd with thine:
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim;
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our stock, and the Sisyphian seed
By fraud and theft asserts his father's breed.

Then must I lose these arms, because I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name?
Nor shunn'd the cause, but offer'd you my aid,
While he long lurking was to war betray'd:
Forc'd to the field he came, but in the rear;
And feign'd distraction to conceal his fear:
Till one more cunning caught him in the snare,
(Ill for himself) and dragg'd him into war.
Now let a hero's arms a coward vest,
And he, who shunn'd all honours, gain the best;
And let me stand excluded from my right,
Robb'd of my kinsman's arms, who first appear'd in fight.
Better for us, at home he had remain'd,
Had it been true the madness which he feign'd,
Or so believ'd; the less had been our shame,
The less his counsel'd crime, which brands the Grecian
name;

Nor Philoctetes had been left inclos'd
In a bare isle, to wants and pains expos'd,
Where to the rocks, with solitary groans,
His sufferings and our baseness he bemoans;
And wishes (so may heaven his wish fulfil)
The due reward to him who caus'd his ill.
Now he, with us to Troy's destruction sworn,
Our brother of the war, by whom are borne
Alcides' arrows, pent in narrow bounds,
With cold and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with wounds,
To find him food and cloathing, must employ
Against the birds the shafts due to the fate of Troy.

Yet still he lives, and lives from treason free,
Because he left Ulysses' company:
Poor Palamede might wish, so void of aid
Rather to have been left, than so to death betray'd.
The coward bore the man immortal spite,
Who sham'd him out of madness into fight:
Nor, daring otherwise to vent his hate;
Accus'd him first of treason to the state;
And then for proof produc'd the golden store
Himself had hidden in his tent before:
Thus of two champions he depriv'd our host,
By exile one, and one by treason lost.
Thus fights Ulysses, thus his fame extends,
A formidable man, but to his friends:
Great, for what greatness is in words and sound:
Ev'n faithful Nestor less in both is found:
But that he might without a rival reign,
He left his faithful Nestor on the plain;
Forsook his friend ev'n at his utmost need,
Who tir'd and tardy, with his wounded steed,
Cry'd out for aid, and call'd him by his name;
But cowardice has neither ears nor shame:
Thus fled the good old man, bereft of aid,
And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd.
That this is not a fable forg'd by me,
Like one of his, an Ulysses lye,
I vouch ev'n Diomed, who, though his friend,
Cannot that act excuse, much less defend:
He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his fear;
And sure enough he heard, but durst not hear.

The Gods with equal eyes on mortals look;
He justly was forsaken, who forsook:
Wanted that succour he refus'd to lend,
Found every fellow such another friend:
No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear,
His elocution was increas'd by fear:
I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of death.
Though he had judg'd himself by his own laws,
And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common cause:
With my broad buckler hid him from the foe;
(Ev'n the shield trembling as he lay below);
And from impending fate the coward freed:
Good heaven forgive me for so bad a deed!
If still he will persist, and urge the strife,
First let him give me back his forfeit life:
Let him return to that opprobrious field;
Again creep under my protecting shield:
Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
And let his quivering heart confess his fear;
There put him in the very jaws of fate;
And let him plead his cause in that estate:
And yet, when snatch'd from death, when from below
My lifted shield I loos'd and let him go,
Good heavens, how light he rose, with what a bound
He sprung from earth, forgetful of his wound:
How fresh, how eager then his feet to ply;
Who had not strength to stand, had speed to fly!
Hector came on, and brought the Gods along;
Fear seiz'd alike the feeble and the strong;

Each

Each Greek was an Ulysses; such a dread
 Th' approach, and ev'n the sound, of Hector bred:
 Him, flesh'd with slaughter, and with conquest crown'd,
 I met, and over-turn'd him to the ground.
 When after, matchless as he deem'd in might,
 He challeng'd all our host to single fight,
 All eyes were fix'd on me: the lots were thrown;
 But for your champion I was wish'd alone:
 Your vows were heard; we fought, and neither yield;
 Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the field.
 With Jove to friend th' insulting Trojan came,
 And menac'd us with force, our fleet with flame:
 Was it the strength of this tongue-valiant lord,
 In that black hour that sav'd you from the sword?
 Or was my breast expos'd alone, to brave
 A thousand swords, a thousand ships to save?
 The hopes of your return! and can you yield,
 For a sav'd fleet, less than a single shield?
 Think it no boast, O Grecians, if I deem
 These arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them;
 Or, I with them an equal honour share;
 They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
 Will he compare my courage with his flight?
 As well he may compare the day with night.
 Night is indeed the province of his reign:
 Yet all his dark exploits no more contain,
 Than a spy taken, and a sleeper slain;
 A priest made prisoner, Pallas made a prey:
 But none of all these actions done by day:
 Nor aught of these was done and Diomed away.

If on such petty merits you confer
So vast a prize, let each his portion share;
Make a just dividend; and if not all,
The greater part to Diomede will fall.
But why for Ithacus such arms as those,
Who naked and by night invades his foes?
The glittering helm by moonlight will proclaim
The latent robber, and prevent his game:
Nor could he hold his tottering head upright
Beneath that motion, or sustain the weight;
Nor that right arm could toss the beamy lance;
Much less the left that ampler shield advance;
Ponderous with precious weight, and rough with cost
Of the round world in rising gold emboss'd.
That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
And look as for the gold he stole the shield;
Which should your error on the wretch bestow,
It would not frighten, but allure the foe:
Why asks he, what avails him not in fight,
And would but cumber and retard his flight,
In which his only excellence is plac'd?
You give him death, that intercept his haste.
Add, that his own is yet a maiden-shield,
Nor the least dint has suffer'd in the field,
Guileless of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
Worn out of service, must forsake his lord.
What farther need of words our right to scan?
My arguments are deeds, let action speak the man.
Since from a champion's arms the strife arose,
So cast the glorious prize amid the foes;

Then

Then send us to redeem both arms and shield,
And let him wear who wins them in the field.

He said: a murmur from the multitude,
Or somewhat like a stifled shout, ensued:
Till from his seat arose Laertes' son,
Look'd down awhile, and paus'd ere he begun;
Then to th' expecting audience rais'd his look,
And not without prepar'd attention spoke:
Soft was his tone, and sober was his face;
Action his words, and words his action grace.

If heaven, my lords, had heard our common prayer,
These arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir;
Still great Achilles had his own possess'd,
And we with great Achilles had been blest'd.
But since hard fate, and heaven's severe decree,
Have ravish'd him away from you and me
(At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,
Or seem'd to draw, some drops of kindly dew);
Who better can succeed Achilles lost,
Than he who gave Achilles to your host?
This only I request, that neither he
May gain, by being what he seems to be,
A stupid thing, nor I may lose the prize,
By having sense, which heaven to him denies:
Since, great or small, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cause employ'd:
Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
Which often has been us'd in your defence
And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear against myself, and deem'd a fault.

Make

Make not a crime where nature made it none;
For every man may freely use his own.
The deeds of long-descended ancestors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,
Theirs in effect: but since he draws his line
From Jove, and seems to plead a right divine;
From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am descended in the same degree:
My sire Laertes was Arceſius' heir,
Arceſius was the ſon of Jupiter:
No parricide, no baniſh'd man, is known
In all my line: let him excuſe his own.
Hermes ennobles too my mother's ſide,
By both my parents to the Gods ally'd;
But not becauſe that on the female part
My blood is better, dare I claim deſert,
Or that my ſire from parricide is free;
But judge by merit betwixt him and me:
The prize be to the beſt; provided yet,
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great ſire, and greater uncle's name,
To fortify by them his feeble claim:
Be kindred and relation laid aſide,
And honour's cauſe by laws of honour try'd:
For if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with eaſe withſtood.
Peleus, the hero's ſire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus his undoubted progeny,
Inherit firſt theſe trophies of the field;
To Scyros, or to Phthia, ſend the ſhield:

And

And Teucer has an uncle's right; yet he
Waves his pretensions, nor contends with me.

Then, since the cause on pure desert is plac'd,
Whence shall I take my rise, what reckon last?
I not presume on every act to dwell,
But take these few, in order as they fell.

Thetis, who knew the fates, apply'd her care
To keep Achilles in disguise from war;
And till the threatening influence were past,
A woman's habit on the hero cast,
All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd vest,
And Ajax (never wiser than the rest)
Found no Pelides there: at length I came
With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame;
She, not discover'd by her mien or voice,
Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice;
And while on female toys her fellows look,
Grasp'd in her warlike hand, a javelin shook;
Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus bespoke:
O Goddess-born! resist not heaven's decree,
The fall of Ilium is reserv'd for thee;
Then seiz'd him, and, produc'd in open light,
Sent blushing to the field the fatal knight.
Mine then are all his actions of the war;
Great Telephus was conquer'd by my spear,
And after cur'd: to me the Thebans owe,
Lesbos and Tenedos, their over overthrow;
Scyros and Cylla: not on all to dwell,
By me Lyrnefus and strong Chrysa fell:

And

And since I sent the man who Hector slew,
 To me the noble Hector's death is due:
 Those arms I put into his living hand,
 Those arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.

When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan prince,
 And met at Aulis to revenge th' offence,
 'Twas a dead calm, or adverse blasts, that reign'd,
 And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd:
 Bad signs were seen, and oracles severe
 Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear:
 That by his daughter's blood we must appease
 Diana's kindled wrath, and free the seas.
 Affection, interest, fame, his heart assail'd;
 But soon the father o'er the king prevail'd:
 Bold, on himself he took the pious crime,
 As angry with the Gods, as they with him,
 No subject could sustain their sovereign's look,
 Till this hard enterprize I undertook:
 I only durst th' imperial power control,
 And undermin'd the parent in his soul;
 Forc'd him t' exert the king for common good,
 And pay our ransom with his daughter's blood,
 Never was cause more difficult to plead,
 Than where the judge against himself decreed:
 Yet this I won by dint of argument;
 The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent,
 And his own office, sham'd him to consent.

'Twas harder yet to move the mother's mind,
 And to this heavy task was I design'd:

Reasons

Reasons against her love I knew were vain:
I circumvented whom I could not gain:
Had Ajax been employ'd, our slacken'd sails
Had still at Aulis waited happy gales.

Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me,
A fearless envoy, fit for a bold embassy:
Secure, I enter'd through the hostile court,
Glittering with steel and crouded with resort:
There in the midst of arms, I plead our cause,
Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;
Accuse the foes, as authors of the strife,
Reproach the ravisher, demand the wife.
Priam, Antenor, and the wiser few,
I mov'd; but Paris and his lawless crew
Scarce held their hands, and lifted swords: but stood
In act to quench their impious thirst of blood:
This Menelaus knows; expos'd to share
With me the rough prelude of the war.

!Endless it were to tell what I have done,
In arms, or counsel, since the siege begun:
The first encounters past, the foe repell'd,
They skulk'd within the town, we kept the field,
War seem'd asleep for nine long years; at length,
Both sides resolv'd to push, we try'd our strength.
Now what did Ajax while our arms took breath,
Vers'd only in the gross mechanic trade of death?
If you require my deeds, with ambush'd arms
I trapp'd the foe, or tir'd with false alarms;
Secur'd the ships, drew lines along the plain,
The fainting cheer'd, chastis'd the rebel-train,

Provided forage, our spent arms renew'd;
 Employ'd at home, or sent abroad, the common cause
 pursued.

The king, deluded in a dream by Jove,
 Despair'd to take the town, and order'd to remove.
 What subject durst arraign the power supreme,
 Producing Jove to justify his dream?
 Ajax might wish the soldiers to retain
 From shameful flight, but wishes were in vain;
 As wanting of effect had been his words,
 Such as of course his thundering tongue affords.
 But did this boaster threaten, did he pray,
 Or by his own example urge their stay?
 None, none of these, but ran himself away. }
 I saw him run, and was asham'd to see;
 Who ply'd his feet so fast to get aboard as he?
 Then, speeding through the place, I made a stand, }
 And loudly cry'd, O base degenerate band,
 To leave a town already in your hand,
 After so long expence of blood, for fame,
 To bring home nothing but perpetual shame!
 These words, or what I have forgotten since,
 (For grief inspir'd me then with eloquence)
 Reduc'd their minds, they leave the crowded port,
 And to their late forsaken camp resort;
 Dismay'd the council met: this man was there,
 But mute, and not recover'd of his fear:
 Therfites tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
 But his wide-opening mouth with blows I seal'd.
 Then, rising, I excite their souls to fame,
 And kindle sleeping virtue into flame.

From

From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight
Is justly mine who drew him back from flight.

Which of the Grecian chiefs comforts with thee? }

But Diomede desires my company,
And still communicates his praise with me.

As guided by a God, secure he goes,
Arm'd with my fellowship, amid the foes:
And sure no little merit I may boast,
Whom such a man selects from such an host;
Unforc'd by lots, I went without affright,
To dare with him the dangers of the night:
On the same errand sent, we met the spy
Of Hector, double-tongued, and us'd to lye;
Him I dispatch'd, but not till, undermin'd,
I drew him first to tell what treacherous Troy design'd:
My task perform'd, with praise I had retir'd,
But, not content with this, to greater praise aspir'd;
Invaded Rhœsus, and his Thracian crew,
And him, and his, in their own strength, I slew;
Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,
With the king's chariot, in his royal seat:
Refuse me now his arms, whose fiery steeds
Were promis'd to the spy for his nocturnal deeds:
And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all his days out-balance this one night.

Nor fought I darkling still: the sun beheld
With slaughter'd Lycians when I strew'd the field:
You saw and counted as I pass'd along,
Alastor, Cromius, Ceranos the strong,

Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,
 Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus,
 Choon, Cherfidamas; and five beside,
 Men of obscure descent, but courage try'd:
 All these this hand laid breathless on the ground;
 Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound:
 All honest, all before: believe not me;
 Words may deceive, but credit what you see.

At this he bar'd his breast, and show'd his scars,
 As of a furrow'd field, well plough'd with wars;
 Nor is this part unexercis'd, said he;
 That giant bulk of his from wounds is free:
 Safe in his shield he fears no foe to try,
 And better manages his blood than I:
 But this avails me not; our boaster strove
 Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,
 To save the fleet: this I confess is true
 (Nor will I take from any man his due):
 But thus assuming all, he robs from you.
 Some part of honour to your share will fall,
 He did the best indeed, but did not all.
 Patrocles in Achilles' arms, and thought
 The chief he seem'd, with equal ardour fought;
 Preserv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire,
 And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.

But Ajax boasts, that he was only thought
 A match for Hector, who the combat fought:
 Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me;
 All were as eager for the fight as he;

He

He, but the ninth, and, not by public voice,
 Or ours preferr'd, was only fortune's choice:
 They fought; nor can our hero boast th' event,
 For Hector from the field unwounded went.

Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
 That snatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away?
 I saw Pelides sink, with pious grief,
 And ran in vain, alas! to his relief;
 For the brave soul was fled: full of my friend,
 I rush'd amid the war, his relics to defend:
 Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
 And, loaded with Achilles march'd away:
 Those arms, which on these shoulders then I bore,
 'Tis just you to these shoulders should restore.
 You see I want not nerves, who could sustain
 The ponderous ruins of so great a man:
 Or if in others equal force you find,
 None is endued with a more grateful mind.

Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
 These arms thus labour'd for her son prepare;
 That Ajax after him the heavenly gift should wear?
 For that dull soul to stare with stupid eyes,
 On the learn'd unintelligible prize!
 What are to him the sculptures of the shield,
 Heaven's planets, earth, and ocean's watery field?
 The Pleiads, Hyads; less and greater Bear,
 Undipp'd in seas; Orion's angry star;
 Two differing cities, grav'd on either hand?
 Would he wear arms he cannot understand?

Beside, what wise objections he prepares
 Against my late accession to the wars!
 Does not the fool perceive his argument
 Is with more force against Achilles bent?
 For if dissembling be so great a crime,
 The fault is common, and the same in him;
 And if he taxes both of long delay,
 My guilt is less, who sooner came away.
 His pious mother, anxious for his life,
 Detain'd her son; and me, my pious wife.
 To them the blossoms of our youth were due:
 Our riper manhood we reserv'd for you.
 But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,
 When with so great a man my guilt I share:
 My wit to war the matchless hero brought,
 But by this fool he never had been caught.

Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
 Such foul aspersions, when he spares not you:
 If Palamede unjustly fell by me,
 Your honour suffer'd in th' unjust decree;
 I but accus'd, you doom'd: and yet he dy'd,
 Convinc'd of treason, and was fairly try'd:
 You heard not he was false; your eyes beheld
 The traitor manifest; the bribe reveal'd.

That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,
 Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft,
 Is not my crime, or not my crime alone;
 Defend your justice, for the fact's your own:
 'Tis true, th' advice was mine; that staying there
 He might his weary limbs with rest repair,
 From a long voyage free, and from a longer war.

}
 He

He took th' counsel, and he lives at least;
Th' event declares I counsel'd for the best:
Though faith is all, in ministers of state;
For who can promise to be fortunate?
Now since his arrows are the fate of Troy,
Do not my wit, or weak address, employ;
Send Ajax there, with his persuasive sense,
To mollify the man, and draw him thence:
But Xanthus shall run backward; Ida stand
A leafless mountain; and the Grecian band
Shall fight for Troy; if, when my counsels fail,
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.

Hard Philoctetes, exercise thy spleen
Against thy fellows, and the king of men;
Curse my devoted head, above the rest,
And wish in arms to meet me breast to breast:
Yet I the dangerous task will undertake,
And either die myself, or bring thee back.

Nor doubt the same success, as when before
The Phrygian prophet to these tents I bore,
Surpriz'd by night, and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the fortune of the war;
Heaven's dark decrees and answers to display,
And how to take the town, and where the secret lay:
Yet this I compass'd, and from Troy convey'd
The fatal image of their guardian maid;
That work was mine; for Pallas, though our friend,
Yet while she was in Troy, did Troy defend.
Now what has Ajax done, or what design'd?
A noisy nothing, and an empty wind.

If he be what he promises in show,
Why was I sent, and why fear'd he to go?
Our boasting champion thought the task not light
To pass the guards, commit himself to night:
Not only through a hostile town to pass,
But scale, with steep ascent, the sacred place;
With wandering steps to search the citadel,
And from the priests their patroness to steal:
Then through surrounding foes to force my way,
And bear in triumph home the heavenly prey;
Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,
Before that monstrous bulk, his sevenfold shield.
That night to conquer Troy I might be said,
When Troy was liable to conquest made.

Why point'st thou to my partner of the war?
Tydides had indeed a worthy share
In all my toil and praise; but when thy might
Our ships protected, didst thou singly fight?
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
I ask'd no friend, nor had, but him alone:
Who, had he not been well assur'd, that art
And conduct were of war the better part,
And more avail'd than strength, my valiant friend
Had urg'd a better right, than Ajax can pretend:
As good at least Eurypylus may claim,
And the more moderate Ajax of the name:
The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
And Menelaus bold with sword and spear:
All these had been my rivals in the shield,
And yet all these to my pretensions yield.

Thy

Thy boisterous hands are then of use, when I
With this directing head those hands apply.
Brawn without brain is thine: my prudent care
Foresees, provides, administers the war:
Thy province is to fight, but when shall be
The time to fight, the king consults with me:
No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd;
Thy body is of profit, and my mind.
By how much more the ship of safety owes
To him who steers, than him that only rows;
By how much more the captain merits praise
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys;
By so much greater is my worth than thine,
Who canst but execute what I design.
What gain'st thou, brutal man, if I confess
Thy strength superior, when thy wit is less?
Mind is the man: I claim my whole desert
From the mind's vigour, and th' immortal part.

But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,
Be grateful to your watchman of the war:
For all my labours in so long a space,
Sure I may plead a title to your grace:
Enter the town; I then unbar'd the gates,
When I remov'd their tutelary fates.
By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
Which I have now reduc'd to certainty;
By falling Troy, by yonder tottering towers,
And by their taken Gods, which now are ours;
Or if there yet a farther task remains,
To be perform'd by prudence or by pains;

If yet some desperate action rests behind,
That asks high conduct, and a dauntless mind;
If ought be wanting to the Trojan doom,
Which none but I can manage and o'ercome;
Award those arms I ask, by your decree:
Or give to this what you refuse to me.

He ceas'd: and ceasing with respect he bow'd,
And with his hand at once the fatal statue show'd.
Heaven, air, and ocean rung, with loud applause,
And by the general vote he gain'd his cause.
Thus conduct won the prize, when courage fail'd,
And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

THE DEATH OF AJAX.

HE who could often, and alone, withstand
The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
Now cannot his unmaster'd grief sustain,
But yields to rage, to madness, and disdain;
Then snatching out his fauchion, Thou, said he,
Art mine; Ulysses lays no claim to thee.
O often try'd, and ever trusty sword,
Now do thy last kind office to thy lord:
'Tis Ajax who requests thy aid, to show
None but himself, himself could overthrow.
He said, and with so good a will to die
Did to his breast the fatal point apply,
It found his heart, a way till then unknown,
Where never weapon enter'd but his own:
No hands could force it thence, so fixt it stood,
Till out it rush'd, expell'd by streams of spouting blood.

The

The fruitful blood produc'd a flower, which grew
On a green stem; and of a purple hue:
Like his, whom unaware Apollo slew:
Inscrib'd in both, the letters are the same,
But those express the grief, and these the name.

THE STORY OF
ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, AND GALATEA.
FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

ACIS, the lovely youth, whose loss I mourn,
From Faunus, and the nymph Symethis born,
Was both his parents pleasure; but to me
Was all that love could make a lover be.
The Gods our minds in mutual bands did join:
I was his only joy, and he was mine.
Now sixteen summers the sweet youth had seen;
And doubtful down began to shade his chin:
When Polyphemus first disturb'd our joy,
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the boy.
Ask not which passion in my soul was higher,
My last aversion, or my first desire:
Nor this the greater was, nor that the less;
Both were alike, for both were in excess.
Thee, Venus, thee both heaven and earth obey;
Immense thy power, and boundless is thy sway.
The Cyclops, who defy'd th' ætherial throne,
And thought no thunder louder than his own,
The terror of the woods, and wilder far
Than wolves in plains, or bears in forests are,

Th'

Th' inhuman host, who made his bloody feasts
 On mangled members of his butcher'd guests,
 Yet felt the force of love and fierce desire,
 And burnt for me, with unrelenting fire:
 Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,
 Assum'd the softness of a lover's air;
 And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair.
 Now with a crooked scythe his beard he sleeks,
 And mows the stubborn stubble of his cheeks:
 Now in the crystal stream he looks, to try
 His simagres, and rows his glaring eye.
 His cruelty and thirst of blood are lost;
 And ships securely sail along the coast.

The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance
 Where Ætna's summits to the seas advance,
 Who mark'd the tracks of every bird that flew,
 And sure presages from their flying drew)
 Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulysses' hand
 In his broad eye should thrust a flaming brand.
 The giant, with a scornful grin, reply'd,
 Vain augur, thou hast falsely prophesy'd;
 Already Love his flaming brand has tost;
 Looking on two fair eyes, my sight I lost.
 Thus, warn'd in vain, with stalking pace he strode,
 And stamp'd the margin of the briny flood
 With heavy steps; and, weary, sought again
 The cool retirement of his gloomy den.

A promontory, sharpening by degrees,
 Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the seas:

On either side, below, the water flows :
This airy walk the giant-lover chose;
Here on the midst he fate; his flocks, unled,
Their shepherd follow'd, and securely fed.
A pine so burly, and of length so vast,
That sailing ships requir'd it for a mast,
He wielded for a staff, his steps to guide:
But laid it by, his whistle while he try'd.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his mouth:
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And watery plains, the dreadful hiss resound.
I heard the ruffian shepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I sat below;
On Acis' bosom I my head reclin'd:
And still preserve the poem in my mind.

O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling snows and rising lilies are;
More flowery than the meads, as crystal bright;
Erect as alders, and of equal height:
More wanton than a kid; more sleek thy skin,
Than orient shells, that on the shores are seen:
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
Pleasing, as winter suns, or summer shade:
More grateful to the sight, than goodly plains;
And softer to the touch, than down of swans,
Or curds new turn'd; and sweeter to the taste,
Than swelling grapes, that to the vintage haste:
More clear than ice, or running streams, that stray
Through garden plots, but ah! more swift than they.

Yet,

Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
 Than bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the yoke:
 And far more stubborn than the knotted oak:
 Like sliding streams, impossible to hold;
 Like them fallacious; like their fountains, cold:
 More warping, than the willow, to decline
 My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
 Immoveable, and fix'd in thy disdain:
 Rough, as these rocks, and of a harder grain;
 More violent, than is the rising flood:
 And the prais'd peacock is not half so proud:
 Fierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are;
 And more outrageous than a mother-bear:
 Deaf as the billows to the vows I make;
 And more revengeful than a troden snake:
 In swiftness fleetier than the flying hind,
 Or driven tempests, or the driving wind.
 All other faults with patience I can bear;
 But swiftness is the vice I only fear.

Yet if you knew me well, you would not shun
 My love, but to my wish'd embraces run:
 Would languish in your turn, and court my stay;
 And much repent of your unwise delay.

My palace, in the living rock, is made
 By nature's hand; a spacious pleasing shade;
 Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
 My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,
 And grapes in clusters, imitating gold;
 Some blushing bunches of a purple hue:
 And these, and those, are all reserv'd for you.

Red

Red strawberries in shades expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by so white a hand.
Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide,
And plumbs, to tempt you, turn their glossy side:
Not those of common kinds; but such alone,
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown:
Nor chestnuts shall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden-fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear;
And yours shall be the product of the year.

The flocks, you see, are all my own; beside
The rest that woods and winding vallies hide;
And those that folded in the caves abide. }
Ask not the numbers of my growing store;
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praise my cattle; trust not me,
But judge yourself, and pass your own decree:
Behold their swelling dugs; the sweepy weight
Of ewes, that sink beneath the milky freight:
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie;
Apart from kids, that call with human cry.
New milk in nut-brown howls is duly serv'd
For daily drink; the rest for cheese reserv'd.
Nor are these household dainties all my store: }
The fields and forests will afford us more;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar.
All sorts of venison; and of birds the best;
A pair of turtles taken from the nest;
I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whose dam had left them on the naked ground;

So like, that no distinction could be seen;
 So pretty, they were presents for a queen;
 And so they shall; I took them both away;
 And keep, to be companions of your play.

Oh raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
 The waves; nor scorn my presents, and my love.
 Come, Galatea, come, and view my face;
 I late beheld it in the watery glass,
 And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was. }
 Survey my towering stature, and my size:
 Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the skies,
 Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread:
 My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head)
 Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,
 As with a shady grove, my shoulders crown.
 Nor think, because my limbs and body bear
 A thick-set underwood of bristling hair,
 My shape deform'd: what fouler sight can be,
 Than the bald branches of a leafless tree?
 Foul is the steed without a flowing mane;
 And birds, without their feathers and their train.
 Wool decks the sheep; and man receives a grace
 From bushy limbs, and from a bearded face.
 My forehead with a single eye is fill'd,
 Round as a ball, and ample as a shield.
 The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant sun,
 Is Nature's eye; and she's content with one.
 Add, that my father sways your seas, and I,
 Like you, am of the watery family.

I make you his, in making you my own
 You I adore, and kneel to you alone:
 Jove, with his faded thunder, I despise,
 And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
 Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
 Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.
 But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer
 The love of Acis, heavens! I cannot bear.
 But let the stripling please himself; nay more,
 Please you, though that 's the thing I most abhor;
 The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
 These giant limbs endu'd with giant might.
 His living bowels from his belly torn,
 And scatter'd limbs, shall on the flood be borne,
 Thy flood, ungrateful nymph; and fate shall find
 That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
 For oh! I burn with love, and thy disdain
 Augments at once my passion and my pain.
 Translated *Ætna* flames within my heart,
 And thou, inhuman, wilt not ease my smart.
 Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, and strode
 With furious paces to the neighbouring wood:
 Restless his feet, distracted was his walk;
 Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk.
 Mad as the vanquish'd bull, when forc'd to yield
 His lovely mistress, and forsake the field.
 Thus far unseen I saw: when, fatal chance
 His looks directing, with a sudden glance,
 Acis and I were to his sight betray'd:
 Where, nought suspecting, we securely play'd.

From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he cast;
 I see, I see, but this shall be your last.
 A roar so loud made *Ætna* to rebound;
 And all the Cyclops labour'd in the sound.
 Affrighted with his monstrous voice, I fled,
 And in the neighbouring ocean plung'd my head. }
 Poor *Acis* turn'd his back, and, Help, he cry'd,
 Help, *Galatea*, help, my parent Gods,
 And take me dying to your deep abodes.
 The Cyclops follow'd; but he sent before
 A rib, which from the living rock he tore:
 Though but an angle reach'd him of the stone,
 The mighty fragment was enough alone,
 To crush all *Acis*; 'twas too late to save,
 But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave:
 That *Acis* to his lineage should return;
 And roll, among the river Gods, his urn.
 Straight issued from the stone a stream of blood;
 Which lost the purple, mingling with the flood.
 Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd:
 The torrent too, in little space, was clear'd.
 The stone was cleft, and through the yawning chink
 New reeds arose, on the new river's brink.
 The rock, from out its hollow womb, disclos'd
 A sound like water in its course oppos'd:
 When (wondrous to behold) full in the flood,
 Up starts a youth, and navel-high he stood.
 Horns from his temples rise; and either horn
 Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.

Were not his stature taller than before,
His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,
His colour blue, for Acis he might pass:
And Acis chang'd into a stream he was.
But, mine no more, he rolls along the plains
With rapid motion, and his name retains.

OF THE
PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

FROM THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The fourteenth book concludes with the death and deification of Romulus: the fifteenth begins with the election of Numa to the crown of Rome. On this occasion, Ovid, following the opinion of some authors, makes Numa the scholar of Pythagoras; and to have begun his acquaintance with that philosopher at Crotona, a town in Italy; from thence he makes a digression to the moral and natural philosophy of Pythagoras: on both which our author enlarges; and which are the most learned and beautiful parts of the Metamorphoses.

A King is fought, to guide the growing state,
 One able to support the public weight,
 And fill the throne where Romulus had fate.
 Renown, which oft bespeaks the public voice,
 Had recommended Numa to their choice:
 A peaceful, pious prince; who, not content
 To know the Sabine rites, his study bent
 To cultivate his mind: to learn the laws
 Of nature, and explore their hidden cause:
 Urg'd by this care, his country he forsook,
 And to Crotona thence his journey took.

Arriv'd, he first enquir'd the founder's name
Of this new colony: and whence he came.
Then thus a senior of the place replies,
(Well read, and curious of antiquities)
'Tis said, Alcides hither took his way
From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd prey;
Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows;
He sought himself some hospitable house:
Good Croton entertain'd his godlike guest;
While he repair'd his weary limbs with rest.
The hero, thence departing, bless'd the place;
And here, he said, in Time's revolving race,
A rising town shall take its name from thee;
Revolving Time fulfill'd the prophecy:
For Mycelos, the justest man on earth,
Alemon's son, at Argos had his birth:
Him Hercules, arm'd with his club of oak,
O'ershadow'd in a dream, and thus bespoke;
Go, leave thy native soil, and make abode
Where Æsaris rolls down his rapid flood;
He said; and sleep forsook him, and the God.
Trembling he wak'd, and rose with anxious heart;
His country laws forbad him to depart:
What should he do? 'Twas death to go away;
And the God menac'd if he dar'd to stay:
All day he doubted; and when night came on,
Sleep, and the same forewarning dream, begun:
Once more the God stood threatening o'er his head;
With added curses if he disobey'd.

Twice

Twice warn'd, he study'd flight; but would convey,
At once, his person and his wealth away:
Thus while he linger'd, his design was heard;
A speedy process form'd, and death declar'd.
Witness there needed none of his offence,
Against himself the wretch was evidence:
Condemn'd, and destitute of human aid,
To him, for whom he suffer'd, thus he pray'd:

O Power, who hast deserv'd in heaven a throne
Not given, but by thy labours made thy own,
Pity thy suppliant, and protect his cause,
Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the laws.

A custom was of old, and still remains,
Which life or death by suffrages ordains;
White stones and black within an urn are cast,
The first absolve, but fate is in the last:
The judges to the common urn bequeath
Their votes, and drop the sable signs of death;
The box receives all black; but pour'd from thence
The stones came candid forth, the hue of innocence.
Thus Alimonides his safety won,
Preserv'd from death by Alcumena's son:
Then to his kinsman God his vows he pays,
And cuts with prosperous gales th' Ionian seas:
He leaves Tarentum, favour'd by the wind,
And Thurine bays, and Temises, behind;
Soft Sibaris, and all the capes that stand
Along the shore, he makes in sight of land;
Still doubling, and still coasting, till he found
The mouth of Æsaris, and promis'd ground:

Then saw where, on the margin of the flood,
The tomb that held the bones of Croton stood:
Here, by the God's command, he built and wall'd
The place predicted; and Crotona call'd:
Thus fame, from time to time, delivers down
The sure tradition of th' Italian town.

Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
But now self-banish'd from his native shore,
Because he hated tyrants, nor could bear
The chains which none but servile souls will wear:
He, though from heaven remote, to heaven could move,
With strength of mind, and tread th' abyss above;
And penetrate, with his interior light,
Those upper depths, which Nature hid from sight:
And what he had observ'd, and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar language to dispense.

The crowd with silent admiration stand,
And heard him, as they heard their God's command;
While he discours'd of heaven's mysterious laws,
The world's original, and nature's cause;
And what was God, and why the fleecy snows
In silence fell, and rattling winds arose;
What shook the stedfast earth, and whence begun
The dance of planets round the radiant sun;
If thunder was the voice of angry Jove,
Or clouds, with nitre pregnant, burst above:
Of these, and things beyond the common reach,
He spoke, and charm'd his audience with his speech.
He first the taste of flesh from tables drove,
And argued well, if arguments could move.

O mor-

O mortals! from your fellows blood abstain,
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane:
While corn and pulse by nature are bestow'd,
And planted orchards bend their willing load;
While labour'd gardens wholsome herbs produce,
And teeming vines afford their generous juice;
Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are lost,
But tam'd with fire, or mellow'd by the frost;
While kine to pails distended udders bring,
And bees their honey redolent of spring;
While earth not only can your needs supply,
But, lavish of her store, provides for luxury;
A guiltless feast administers with ease,
And without blood is prodigal to please.
Wild beasts their maws with their slain brethren fill,
And yet not all, for some refuse to kill:
Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler steed,
On browz, and corn, the flowery meadows feed.
Bears, tigers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
Whom heaven endued with principles of blood,
He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
In forests, and in lonely caves to dwell,
Where stronger beasts oppress the weak by might,
And all in prey and purple feasts delight.

O impious use! to Nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd:
Where, fatten'd by their fellows' fat, they thrive;
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
'Tis then for nought that mother earth provides
The stores of all she shows, and all she hides,

If men with fleshly morsels must be fed,
And chaw with bloody teeth the breathing bread;
What else is this but to devour our guests,
And barbarously renew Cyclopean feasts!
We, by destroying life, our life sustain;
And gorge th' ungodly maw with meats obscene.

Not so the golden age, who fed on fruit,
Nor durst with bloody meals their mouths pollute.
Then birds in airy space might safely move,
And timorous hares on heaths securely rove:
Nor needed fish the guileful hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.
Whoever was the wretch (and curs'd be he)
That envy'd first our food's simplicity;
Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the sword to murder man.
Had he the sharpen'd steel alone employ'd
On beasts of prey that other beasts destroy'd,
Or men invaded with their fangs and paws,
This had been justify'd by Nature's laws,
And self-defence: but who did feasts begin
Of flesh, he stretch'd necessity to sin.
To kill man-killers, man has lawful power;
But not th' extended licence, to devour.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
The sow, with her broad snout for rooting up
Th' intrusted seed, was judg'd to spoil the crop,
And intercept the sweating farmer's hope:

} The

The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind,
 Th' offender to the bloody priest resign'd:
 Her hunger was no plea; for that she dy'd.
 The goat came next in order, to be try'd:
 The goat had cropt the tendrils of the vine:
 In vengeance laity and clergy join,
 Where one had lost his profit, one his wine.
 Here was at least, some shadow of offence:
 The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence,
 But meek and unresisting innocence.
 A patient, useful creature, born to bear
 The warm and woolly fleece, that cloath'd her murderer,
 And daily to give down the milk she bred,
 A tribute for the grafs on which she fed.
 Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
 And is of least advantage when she dies.

How did the toiling ox his death deserve,
 A downright simple drudge, and born to serve?
 O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope
 The promise of the year, a plenteous crop;
 When thou destroy'st thy labouring steer, who till'd,
 And plow'd, with pains, thy else ungrateful field?
 From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
 That neck with which the surly clods he broke;
 And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
 Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began!
 Nor this alone! but heaven itself to bribe,
 We to the Gods our impious acts ascribe:
 First recompense with death their creature's toil,
 Then call the bless'd above to share the spoil:

The

The fairest victim must the powers appease:
 (So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please!)
 A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
 With flowery garlands crown'd, and gilded horns:
 He hears the murderous prayer the priest prefers,
 But understands not, 'tis his doom he hears:
 Beholds the meal betwixt his temples cast
 (The fruit and product of his labours past);
 And in the water views perhaps the knife
 Uplifted, to deprive him of his life;
 Then broken up alive, his entrails sees
 Torn out, for priests t' inspect th' Gods decrees.

From whence, O mortal men, this gust of blood
 Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food?
 Be taught by me this dire delight to shun,
 Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won:
 And, when you eat the well-deserving beast,
 Think, on the labourer of your field you feast!

Now since the God inspires me to proceed,
 Be that, whate'er inspiring Power, obey'd.
 For I will sing of mighty mysteries,
 Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes,
 Dark oracles unveil, and open all the skies.
 Pleas'd as I am to walk along the sphere
 Of shining stars, and travel with the year,
 To leave the heavy earth, and scale the height
 Of Atlas, who supports the heavenly weight:
 To look from upper light, and thence survey
 Mistaken mortals wandering from the way,

And

And wanting wisdom, fearful for the state
Of future things, and trembling at their fate!

Those I would teach; and by right reason bring
To think of death, as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
A dream of darkness, and fictitious flame?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass,
And fables of a world, that never was!
What feels the body when the soul expires,
By time corrupted, or consum'd by fires?
Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes seats.

Ev'n I, who these mysterious truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.
In Argive Juno's fane I late beheld
My buckler hung on high, and own'd my former shield.

Then death, so call'd, is but old matter dress'd
In some new figure, and a vary'd vest:
Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbody'd spirit flies,
By time, or force, or sickness dispossess,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast;
Or hunts without, 'till ready limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their kind;
From tenement to tenement is toss'd;
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost:
And as the soften'd wax new seals receives,
This face assumes, and that impression leaves;

Now

Now call'd by one, now by another name;
The form is only chang'd, the wax is still the same:
So death, so call'd, can but the form deface,
Th' immortal soul flies out in empty space;
To seek her fortune in some other place.

Then let not piety be put to flight,
To please the taste of glutton appetite;
But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,
Left from their seats your parents you expel;
With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.

And since, like Tiphys, parting from the shore,
In ample seas I sail, and depths untry'd before,
This let me further add, that nature knows
No steadfast station; but, or ebbs, or flows:
Ever in motion; she destroys her old,
And casts new figures in another mold.
Ev'n times are in perpetual flux; and run,
Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on;
For time, no more than streams, is at a stay:
The flying hour is ever on her way;
And as the fountain still supplies her store,
The wave behind impels the wave before;
Thus in successive course the minutes run,
And urge their predecessor minutes on,
Still moving, ever new: for former things
Are set aside, like abdicated kings:
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act till then unknown.

Darkness

Darkness we see emerges into light,
 And shining suns descend to sable night;
 Ev'n heaven itself receives another die,
 When weary'd animals in slumbers lie
 Of midnight ease; another, when the gray
 Of morn preludes the splendor of the day.
 The disk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,
 Appears at first but as a bloodshot eye;
 And when his chariot downward drives to bed,
 His ball is with the same suffusion red;
 But mounted high in his meridian race
 All bright he shines, and with a better face:
 For there, pure particles of æther flow,
 Far from th' infection of the world below.

Nor equal light th' unequal moon adorns,
 Or in her waxing, or her waning horns.
 For every day she wanes, her face is less,
 But, gathering into globe, she fattens at increase.

Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,
 How the four seasons in four forms appear,
 Resembling human life in every shape they wear? }
 Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head, }
 With milky juice requiring to be fed: }
 Helpless, though fresh, and wanting to be led.
 The green stem grows in stature and in size,
 But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
 Then laughs the childish year with flowerets crown'd,
 And lavishly perfumes the fields around,
 But no substantial nourishment receives,
 Infirm the stalks, unsolid are the leaves.

Proceeding

Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The summer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This season, as in men, is most repleat
With kindly moisture, and prolific heat.

Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious grey.

Last, winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face.
His scalp if not dishonour'd quite of hair,
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worse than bare.

Ev'n our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was theirs before they leave;
Nor are to-day what yesterday they were;
Nor the whole same to-morrow will appear.

Time was, when we were sow'd, and just began,
From some few fruitful drops, the promise of a man;
Then Nature's hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to shape the soft, coagulated mass;
And when the little man was fully form'd,
The breathless embryo with a spirit warm'd;
But when the mother's throes begin to come,
The creature, pent within the narrow room,
Breaks his blind prison, pushing to repair
His stifled breath, and draw the living air;
Cast on the margin of the world he lies,
A helpless babe, but by instinct he cries.
He next essays to walk, but downward press'd
On four feet imitates his brother-beast:

By slow degrees he gathers from the ground
 His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;
 Then walks alone; a horseman now become,
 He rides a stick, and travels round the room:
 In time he vaunts among his youthful peers,
 Strong-bon'd, and strung with nerves, in pride of years,
 He runs with mettle his first merry stage,
 Maintains the next, abated of his rage,
 But manages his strength, and spares his age.
 Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace,
 And though 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the race.
 Now sapless on the verge of death he stands,
 Contemplating his former feet and hands;
 And, Milo-like, his slacken'd sinews sees,
 And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Hercules,
 Unable now to shake, much less to tear, the trees.

So Helen wept, when her too faithful glass
 Reflected to her eyes the ruins of her face:
 Wondering what charms her ravishers could spy,
 To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy!

Thy teeth, devouring time, thine, envious age,
 On things below still exercise your rage:
 With venom'd grinders you corrupt your meat,
 And then, at lingering meals, the morsels eat.

Nor those, which elements we call, abide,
 Nor to this figure, nor to that, are ty'd;
 For this eternal world is said of old
 But four prolific principles to hold,
 Four different bodies; two to heaven ascend,
 And other two down to the centre tend:

Fire first with wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper sky;
Then air, because unclog'd in empty space,
Flies after fire, and claims the second place:
But weighty water, as her nature guides,
Lies on the lap of earth, and mother earth subsides.

All things are mixt with these, which all contain,
And into these are all resolv'd again:
Earth rarifies to dew; expanded more
The subtil dew in air begins to soar;
Spreads as she flies, and weary of her name
Extenuates still, and changes into flame;
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Restless they soon untwist the web they spun,
And fire begins to lose her radiant hue,
Mix'd with gross air, and air descends to dew;
And dew, condensing, does her form forego,
And sinks, a heavy lump of earth, below.

Thus are their figures never at a stand,
But chang'd by Nature's innovating hand;
All things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,
The shifted scene for some new show employ'd.

Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other thing we were not formerly:
And what we call to die, is not t' appear,
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Those very elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead some other bodies make:
Translated grow, have sense, or can discourse;
But death on deathless substance has no force.

That

That forms are chang'd I grant, that nothing can
Continue in the figure it began:

The golden age to silver was debas'd :
To copper that; our metal came at last.

The face of places, and their forms, decay;
And that is solid earth, that once was sea:
Seas in their turn, retreating from the shore,
Make solid land what ocean was before;
And far from strands are shells of fishes found,
And rusty anchors fix'd on mountain ground;
And what were fields before, now wash'd and worn,
By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
And crumbling still descend to level lands;
And lakes, and trembling bogs, are barren sands;
And the parch'd desert floats in streams unknown;
Wondering to drink of waters not her own.
Here nature living fountains opes; and there
Seals up the wombs where living fountains were;
Or earthquakes stop their ancient course, and bring
Diverted streams to feed a distant spring.
So Lycus, swallow'd up, is seen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another door.
Thus Erasinus dives; and blind in earth
Runs on, and gropes his way to second birth,
Starts up in Argos meads, and shakes his locks
Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
So Myfus by another way is led,
And, grown a river, now disdains his head:
Forgets his humble birth, his name forsakes,
And the proud title of Caicus takes.

Fire first with wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper sky;
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And the proud title of Caicus takes.

Large Amenane, impure with yellow sands,
Runs rapid often, and as often stands;
And here he threatens the drunken fields to drown,
And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down.

Anigros once did wholsome draughts afford,
But now his deadly waters are abhorr'd:
Since, hurt by Hercules, as fame refounds,
The Centaur in his current wash'd their wounds.
The streams of Hypanis are sweet no more,
But brackish lose their taste they had before.
Antissa, Pharos, Tyre, in seas were pent,
Once isles, but now increase the continent;
While the Leucadian coast, main-land before,
By rushing seas is sever'd from the shore.
So Zancle to th' Italian earth was ty'd,
And men once walk'd where ships at anchor ride;
Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
And in disdain pour'd in the conquering sea.

Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,
Buris and Helice, no more are found,
But, whelm'd beneath a lake, are sunk and drown'd; }
And boatsmen through the crystal water show,
To wondering passengers, the walls below.

Near Træzen stands a hill, expos'd in air
To winter winds, of leafy shadows bare:
This once was level ground: but (strange to tell)
Th' included vapours, that in caverns dwell,
Labouring with colic pangs, and close confin'd,
In vain sought issue from the rumbling wind:

Yet

Yet still they heav'd for vent, and heaving still
 Inlarg'd the concave, and shot up the hill;
 As breath extends a bladder, or the skins
 Of goats are blown t' inclose the hoarded wines:
 The mountain yet retains a mountain's face,
 And gather'd rubbish heals the hollow space.

Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
 Retrenching most, I will relate but few:
 What, are not springs with qualities oppos'd
 Endued at seasons, and at seasons lost?
 Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form,
 Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm:
 Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
 On the pil'd earth, and in the waning moon.
 The Thracians have a stream, if any try
 The taste, his harden'd bowels petrify;
 Whate'er it touches it converts to stones,
 And makes a marble pavement where it runs.

Grathis, and Sibaris her sister flood,
 That slide through our Calabrian neighbour wood,
 With gold and amber die the shining hair,
 And thither youth resort; (for who would not be fair?)

But stranger virtues yet in streams we find,
 Some change not only bodies, but the mind:
 Who has not heard of Salmacis obscene,
 Whose waters into women soften men?
 Of Æthiopian lakes, which turn the brain
 To madness, or in heavy sleep constrain?
 Clytorean streams the love of wine expel,
 (Such is the virtue of th' abstemious well,)

Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood
Extinguishes, and balks the drunken God;
Or that Melampus (so have some assur'd)
When the mad Proetides with charms he cur'd,
And powerful herbs, both charms and simples cast
Into the sober spring, where still their virtues last.

Unlike effects Lyncestis will produce;
Who drinks his waters, though with moderate use,
Reels as with wine, and sees with double sight:
His heels too heavy, and his head too light.
Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian stream,
(Ambiguous in th' effects, as in the name)
By day is wholesome beverage; but is thought
By night infected, and a deadly draught.

Thus running rivers, and the standing lake,
Now of these virtues, now of those partake:
Time was (and all things time and fate obey)
When fast Ortygia floated on the sea;
Such were Cyanean isles, when Typhis steer'd
Betwixt their straits, and their collision fear'd;
They swam where now they sit; and firmly join'd
Secure of rooting up, resist the wind.
Nor Ætna vomiting sulphureous fire
Will ever belch; for sulphur will expire
(The veins exhausted of the liquid store);
Time was she cast no flames; in time will cast no more.

For whether earth's an animal, and air
Imbibes, her lungs with coolness to repair,
And what she sucks remits; she still requires
Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires;

When

When tortur'd with convulsive fits she shakes,
 That motion chokes the vent, till other vent she makes:
 Or when the winds in hollow caves are clos'd,
 And subtil spirits find that way oppos'd,
 They toss up flints in air; the flints that hide
 The seeds of fire, thus toss'd in air, collide,
 Kindling the sulphur, till the fuel spent
 The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relent.
 Or whether sulphur, catching fire, feeds on,
 Its unctuous parts till all the matter gone
 The flames no more ascend; for earth supplies
 The fat that feeds them; and when earth denies
 That food, by length of time consum'd, the fire
 Famish'd for want of fuel must expire.

A race of men there are, as fame has told,
 Who shivering suffer Hyperborean cold,
 Till, nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
 Soft feathers to defend their naked sides they take.
 'Tis said, the Scythian wives (believe who will)
 Transform themselves to birds by magic skill;
 Smear'd over with an oil of wondrous might,
 That adds new pinions to their airy flight.

But this by sure experiment we know,
 That living creatures from corruption grow:
 Hide in a hollow pit a slaughter'd steer,
 Bees from his putrid bowels will appear;
 Who like their parents haunt the fields, and bring
 Their honey-harvest home, and hope another spring.
 The warlike steed is multiply'd, we find,
 To wasps and hornets of the warrior kind.

Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
 The rest in earth, a scorpion thence will glide
 And shoot his sting, his tail in circles tofs'd
 Refers the limbs his backward father lost.
 And worms, that stretch on leaves their filthy loom,
 Crawl from their bags and butterflies become.
 Ev'n slime begets the frog's loquacious race:
 Short of their feet at first, in little space
 With arms and legs endued, long leaps they take,
 Rais'd on their hinder part, and swim the lake,
 And waves repel: for nature gives their kind,
 To that intent, a length of legs behind.

The cubs of bears a living lump appear,
 When whelp'd, and no determin'd figure wear.
 The mother licks them into shape, and gives
 As much of form as she herself receives.

The grubs from their sexangular abode
 Crawl out unfinish'd, like the maggot's brood:
 Trunks without limbs; till time at leisure brings
 The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.

The bird who draws the car of Juno, vain
 Of her crown'd head, and of her starry train;
 And he that bears th' artillery of Jove,
 The strong-pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove:
 And all the feather'd kind, who could suppose
 (But that from sight, the surest sense, he knows)
 They from th' included yolk, not ambient white
 arose?

There are who think the marrow of a man,
 Which in the spine, while he was living, ran;

When

When dead, the pith corrupted, will become
A snake, and hiss within the hollow tomb.

All these receive their birth from other things;
But from himself the phoenix only springs:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn'd, another and the same:
Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence of Amomum drains:
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm: and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and rises round; then with the spoil
Of Cassia, Cynamon, and stems of Nard,
(For softness strew'd beneath) his funeral bed is rear'd:
Funeral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd:
On this incumbent; till ætherial flame
First catches, then consumes, the costly frame;
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies:
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.

An infant-phoenix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust, his method he pursues,
And the same lease of life on the same terms renews:
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain,

He

He lightens of its load the tree that bore
 His father's royal sepulchre before,
 And his own cradle: this with pious care
 Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
 Seeks the sun's city, and his sacred church,
 And decently lays down his burden in the porch.

A wonder more amazing would we find?

Th' Hyæna shews it, of a double kind,

Varying the sexes in alternate years,

In one begets, and in another bears.

The thin camelion, fed with air, receives

The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.

India, when conquer'd, on the conquering God

For planted vines the sharp-ey'd lynx bestow'd,

Whose urine, shed before it touches earth,

Congeals in air, and gives to gems their birth.

So coral, soft and white in ocean's bed,

Comes harden'd up in air, and glows with red.

All changing species should my song recite;

Before I ceas'd, would change the day to night.

Nations and empires flourish and decay,

By turns command, and in their turns obey;

Time softens hardy people, time again

Hardens to war a soft, unwarlike train.

Thus Troy, for ten long years, her foes withstood,

And daily bleeding bore th' expence of blood:

Now for thick streets it shews an empty space,

Or, only fill'd with tombs of her own perish'd race,

Herself becomes the sepulchre of what she was.

Mycene.

Mycene, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame,
 Are vanish'd out of substance into name,
 And Dardan Rome, that just begins to rise,
 On Tiber's banks, in time shall mate the skies;
 Widening her bounds, and working on her way;
 Ev'n now she meditates imperial sway:
 Yet this is change, but she by changing thrives,
 Like moons new born, and in her cradle strives
 To fill her infant-horns; an' hour shall come
 When the round world shall be contain'd in Rome.

For thus old faws foretel, and Helenus
 Anchises' drooping son enliven'd thus,
 When Ilium now was in a sinking state,
 And he was doubtful of his future fate:
 O Goddess-born, with thy hard fortune strive,
 Troy never can be lost, and thou alive.
 Thy passage thou shalt free through fire and sword,
 And Troy in foreign lands shall be restor'd.
 In happier fields a rising town I see,
 Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er shall be: }
 And heaven yet owes the world a race deriv'd from thee.
 Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
 The city shall extend, extended shall adorn:
 But from Iulus he must draw his birth,
 By whom thy Rome shall rule the conquer'd earth:
 Whom heaven will lend mankind on earth to reign,
 And late require the precious pledge again.
 This Helenus to great Æneas told,
 Which I retain, e'er since in other mold

My

My soul was cloath'd; and now rejoice to view
My country's walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd anew,
Rais'd by the fall: decreed by loss to gain;
Enslav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.

'Tis time my hard-mouth'd coursers to control,
Apt to run riot, and transgress the goal:
And therefore I conclude, whatever lies
In earth, or flits in air, or fills the skies,
All suffer change; and we, that are of soul
And-body mix'd, are members of the whole.
Then when our fires, or grandfires shall forsake
The forms of men, and brutal figures take,
Thus hous'd, securely let their spirits rest,
Nor violate thy father in the beast,
Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
If none of these, yet there's a man within:
O spare to make a Thyeftean meal,
T' inclose his body, and his soul expel.

Ill customs by degrees to habits rise,
Ill habits soon become exalted vice:
What more advance can mortals make in sin
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:
Deaf to the harmless kid, that ere he dies,
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy children's cries.

Where will he stop, who feeds with household bread,
Then eats the poultry which before he fed?

Let

Let plough thy fleers; that when they lose their breath,
To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their death.
Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
And sheep from winter-cold thy sides defend;
But neither springes, nets, nor snares employ,
And be no more ingenious to destroy.
Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
Nor let insidious glue their wings constrain;
Nor opening hounds the trembling stag affright,
Nor purple feathers intercept his flight:
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fish prepare,
Nor lines to heave them twinkling up in air.

Take not away the life you cannot give:
For all things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis sin to save;
This only just prerogative we have:
But nourish life with vegetable food,
And shun the sacrilegious taste of blood.

These precepts by the Samian sage were taught,
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought,
And thence transferr'd to Rome, by gift his own:
A willing people, and an offer'd throne.
O happy monarch, sent by heaven to bless
A savage nation with soft arts of peace,
To teach religion, rapine to restrain,
Give laws to lust, and sacrifice ordain:
Himself a saint, a Goddess was his bride,
And all the Muses o'er his acts preside.

T R A N S L A T I O N S.

F R O M

O V I D ' S E P I S T L E S.



P R E F A C E,

C O N C E R N I N G

O V I D ' S E P I S T L E S .

THE life of Ovid being already written in our language before the translation of his *Metamorphoses*, I will not presume so far upon myself, to think I can add any thing to Mr. Sandys' undertaking. The English reader may there be satisfied, that he flourished in the reign of Augustus Cæsar; that he was extracted from an ancient family of Roman Knights; that he was born to the inheritance of a splendid fortune; that he was designed to the study of the law, and had made considerable progress in it, before he quitted that profession, for this of Poetry, to which he was more naturally formed. The cause of his banishment is unknown; because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the emperor, by ascribing it to any other reason than what was pretended by Augustus, which was, the lasciviousness of his Elegies, and his *Art of Love*. It is true, they are not to be excused in the severity of manners, as being able to corrupt a larger empire, if there were any, than that of Rome: yet this may be said in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the passion of love with so much delicacy of thought and of expression, or searched into the nature of it more

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M

philos.

philosophically than he. And the emperor, who condemned him, had as little reason as another man to punish that fault with so much severity, if at least he were the author of a certain Epigram, which is ascribed to him, relating to the first civil war betwixt himself and Marc Anthony the triumvir, which is more fullsome than any passage I have met with in our Poet. To pass by the naked familiarity of his expressions to Horace, which are cited in that author's life, I need only mention one notorious act of his, in taking Livia to his bed, when she was not only married, but with child by her husband then living. But deeds, it seems, may be justified by arbitrary power, when words are questioned in a Poet. There is another guess of the grammarians, as far from truth as the first from reason: they will have him banished for some favours, which, they say, he received from Julia the daughter of Augustus, whom they think he celebrates under the name of Corinna in his Elegies: but he who will observe the verses, which are made to that mistress, may gather from the whole contexture of them, that Corinna was not a woman of the highest quality. If Julia were then married to Agrippa, why should our Poet make his petition to Isis, for her safe delivery, and afterwards condole her miscarriage; which, for aught he knew, might be by her own husband? Or, indeed, how durst he be so bold to make the least discovery of such a crime, which was no less than capital, especially committed against a person of Agrippa's rank? Or, if it were before her marriage, he would sure have been more discreet, than to have

have published an accident which must have been fatal to them both. But what most confirms me against this opinion, is, that Ovid himself complains, that the true person of Corinna was found out by the fame of his verses to her: which if it had been Julia, he durst not have owned; and, besides, an immediate punishment must have followed. He seems himself more truly to have touched at the cause of his exile in those obscure verses;

“*Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci?*” &c.

Namely, that he had either seen, or was conscious to somewhat, which had procured him his disgrace. But neither am I satisfied, that this was the incest of the emperor with his own daughter: for Augustus was of a nature too vindictive, to have contented himself with so small a revenge, or so unsafe to himself, as that of simple banishment; but would certainly have secured his crimes from public notice, by the death of him who was witness to them. Neither have historians given us any sight into such an action of this emperor: nor would he (the greatest politician of his time), in all probability, have managed his crimes with so little secrecy, as not to shun the observation of any man. It seems more probable, that Ovid was either the confident of some other passion, or that he had stumbled by some inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and seen her in a bath: for the words

“*Sine veste Dianam*”

M 2

agree

agree better with Livia, who had the fame of chastity, than with either of the Julia's, who were both noted of incontinency. The first verses, which were made by him in his youth, and recited publicly according to the custom, were, as he himself assures us, to Corinna: his banishment happened not till the age of fifty: from which it may be deduced, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occasion it: nay, he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of error only, not of wickedness; and in the same paper of verses also, that the cause was notoriously known at Rome, though it be left so obscure to after-ages.

But to leave conjectures on a subject so uncertain, and to write somewhat more authentic of this Poet: that he frequented the court of Augustus, and was well received in it, is most undoubted: all his Poems bear the character of a court, and appear to be written, as the French call it, *Cavalierement*: add to this, that the titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his letters in his banishment, are addressed to persons well known to us, even at this distance, to have been considerable in that court.

Nor was his acquaintance less with the famous Poets of his age, than with the noble men and ladies. He tells you himself, in a particular account of his own life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were his familiar friends, and that some of them communicated their writings to him; but that he had only seen Virgil.

IF

If the imitation of nature be the business of a Poet, I know no author, who can justly be compared with ours, especially in the description of the passions. And, to prove this, I shall need no other judges than the generality of his readers: for, all passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally judges, when we are concerned in the representation of them. Now I will appeal to any man, who has read this Poet, whether he finds not the natural emotion of the same passion in himself, which the Poet describes in his feigned persons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and results of those passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly motions of our spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess, that the copiousness of his wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his subject, and made his persons speak more eloquently than the violence of their passion would admit: so that he is frequently witty out of season; leaving the imitation of nature, and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the false applause of fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age: for why else should he complain, that his *Metamorphoses* was left unfinished? Nothing sure can be added to the wit of that Poem, or of the rest: but many things ought to have been retrenched; which, I suppose, would have been the business of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged, in spite of his Dutch friends the commentators, even of Julius Scaliger

himself, that Seneca's censure will stand good against him;

“ *Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere;*”

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well; but, continually varying the same sense an hundred ways, and taking up in another place what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloy his readers instead of satisfying them; and gives occasion to his translators, who dare not cover him, to blush at the nakedness of their father. This then is the allay of Ovid's writings, which is sufficiently recompensed by his other excellencies: nay, this very fault is not without its beauties; for the most severe censor cannot but be pleased with the prodigality of his wit, though at the same time he could have wished that the master of it had been a better manager. Every thing, which he does, becomes him; and, if sometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a secret gracefulness of youth, which accompanies his writings, though the staidness and sobriety of age be wanting. In the most material part, which is the conduct, it is certain that he seldom has miscarried: for if his Elegies be compared with those of Tibullus and Propertius, his contemporaries, it will be found, that those poets seldom designed before they writ: and though the language of Tibullus be more polished, and the learning of Propertius, especially in his fourth book, more set out to ostentation; yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next line; whence it will inevitably follow,

follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one subject to another, and conclude with somewhat which is not of a piece with their beginning:

“ *Pupureus latè qui splendeat unus & alter*

“ *Affuitur pannus,*”

as Horace says: though the verses are golden, they are but patched into the garment. But our Poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race; some beautiful design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the means which will naturally conduct him to his end. This will be evident to judicious readers in his Epistles, of which somewhat, at least in general, will be expected.

The title of them in our late editions is *Epistolæ Heroidum*, The letters of the Heroines. But Heinsius has judged more truly, that the inscription of our author was barely, *Epistles*; which he concludes from his cited verses, where Ovid asserts this work as his own invention, and not borrowed from the Greeks, whom (as the masters of their learning) the Romans usually did imitate. But it appears not from their writings, that any of the Grecians ever touched upon this way, which our poet therefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the word *Heroidum*, because it is used by Ovid in his *Art of Love*:

“ *Jupiter ad veteres supplex Heroidas ibat.*”

But, sure, he could not be guilty of such an oversight, to call his work by the name of *Heroines*, when there are divers men, or heroes, as, namely, Paris, Leander,

and Acontius, joined in it. Except Sabinus, who writ some answers to Ovid's Letters,

“ (*Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus*)”

I remember not any of the Romans, who have treated on this subject; save only Propertius, and that but once, in his Epistle of Arethusa to Lycotas, which is written so near the style of Ovid, that it seems to be but an imitation; and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the glory of his invention.

Concerning the Epistles, I shall content myself to observe these few particulars; first, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect pieces of Ovid, and that the style of them is tenderly passionate and courtly; two properties well agreeing with the persons, which were heroines and lovers. Yet, where the characters were lower, as in *Cenone* and *Hero*, he has kept close to nature, in drawing his images after a country life; though perhaps he has Romanized his Grecian dames too much, and made them speak, sometimes, as if they had been born in the city of Rome, and under the empire of Augustus. There seems to be no great variety in the particular subjects which he has chosen; most of the Epistles being written from ladies who were forsaken by their lovers: which is the reason that many of the same thoughts come back upon us in divers letters: but of the general character of women, which is modesty, he has taken a most becoming care; for his amorous expressions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by matrons without a blush.

Thus

Thus much concerning the Poet: it remains that I should say somewhat of poetical translations in general, and give my opinion with submission to better judgments) which way of version seems to be the most proper.

All translation, I suppose, may be reduced to these three heads.

First, that of Metaphrase, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace's Art of Poetry translated by Ben Jonson. The second way is that of Paraphrase, or translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the translator, so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly followed as his sense; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered. Such is Mr. Waller's translation of Virgil's fourth *Æneid*. The third way is that of imitation, where the translator (if now he has not lost that name) assumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion; and, taking only some general hints from the original, to run division on the ground-work, as he pleases. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two Odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into English.

Concerning the first of these methods, our master Horace has given us this caution:

“Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus

“Interpres”——

Nor word for word too faithfully translate,

as the Earl of Roscommon has excellently rendered it. Too faithfully is, indeed, pedantically: it is a faith like that which proceeds from superstition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expression of Sir John Denham to Sir Richard Fanshawe, on his version of the Pastor Fido:

That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too:
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

It is almost impossible to translate verbally, and well, at the same time: for the Latin (a most severe and compendious language) often expresses that in one word, which the barbarity, or the narrowness, of modern tongues cannot supply in more. It is frequent also that the conceit is couched in some expression, which will be lost in English.

“*Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent.*”

What poet of our nation is so happy as to express this thought literally in English, and to strike wit, or almost sense, out of it?

In short, the verbal copier is incumbered with so many difficulties at once, that he can never disentangle himself from all. He is to consider, at the same time, the thought of his author and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language: and, besides this, he is to confine himself to the compass

pass of numbers, and the slavery of rhyme. It is much like dancing on ropes with fettered legs: a man can shun a fall, by using caution; but the gracefulness of motion is not to be expected: and when we have said the best of it, it is but a foolish task; for no sober man would put himself into a danger for the applause of escaping without breaking his neck. We see Ben Jonson could not avoid obscurity in his literal translation of Horace, attempted in the same compass of lines: nay Horace himself could scarce have done it to a Greek Poet:

“ Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio:”

either perspicuity or gracefulness will frequently be wanting. Horace has, indeed, avoided both these rocks in his translation of the three first lines of Homer's *Odyssæ*, which he has contracted into two,

“ Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,

“ Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.”

Muse, speak the man, who, since the siege of Troy,
So many towns, such change of manners saw.

ROSCOMMON.

But then the sufferings of Ulysses, which are a considerable part of that sentence, are omitted:

[Ὅς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη.]

The consideration of these difficulties, in a servile, literal translation, not long since made two of our famous wits, Sir John Denham and Mr. Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, called, by the latter of them, *Imitation*. As they were friends,

friends, I suppose they communicated their thoughts on this subject to each other; and, therefore, their reasons for it are little different: though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take imitation of an author, in their sense, to be an endeavour of a later Poet to write like one who has written before him on the same subject: that is, not to translate his words, or to be confined to his sense; but only to set him as a pattern, and to write, as he supposes that author would have done, had he lived in our age, and in our country. Yet I dare not say that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering authors (as Mr. Cowley calls it) so far as my definition reaches. For in the Pindaric Odes, the customs and ceremonies of ancient Greece are still preserved. But I know not what mischief may arise hereafter from the example of such an innovation, when writers of unequal parts to him shall imitate so bold an undertaking. To add and to diminish what we please, which is the way avowed by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his translation of Pindar; because he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refused his author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark writer, to want connexion (I mean as to our understanding), to soar out of sight, and leave his reader at a gaze. So wild and ungovernable a Poet cannot be translated literally; his genius is too strong to bear a chain, and Samson-like he shakes it off. A genius so elevated and unconfined as Mr. Cowley's was but necessary to make

make Pindar speak English, and that was to be performed by no other way than imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any regular intelligible authors, be thus used, it is no longer to be called their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the original: but instead of them there is something new produced, which is almost the creation of another hand. By this way, it is true, somewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the first design; though Virgil must be still excepted, when that *perhaps* takes place. Yet he who is inquisitive to know an author's thoughts, will be disappointed in his expectation. And it is not always that a man will be contented to have a present made him, when he expects the payment of a debt. To state it fairly: imitation of an author is the most advantageous way for a translator to shew himself, but the greatest wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham (who advised more liberty than he took himself) gives his reason for his innovation, in his admirable preface before the translation of the second Æneid. "Poetry is of so subtle a spirit, that, in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and, if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a Caput Mortuum." I confess this argument holds good against a literal translation: but who defends it? Imitation and verbal version are in my opinion the two extremes, which ought to be avoided: and therefore, when I have proposed the mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his argument will reach.

No

No man is capable of translating Poetry, who, besides a genius to that art, is not a master both of his author's language and of his own; nor must we understand the language only of the Poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and expression, which are the characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate, him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourselves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thought either the same turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance. The like care must be taken of the more outward ornaments, the words. When they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the author that they should be changed: but since every language is so full of its own proprieties, that what is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay sometimes nonsense in another, it would be unreasonable to limit a translator to the narrow compass of his author's words. It is enough if he choose out some expression which does not vitiate the sense. I suppose he may stretch his chain to such a latitude; but, by innovation of thoughts, methinks, he breaks it. By this means the spirit of an author may be transfused, and yet not lost: and thus it is plain, that the reason alledged by Sir John Denham has no farther force than to expression: for thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another language; but the words that convey it to our apprehension (which are the image and ornament of that thought) may be so ill chosen, as to make it appear in an unhandsome dress,

and rob it of its native lustre. There is, therefore, a liberty to be allowed for the expression; neither is it necessary that words and lines should be confined to the measure of their original. The sense of an author, generally speaking, is to be sacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, it is his character to be so; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied, that he receives advantage by this lopping of his superfluous branches; but I rejoin, that a translator has no such right. When a painter copies from the life, I suppose he has no privilege to alter features and lineaments, under pretence that his picture will look better: perhaps the face, which he has drawn would be more exact, if the eyes or nose were altered; but it is his business to make it resemble the original. In two cases only there may a seeming difficulty arise; that is, if the thought be notoriously trivial or dishonest: but the same answer will serve for both, that then they ought not to be translated:

“ ——— Et quæ

“ Desperes tractata nitescere possè, relinquo.”

Thus I have ventured to give my opinion on this subject against the authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their memories; for I both loved them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But, if, after what I have urged, it be thought by better judges, that the praise of a translation consists in adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompense the loss which it sustains by change of language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant.

cant. In the mean time, it seems to me, that the true reason, why we have so few versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the author's sense; but because there are so few, who have all the talents which are requisite for translation, and that there is so little praise, and so small encouragement, for so considerable a part of learning.

CANACE TO MACAREUS.

EPIST. XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, son and daughter to Æolus, God of the Winds, loved each other incestuously: Canace was delivered of a son, and committed him to her nurse, to be secretly conveyed away. The infant crying out, by that means was discovered to Æolus, who, enraged at the wickedness of his children, commanded the babe to be exposed to wild beasts on the mountains: and withal, sent a sword to Canace, with this message, That her crimes would instruct her how to use it. With this sword she slew herself: but before she died, she writ the following letter to her brother Macareus, who had taken sanctuary in the temple of Apollo.

IF streaming blood my fatal letter stain,
 Imagine, ere you read, the writer slain;
 One hand the sword, and one the pen employs,
 And in my lap the ready paper lies.
 Think in this posture thou behold'st me write:
 In this my cruel father would delight.
 O! were he present, that his eyes and hands
 Might see, and urge, the death which he commands:

Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds would see.
Jove justly plac'd him on a stormy throne,
His people's temper is so like his own.
The North and South, and each contending blast,
Are underneath his wide dominion cast:
Those he can rule: but his tempestuous mind
Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfin'd.
Ah! what avail my kindred Gods above,
That in their number I can reckon Jove?
What help will all my heavenly friends afford,
When to my breast I lift the pointed sword?
That hour, which join'd us, came before its time:
In death we had been one without a crime.
Why did thy flames beyond a brother's move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than sister's love?
For I lov'd too; and, knowing not my wound,
A secret pleasure in thy kisses found:
My cheeks no longer did their colour boast,
My food grew loathsome, and my strength I lost:
Still ere I spoke, a sigh would stop my tongue;
Short were my slumbers, and my nights were long.
I knew not from my love these griefs did grow,
Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.
My wily nurse by long experience found,
And first discover'd to my soul its wound.
'Tis love, said she; and then my down-cast eyes,
And guilty dumbness, witness'd my surprize.
Forc'd at the last, my shameful pain I tell:
And, oh, what follow'd we both know too well!

“ When, half denying, more than half content,
“ Embraces warm’d me to a full consent.
“ Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat,
“ And guilt that made them anxious made them great.”
But now my swelling womb heav’d up my breast,
And rising weight my sinking limbs oppress.
What herbs, what plants, did not my nurse produce,
To make abortion by their powerful juice?
What medicines try’d we not, to thee unknown?
Our first crime common; this was mine alone.
But the strong child, secure in his dark cell,
With nature’s vigour did our arts repel.
And now the pale-fac’d empress of the night
Nine times had fill’d her orb with borrow’d light:
Not knowing ’twas my labour, I complain
Of sudden shootings, and of grinding pain:
My throes came thicker, and my cries increas’d,
Which with her hand the conscious nurse suppress’d.
To that unhappy fortune was I come,
Pain urg’d my clamours, but fear kept me dumb.
With inward struggling I restrain’d my cries,
And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes.
Death was in sight, Lucina gave no aid;
And ev’n my dying had my guilt betray’d.
Thou cam’st, and in thy countenance fate despair;
Rent were thy garments all, and torn thy hair:
Yet, feigning comfort, which thou couldst not give,
(Prest in thy arms, and whispering me to live):
For both our sakes, (saidst thou) preserve thy life;
Live, my dear sister, and my dearer wife.

Rais'd by that name, with my last pangs I strove:
Such power have words, when spoke by those we love.
The babe, as if he heard what thou hadst sworn,
With hasty joy sprung forward to be born.
What helps it to have weather'd out one storm?
Fear of our father does another form.
High in his hall, rock'd in a chair of state,
The king with his tempestuous council sate.
Through this large room our only passage lay,
By which we could the new-born babe convey.
Swath'd in her lap, the bold nurse bore him out,
With olive-branches cover'd round about;
And, muttering prayers, as holy rites she meant,
Through the divided crowd unquestion'd went.
Just at the door, th' unhappy infant cry'd:
The grandfire heard him, and the theft he spy'd.
Swift as a whirlwind to the nurse he flies,
And deafs his stormy subjects with his cries.
With one fierce puff he blows the leaves away:
Expos'd the self-discover'd infant lay.
The noise reach'd me, and my presaging mind
Too soon its own approaching woes divin'd.
Not ships at sea with winds are shaken more,
Nor seas themselves, when angry tempests roar,
Than I, when my loud father's voice I hear:
The bed beneath me trembled with my fear.
He rush'd upon me, and divulg'd my stain;
Scarce from my murder could his hands refrain.
I only answer'd him with silent tears;
They flow'd: my tongue was frozen up with fears.

His

His little grand-child he commands away,
To mountain wolves and every bird of prey.
The babe cry'd out, as if he understood,
And begg'd his pardon with what voice he could.
By what expressions can my grief be shown?
(Yet you may guess my anguish by your own :)
To see my bowels, and, what yet was worse,
Your bowels too, condemn'd to such a curse!
Out went the king; my voice its freedom found,
My breasts I beat, my blubber'd cheeks I wound.
And now appear'd the messenger of death;
Sad were his looks, and scarce he drew his breath,
To say, " Your father sends you"—(with that word
His trembling hands presented me a sword):
" Your father sends you this; and lets you know,
" That your own crimes the use of it will show."
Too well I know the sense those words impart:
His present shall be treasur'd in my heart.
Are these the nuptial gifts a bride receives?
And this the fatal dower a father gives?
Thou God of Marriage, shun thy own disgrace,
And take thy torch from this detested place:
Instead of that, let furies light their brands,
And fire my pile with their infernal hands.
With happier fortune may my sisters wed;
Warn'd by the dire example of the dead.
For thee, poor babe, what crime could they pretend?
How could thy infant innocence offend?
A guilt there was; but, oh, that guilt was mine!
Thou suffer'st for a sin that was not thine.

Thy mother's grief and crime! but just enjoy'd,
Shewn to my fight, and born to be destroy'd!
Unhappy offspring of my teeming womb!
Dragg'd headlong from thy cradle to thy tomb!
Thy un-offending life I could not save,
Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave:
Nor on thy tomb could offer my shorn hair:
Nor shew the grief which tender mothers bear.
Yet long thou shalt not from my arms be lost;
For soon I will o'ertake thy infant ghost.
But thou, my love, and now my love's despair,
Perform his funerals with paternal care.
His scatter'd limbs with my dead body burn;
And once more join us in the pious urn.
If on my wounded breast thou dropp'st a tear,
Think for whose sake my breast that wound did bear;
And faithfully my last desires fulfil,
As I perform my cruel father's will.

HELEN TO PARIS.

EPIST. XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Helen, having received an epistle from Paris, returns the following answer: wherein she seems at first to chide him for his presumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue; then owns herself to be sensible of the passion, which he had expressed for her, though she much suspected his constancy; and at last discovers her inclination to be favourable to him: the whole letter shewing the extreme artifice of womankind.

WHEN loose epistles violate chaste eyes,
 She half consents, who silently denies.
 How dares a stranger, with designs so vain,
 Marriage and hospitable rights prophane?
 Was it for this, your fleet did shelter find
 From swelling seas, and every faithless wind?
 (For though a distant country brought you forth,
 Your usage here was equal to your worth.)
 Does this deserve to be rewarded so?
 Did you come here a stranger or a foe?
 Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
 And think me barbarous for my just disdain.

Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,
Nor my clear fame with any spot defac'd.
Though in my face there's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceness shown,
I keep my honour still without a stain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldness I with admiration see;
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Because a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a second prey?
Had I been won, I had deserv'd your blame,
But sure my part was nothing but the shame.
Yet the base theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'scap'd unhurt by any thing but fear.
Rude force might some unwilling kisses gain;
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on such terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted so.
Untouch'd the youth restor'd me to my friends,
And modest usage made me some amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed.
Did he repent, that Paris might succeed?
Sure 'tis some fate that sets me above wrongs,
Yet still exposes me to busy tongues.
I'll not complain; for who's displeas'd with love,
If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove?
But that I fear; not that I think you base,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your sex is subject to deceive,
And ours, alas, too willing to believe.

Yet

Yet others yield; and love o'ercomes the best:
But why should I not shine above the rest?
Fair Leda's story seems at first to be
A fit example ready form'd for me.
But she was cozen'd by a borrow'd shape,
And under harmless feathers felt a rape.
If I should yield, what reason could I use?
By what mistake the loving crime excuse?
Her fault was in her powerful lover lost;
But of what Jupiter have I to boast?
Though you to heroes and to kings succeed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but useless prove
To one that comes herself from mighty Jove.
Go then, and boast in some less haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race;
Which I would shew I valued, if I durst;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the first.
The crown of Troy is powerful, I confess;
But I have reason to think ours no less.
Your letter, fill'd with promises of all
That men can good, and women pleasant call,
Gives expectation such an ample field,
As would move Goddesses themselves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourself shall be the dear, the only cause:
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you, without mean thoughts of gain.
Not that so fair a present I despise;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize.

But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run such hazards for my sake.
I have perceiv'd (though I dissembled too)
A thousand things that love has made you do.
Your eager eyes would almost dazzle mine,
In which (wild man) your wanton thoughts would shine.
Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
And with unusual ardor press my hand;
Contrive just after me to take the glass,
Nor would you let the least occasion pass:
When oft I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And blushing fate for things which you have done:
Then murmur'd to myself, He'll for my sake
Do any thing; I hope 'twas no mistake.
Oft I have read within this pleasing grove,
Under my name, those charming words, *I love*.
I, frowning, seem'd not to believe your flame;
But now, alas, am come to write the same.
If I were capable to do amiss,
I could not but be sensible of this.
For oh! your face has such peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms?
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May some blest maid possess with innocence.
Pleasure may tempt, but virtue more should move;
O learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you desire is fought by all mankind:
As you have eyes, so others are not blind.
Like you they see, like you my charms adore;
They wish not less, but you dare venture more.

Oh!

Oh! had you then upon our coasts been brought,
My virgin-love when thousand rivals fought,
You had I seen, you should have had my voice;
Nor could my husband justly blame my choice,
For both our hopes, alas! you come too late;
Another now is master of my fate.

More to my wish I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my present lot can undergo.
Cease to solicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to so much ill.

But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unspotted fame your prey.
Some right you claim, since naked to your eyes
Three Goddesses disputed beauty's prize:
One offer'd valour; t' other crowns; but she
Obtain'd her cause, who smiling promis'd me.
But first I am not of belief so light,

To think such nymphs would shew you such a fight;
Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd;
A bribe so mean your sentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I should myself regard:
To think that Venus made me her reward:
I humbly am content with human praise;
A Goddess's applause would envy raise.
But be it as you say; for, 'tis confess'd,
The men, who flatter highest, please us best.
That I suspect it, ought not to displease;
For miracles are not believ'd with ease.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;

That

That proffer'd laurels, promis'd sovereignty,
Juno and Pallas you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock, but must by this be won?
And yet bear witness, O you Powers above,
How rude I am in all the arts of love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men:
'This is th' essay of my unpractis'd pen.
Happy those nymphs, whom use has perfect made!
I think all crime, and tremble at a shade.
Ev'n while I write, my fearful conscious eyes
Look often back, misdoubting a surprize.
For now the rumor spreads among the croud,
At court in whispers, but in town aloud:
Dissemble you, whate'er you hear them say:
To leave off loving were your better way;
Yet if you will dissemble it, you may. }
Love secretly: the absence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his stay;
Call'd by affairs of consequence away.
To go, or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
I bid him make what swift return he could:
Then, kissing me, he said, I recommend
All to thy care, but most my Trojan friend.
I smil'd at what he innocently said,
And only answer'd, You shall be obey'd.
Propitious winds have born him far from hence,
But let not this secure your confidence.

Absent

Absent he is, yet absent he commands:
You know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."
My fame's my burden; for the more I'm prais'd,
A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd.
Were I less fair, I might have been more blest:
Great beauty through great danger is possess'd.
To leave me here his venture was not hard,
Because he thought my virtue was my guard.
He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life,
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me use th' occasion while I can,
Put in our hands by the good easy man.
I would, and yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our flames are mutual, and my husband's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone.
One house contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you're too pressing to be long deny'd.
Let me not live, but every thing conspires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you should force employ:
A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy.
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our sex can suffer what we dare not give.
What have I said? for both of us 'twere best,
Our kindling fire if each of us suppress.
The faith of strangers is too prone to change,
And, like themselves, their wandering passions range.
Hypsipile, and the fond Minonian maid,
Were both by trusting of their guests betray'd.

How

How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourself did fair Oenone leave?
But lest I should upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail; while I assign the night,
Your sails are hoisted, and you take your flight:
Some bawling mariner our love destroys,
And breaks asunder our unfinish'd joys.
But I with you may leave the Spartan court,
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court:
Shown while I see, I shall expose my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my shame.
In Asia what reception shall I find?
And what dishonour leave in Greece behind?
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modest matrons say?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct justly may suspect;
And whate'er stranger lands upon your coast,
Conclude me, by your own example, lost.
I from your rage a strumpet's name shall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear.
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh, let me first be laid!
You boast the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promise all shall be at my command:
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I despise;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.

Should

Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian shore,
What help of kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by Jafon's flattery won:
I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
Plain honest hearts, like mine, suspect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ships, about whose sides loud tempests roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the shore.
Your teeming mother dream'd a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, consum'd the Trojan land.
To second this, old prophecies conspire,
That Ilium shall be burnt with Grecian fire.
Both give me fear; nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
For they, who lost their cause, revenge will take;
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but, should I follow you,
The sword would soon our fatal crime pursue.
A wrong so great my husband's rage would rouse,
And my relations would his cause espouse.
You boast your strength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive small credit from your face.
Let heroes in the dusty field delight,
Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector fall from the walls of Troy;
A sweeter quarrel should your arms employ.
Yet fears like these should not my mind perplex,
Were I as wise as many of my sex.
But time and you may bolder thoughts inspire;
And I perhaps may yield to your desire.

You

You last demand a private conference;
These are your words, but I can guess your sense.
Your unripe hopes their harvest must attend:
Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you understand;
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand:
My woman knows the secret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

EPIST. VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, the son of Venus and Anchises, having, at the destruction of Troy, saved his Gods, his father, and son Ascanius, from the fire, put to sea with twenty sail of ships; and, having been long tost with tempests, was at last cast upon the shore of Libya, where queen Dido (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion her brother, who had killed her husband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his fleet with great civility, fell passionately in love with him, and in the end denied him nor the last favours. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to go in search of Italy, (a kingdom promised him by the Gods) he readily prepared to obey him. Dido soon perceived it, and having in vain tried all other means to engage him to stay, at last in despair writes to him as follows.

SO, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
 The mournful swan sings her own elegy.
 Not that I hope (for, oh, that hope were vain!)
 By words your lost affection to regain:
 But, having lost whate'er was worth my care,
 Why should I fear to lose a dying prayer?

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O

'Tis

'Tis then resolv'd poor Dido must be left,
Of life, of honour, and of love bereft!
While you, with loosen'd sails and vows, prepare
To seek a land that flies the searcher's care.
Nor can my rising towers your flight restrain,
Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built walls you shun, unbuilt you seek; that land
Is yet to conquer; but you this command.
Suppose you landed where your wish design'd,
Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is so void of common sense,
To vote succession from a native prince?
Yet there new sceptres and new loves you seek;
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
When will your towers the height of Carthage know?
Or when your eyes discern such crowds below?
If such a town and subjects you could see,
Still would you want a wife who lov'd like me.
For, oh, I burn, like fires with incense bright:
Not holy tapers flame with purer light:
Æneas is my thoughts' perpetual theme;
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream,
Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate still:
Fool that I am to place my heart so ill!
Myself I cannot to myself restore;
Still I complain, and still I love him more.
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart.
I rave: nor canst thou Venus' offspring be,
Love's mother could not bear a son like thee.

From

From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
At least thou art from some fierce tigress come;
Or on rough seas, from their foundation torn,
Got by the winds, and in a tempest born:
Like that which now thy trembling sailors fear;
Like that whose rage should still detain thee here.
Behold how high the foamy billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juster side.
To winter weather and a stormy sea
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
Death thou deserv'st from heaven's avenging laws;
But I'm unwilling to become the cause.
To shun my love, if thou wilt seek thy fate,
'Tis a dear purchase, and a costly hate.
Stay but a little, till the tempest cease,
And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.
May all thy rage, like theirs, unconstant prove!
And so it will, if there be power in love.
Know'st thou not yet what dangers ships sustain?
So often wreck'd, how dar'st thou tempt the main?
Which were it smooth, were every wave asleep,
Ten thousand forms of death are in the deep.
In that abyss the Gods their vengeance store,
For broken vows of those who falsely swore.
There winged storms on sea-born Venus wait,
To vindicate the justice of her state.
Thus I to thee the means of safety show;
And, lost myself, would still preserve my foe.
False as thou art, I not thy death design:
O rather live, to be the cause of mine!

Should some avenging storm thy vessel tear,
(But heaven forbid my words should omen bear)
Then in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly;
And my wrong'd ghost be present to thy eye.
With threatening looks think thou behold'st me stare,
Gasping my mouth, and clotted all my hair.
Then, should fork'd lightning and red thunder fall,
What could'st thou say, but, I deserv'd 'em all?
Left this should happen, make not haste away;
To shun the danger will be worth thy stay.
Have pity on thy son, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.
What has his youth, what have thy Gods deserv'd,
To sink in seas, who were from fires preserv'd?
But neither Gods nor parent didst thou bear;
Smooth stories all to please a woman's ear,
False as the tale of thy romantic life.
Nor yet am I thy first-deluded wife:
Left to pursuing foes Creüsa stay'd,
By thee, base man, forsaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender heart;
That such requital follow'd such desert.
Nor doubt I but the Gods, for crimes like these,
Seven winters kept thee wandering on the seas.
Thy starv'd companions, cast ashore, I fed,
Thyself admitted to my crown and bed.
To harbour strangers, succour the distress,
Was kind enough; but, oh, too kind the rest!
Curst be the cave which first my ruin brought,
Where, from the storm, we common shelter fought!

A dreadful howling echo'd round the place:
The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptials grace.
I thought so then, but now too late I know
The furies yell'd my funerals from below.
O chastity and violated fame,
Exact your dues to my dead husband's name!
By death redeem my reputation lost,
And to his arms restore my guilty ghost.
Close by my palace, in a gloomy grove,
Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love;
There, wreath'd with boughs and wool, his statue stands,
The pious monument of artful hands.
Last night, methought, he call'd me from the dome,
And thrice, with hollow voice, cry'd, Dido, come.
She comes; thy wife thy lawful summons hears;
But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious fears.
Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed;
Strong were his charms, who my weak faith misled.
His Goddess's mother, and his aged fire
Born on his back, did to my fall conspire.
Oh! such he was, and is, that, were he true,
Without a blush I might his love pursue.
But cruel stars my birth-day did attend;
And as my fortune open'd, it must end.
My plighted lord was at the altar slain,
Whose wealth was made my bloody brother's gain.
Friendless, and follow'd by the murderer's hate,
To foreign countries I remov'd my fate;
And here, a suppliant, from the natives hands
I bought the ground on which my city stands,

With all the coast that stretches to the sea;
Ev'n to the friendly port that shelter'd thee:
'Then rais'd these walls, which mount into the air,
At once my neighbours wonder, and their fear.
For now they arm; and round me leagues are made,
My scarce-establish'd empire to invade.
To man my new-built walls I must prepare,
An helpless woman, and unskill'd in war.
Yet thousand rivals to my love pretend;
And for my person would my crown defend:
Whose jarring votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.
To proud Hyarbas give me up a prey;
(For that must follow, if thou goest away.)
Or to my husband's murderer leave my life,
That to the husband he may add the wife.
Go then, since no complaints can move thy mind:
Go, perjur'd man, but leave thy Gods behind.
Touch not those Gods, by whom thou art forsworn,
Who will in impious hands no more be borne:
Thy sacrilegious worship they disdain,
And rather would the Grecian fires sustain.
Perhaps my greatest shame is still to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my womb.
The babe unborn must perish by thy hate,
And perish guiltless in his mother's fate.
Some God, thou say'st, thy voyage does command;
Would the same God had barr'd thee from my land!
The same, I doubt not, thy departure steers,
Who kept thee out at sea so many years;

While

While thy long labours were a price so great,
As thou to purchase Troy would'st not repeat.
But Tyber now thou seek'st, to be at best,
When there arriv'd, a poor precarious guest.
Yet it deludes thy search: perhaps it will
To thy old age lie undiscover'd still.
A ready crown and wealth in dower I bring,
And, without conquering, here thou art a king.
Here thou to Carthage may'st transfer thy Troy:
Here young Ascanius may his arms employ;
And, while we live secure in soft repose,
Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes,
By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee, stay;
By all the Gods, companions of thy way.
So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
Live still, and with no future fortune strive;
So may thy youthful son old age attain,
And thy dead father's bones in peace remain:
As thou hast pity on unhappy me,
Who knew no crime, but too much love of thee,
I am not born from fierce Achilles' line,
Nor did my parents against Troy combine.
To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,
By some inferior name admit my love.
To be secur'd of still possessing thee,
What would I do, and what would I not be?
Our Libyan coasts their certain seasons know,
When free from tempests passengers may go:
But now with northern blasts the billows roar,
And drive the floating sea-weed to the shore.

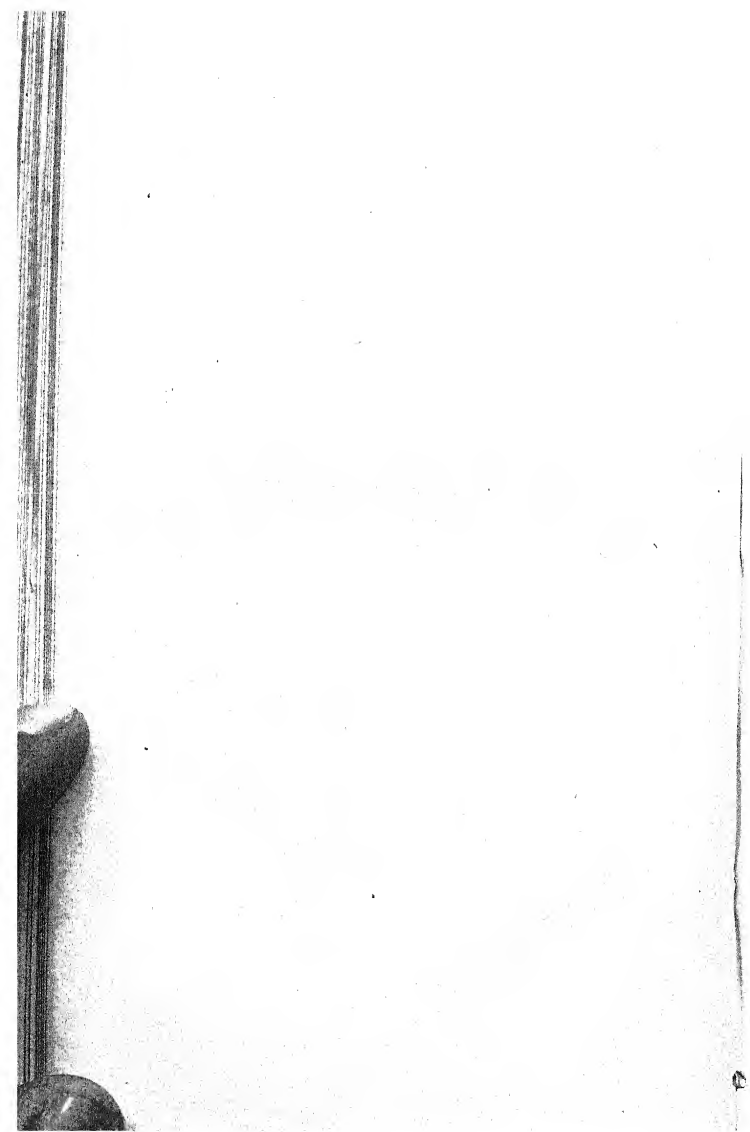
Leave to my care the time to sail away;
When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.
Thy weary men would be with ease content;
Their sails are tatter'd, and their masts are spent.
If by no merit I thy mind can move,
What thou deny'st my merit, give my love.
Stay, till I learn my loss to undergo;
And give me time to struggle with my woe.
If not, know this, I will not suffer long;
My life's too loathsome, and my love too strong.
Death holds my pen and dictates what I say,
While cross my lap the Trojan sword I lay.
My tears flow down; the sharp edge cuts their flood,
And drinks my sorrows that must drink my blood.
How well thy gift does with my fate agree!
My funeral pomp is cheaply made by thee.
To no new wounds my bosom I display:
The sword but enters where love made the way.
But thou, dear sister, and yet dearer friend,
Shalt my cold ashes to their urn attend.
Sichæus' wife let not the marble boast,
I lost that title, when my fame I lost.
This short inscription only let it bear:
" Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here.
" The cause of death, and sword by which she dy'd,
" Æneas gave: the rest her arm supply'd."

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID'S ART OF LOVE.





T H E
F I R S T B O O K
O F

O V I D ' S A R T O F L O V E .

IN Cupid's school whoever would take degree,
Must learn his rudiments, by reading me.
Seamen with failing arts their vessels move;
Art guides the chariot: art instructs to love.
Of ships and chariots others know the rule;
But I am master in Love's mighty school.
Cupid indeed is obstinate and wild,
A stubborn God; but yet the God's a child:
Easy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce Achilles in his pupillage:
That hero, born for conquest, trembling stood
Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod.
As Chiron mollify'd his cruel mind
With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind
The silver strings of his melodious lyre:
So Love's fair Goddess does my soul inspire,
To teach her softer arts; to sooth the mind,
And smooth the rugged breasts of human-kind.
Yet Cupid and Achilles each with scorn
And rage were fill'd; and both were goddess-born.

The

The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws;
 The horse receives the bit within his jaws;
 And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my sway,
 Though struggling oft he strives to disobey.
 He shakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts;
 But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
 The more he burns my soul, or wounds my sight,
 The more he teaches to revenge the spite.

I boast no aid the Delphian God affords,
 Nor auspice from the flight of chattering birds;
 Nor Clio nor her sisters have I seen;
 As Hesiod saw them on the shady green:
 Experience makes my work; a truth so try'd
 You may believe; and Venus be my guide.

Far hence, ye vestals, be, who bind your hair;
 And wives, who gowns below your ancles wear.
 I sing the brothels loose and unconfin'd,
 Th' unpunishable pleasures of the kind;
 Which all alike, for love, or money, find.

You, who in Cupid's rolls inscribe your name,
 First seek an object worthy of your flame;
 Then strive, with art, your lady's mind to gain;
 And last, provide your love may long remain.
 On these three precepts all my work shall move;
 These are the rules and principles of love.

Before your youth with marriage is oppress'd,
 Make choice of one who suits your humour best:
 And such a damsel drops not from the sky;
 She must be sought for with a curious eye.

The wary angler, in the winding brook,
 Knows what the fish, and where to bait his hook.
 The fowler and the huntsman know by name
 The certain haunts and harbour of their game.
 So must the lover beat the likeliest grounds;
 Th' assembly where his quarry most abounds.
 Nor shall my novice wander far astray;
 These rules shall put him in the ready way.
 Thou shalt not sail around the continent,
 As far as Perseus or as Paris went:
 For Rome alone affords thee such a store,
 As all the world can hardly shew thee more.
 The face of heaven with fewer stars is crown'd,
 Than beauties in the Roman sphere are found.

Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
 On dawning sweetness in unartful truth;
 Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
 Here mayst thou find thy full desires in both.
 Or if autumnal beauties please thy sight
 (An age that knows to give, and take delight);
 Millions of matrons of the graver sort,
 In common prudence, will not balk the sport.

In summer heats thou need'st but only go
 To Pompey's cool and shady portico;
 Or Concord's fane; or that proud edifice,
 Whose turrets near the bawdy suburb rise:
 Or to that other portico, where stands
 The cruel father urging his commands,
 And fifty daughters wait the time of rest,
 To plunge their poniards in the bridegrooms breast:

Or

Or Venus' temple; where, on annual nights,
They mourn Adonis with Assyrian rites.
Nor shun the Jewish walk, where the foul drove,
On sabbaths, rest from every thing but love:
Nor Isis' temple; for that sacred whore
Makes others, what to Jove she was before.
And if the hall itself be not bely'd,
Ev'n there the cause of love is often try'd;
Near it at least, or in the palace-yard,
From whence the noisy combatants are heard.
The crafty counsellors, in formal gown,
There gain another's cause, but lose their own.
There eloquence is nonplust in the suit;
And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
Venus, from her adjoining temple, smiles,
To see them caught in their litigious wiles.
Grave senators lead home the youthful dame,
Returning clients, when they patrons came.
But, above all, the play-house is the place;
There's choice of quarry in that narrow chace.
There take thy stand, and sharply looking out,
Soon may'st thou find a mistress in the rout,
For length of time, or for a single bout.
The theatres are berries for the fair:
Like ants on mole-hills thither they repair;
Like bees to hives, so numerously they throng;
It may be said, they to that place belong.
Thither they swarm, who have the public voice:
There choose, if plenty not distracts thy choice:

To see, and to be seen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and some to be undone.

From Romulus the rise of plays began,
To his new subjects a commodious man;
Who, his unmarried soldiers to supply,
Took care the commonwealth should multiply:
Providing Sabine women for his braves,
Like a true king, to get a race of slaves.
His play-house not of Parian marble made,
Nor was it spread with purple sails for shade.
The stage with rushes or with leaves they strew'd:
No scenes in prospect, no machining God.
On rows of homely turf they sat to see,
Crown'd with the wreaths of every common tree,
There, while they sat in rustic majesty,
Each lover had his mistress in his eye;
And whom he saw most suiting to his mind,
For joys of matrimonial rape design'd.
Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their haste;
But, ere the dances and the song were past,
The monarch gave the signal from his throne;
And, rising, bade his merry men fall on.
The martial crew, like soldiers ready prest,
Just at the word (the word too was, The Best)
With joyful cries each other animate;
Some choose, and some at hazard seize their mate.
As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs,
So from their lawless lovers fly the dames.
Their fear was one, but not one face of fear;
Some rend the lovely tresses of their hair;
Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb despair.

}
Her

Her absent mother one invokes in vain;
 One stands amaz'd, not daring to complain;
 The nimbler trust their feet, the slow remain.
 But nought availing, all are captives led,
 Trembling and blushing, to the genial bed.
 She who too long resisted, or deny'd,
 The lusty lover made by force a bride;
 And with superior strength, compell'd her to his side.
 Then sooth'd her thus:—My soul's far better part,
 Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart:
 For what thy father to thy mother was,
 That faith to thee, that solemn vow I pass.

Thus Romulus became so popular;
 This was the way to thrive in peace and war;
 To pay his army, and fresh whores to bring:
 Who would not fight for such a gracious king?
 Thus love in theatres did first improve;
 And theatres are still the scenes of love:
 Nor shun the chariot's and the courser's race;
 The Circus is no inconvenient place.
 No need is there of talking on the hand;
 Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand.
 But boldly next the fair your seat provide;
 Close as you can to hers, and side by side.
 Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crouding sit:
 For so the laws of public shows permit.
 Then find occasion to begin discourse;
 Enquire, whose chariot this, and whose that horse?
 To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,
 Suit all your inclinations to her mind;

Like

Like what she likes; from thence your court begin;
And whom she favours, with that he may win.

But when the statues of the Deities,
In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize;
When Venus comes, with deep devotion rise.

If dust be on her lap, or grains of sand,
Brush both away with your officious hand.

If none be there, yet brush that nothing thence;
And still to touch her lap make some pretence.

Touch any thing of hers; and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not sweep in vain;

But gently take it up, and wipe it clean;
And while you wipe it, with observing eyes,
Who knows but you may see her naked thighs!

Observe, who sits behind her; and beware,
Lest his inroaching knee should press the fair.

Light service takes light minds: for some can tell
Of favours won, by laying cushions well:

By fanning faces some their fortune meet;
And some by laying footstools for their feet.

These overtures of love the Circus gives;
Nor at the sword-play less the lover thrives:

For there the son of Venus fights his prize;
And deepest wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes.

One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
Or while he bets, and puts his ring to stake,

Is struck from far, and feels the flying dart;
And of the spectacle is made a part.

Cæsar would represent a naval fight,
For his own honour, and for Rome's delight.

From either sea the youths and maidens come;
And all the world was then contain'd in Rome.
In this vast concourse, in this choice of game,
What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame?
Once more our prince prepares to make us glad;
And the remaining east to Rome will add.
Rejoice, ye Roman soldiers, in your urns;
Your ensigns from the Parthians shall return;
And the slain Craffi shall no longer mourn. }
A youth is sent those trophies to demand;
And bears his father's thunder in his hand:
Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unseen;
In childhood all of Cæsar's race are men.
Celestial seeds shoot out before their day,
Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.
Thus infant Hercules the snakes did press,
And in his cradle did his fire confess.
Bacchus, a boy, yet like a hero fought,
And early spoils from conquer'd India brought.
Thus you your father's troops shall lead to fight,
And thus shall vanquish in your father's right.
These rudiments to you your lineage owe;
Born to increase your titles, as you grow,
Brethren you had, revenge your brethren slain;
You have a father, and his rights maintain.
Arm'd by your country's parent and your own,
Redeem your country, and restore his throne.
Your enemies assert an impious cause;
You fight both for divine and human laws.

Alread

Already in their cause they are o'ercome:
 Subject them too, by force of arms, to Rome.
 Great father Mars with greater Cæsar join,
 To give a prosperous omen to your line:
 One of you is, and one shall be divine:
 I prophesy you shall, you shall o'ercome:
 My verse shall bring you back in triumph home.
 Speak in my verse, exhort to loud alarms:
 O were my numbers equal to your arms!
 Then would I sing the Parthians overthrow;
 Their shot averse sent from a flying bow:
 The Parthians, who already flying fight,
 Already give an omen of their flight.
 O when will come the day, by heaven design'd,
 When thou, the best and fairest of mankind,
 Drawn by white horses shalt in triumph ride,
 With conquer'd slaves attending on thy side;
 Slaves, that no longer can be safe in flight;
 O glorious object, O surprising fight,
 O day of public joy; too good to end in night!
 On such a day, if thou, and, next to thee,
 Some beauty sits, the spectacle to see:
 If she enquire the names of conquer'd kings,
 Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs,
 Answer to all thou know'st; and, if need be,
 Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly:
 This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there
 Flows the swift Tigris with his sea-green hair.
 Invent new names of things unknown before;
 Call this Armenia, that the Caspian shore;

Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
Talk probably; no matter for the truth.

In feasts, as at our shows, new means abound;
More pleasure there, than that of wine, is found.
The Paphian Goddess there her ambush lays;
And Love betwixt the horns of Bacchus plays;
Desires increase at every swelling draught;
Brisk vapours add new vigour to the thought.
There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford;
But, wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
He shakes his pinions, but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin Love.
Wine warms the blood, and makes the spirits flow;
Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a rosy cheek.
Bold truths it speaks; and spoken, dares maintain;
And brings our old simplicity again.
Love sparkles in the cup, and fills it higher:
Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
But choose no mistress in thy drunken fit;
Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit.
Nor trust thy judgment when the tapers dance;
But sober, and by day, thy suit advance.
By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three;
And for the fairest did the prize decree.
Night is a cheat, and all deformities
Are hid or lessen'd in her dark disguise.
'The sun's fair light each error will confess,
In face, in shape, in jewels, and in dress.

Why

Why name I every place where youths abound?
'Tis loss of time, and a too fruitful ground.
The Baian baths, where ships at anchor ride,
And wholesome streams from sulphur fountains glide;
Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are less healthful than they thought.
Or Dian's fane, which near the suburb lies,
Where priests, for their promotion, fight a prize.
That maiden Goddess is Love's mortal foe,
And much from her his subjects undergo.

Thus far the sportful Muse with myrtle bound,
Has sung where lovely lasses may be found.
Now let me sing, how she who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.
Young nobles, to my laws attention lend:
And all you vulgar of my school attend.

First then believe, all women may be won;
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.
The grasshopper shall first forbear to sing
In summer season, or the birds in spring;
Than women can resist your flattering skill:
Ev'n she will yield, who swears she never will.
To secret pleasure both the sexes move;
But women most, who most dissemble love.
'Twere best for us, if they would first declare,
Avow their passion, and submit to prayer.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame:
The neighing mare invites her stallion to the game.
Man is more temperate in his lust than they,
And, more than women, can his passion sway.

Biblis, we know, did first her love declare,
 And had recourse to death in her despair.
 Her brother she, her father Myrrha fought,
 And lov'd, but lov'd not as a daughter ought.
 Now from a tree she stills her odorous tears,
 Which yet the name of her who shed them bears.

In Ida's shady vale a bull appear'd,
 White as the snow, the fairest of the herd;
 A beauty-spot of black there only rose,
 Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows:
 The love and wish of all the Cretan cows.
 The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd;
 And envy'd every leap he gave the herd.
 A secret fire she nourish'd in her breast,
 And hated every heifer he caress'd.
 A story known, and known for true, I tell;
 Nor Crete, though lying, can the truth conceal.
 She cut him grass (so much can Love command);
 She strok'd, she fed him with her royal hand:
 Was pleas'd in pastures with the herd to roam;
 And Minos by the bull was overcome.

Cease, queen, with gems t' adorn thy beauteous brows;
 The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
 Nor in thy glass compose thy looks and eyes:
 Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies:
 Yet trust thy mirror, when it tells thee true;
 Thou art no heifer to allure his view.
 Soon wouldst thou quit thy royal diadem
 To thy fair rivals, to be horn'd like them.

If Minos please, no lover seek to find;
If not, at least seek one of human kind.

The wretched queen the Cretan court forsakes;
In woods and wilds her habitation makes:
She curses every beauteous cow she sees;
Ah, why dost thou my lord and master please!
And think'st, ungrateful creature as thou art,
With frisking aukwardly, to gain his heart!
She said, and straight commands, with frowning look,
To put her, undeserving, to the yoke;
Or feigns some holy rites of sacrifice,
And fees her rival's death with joyful eyes:
Then, when the bloody priest has done his part,
Pleas'd in her hand she holds the beating heart;
Nor from a scornful taunt can scarce refrain;
Go, fool, and strive to please my love again.

Now she would be Europa, lo now
(One bore a bull, and one was made a cow).
Yet she at last her brutal bliss obtain'd,
And in a wooden cow the bull sustain'd;
Fill'd with his seed, accomplish'd her desire;
Till by his form the son betray'd the fire.

If Atreus' wife to incest had not run,
(But, ah, how hard it is to love but one!)
His coursers Phœbus had not driven away,
To shun that sight, and interrupt the day.
Thy daughter, Nisus, pull'd thy purple hair.
And barking sea-dogs yet her bowels tear.
At sea and land Atrides sav'd his life,
Yet fell a prey to his adulterous wife.

Who knows not what revenge Medea fought,
When the slain offspring bore the father's fault?
Thus Phoenix did a woman's love bewail;
And thus Hippolytus by Phædra fell.
These crimes revengeful matrons did commit:
Hotter their lust, and sharper is their wit.
Doubt not from them an easy victory:
Scarce of a thousand dames will one deny.
All women are content that men should woo:
She who complains, and she who will not do.
Rest then secure, whate'er thy luck may prove,
Not to be hated for declaring love.
And yet how canst thou miss, since womankind
Is frail and vain, and still to change inclin'd?
Old husbands and stale galants they despise;
And more another's, than their own, they prize.
A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field;
More milk his kine from swelling udders yield.
First gain the maid: by her thou shalt be sure
A free access and easy to procure:
Who knows what to her office does belong,
Is in the secret, and can hold her tongue.
Bribe her with gifts, with promises, and prayers:
For her good word goes far in love affairs.
The time and fit occasion leave to her,
When she most aptly can thy suit prefer.
The time for maids to fire their lady's blood,
Is, when they find her in a merry mood;
When all things at her wish and pleasure move:
Her heart is open then, and free to love.

Then

Then mirth and wantonneſs to luſt betray,
And ſmooth the paſſage to the lover's way.
Troy ſtood the ſiege, when fill'd with anxious care:
One merry fit concluded all the war.

If ſome fair rival vex her jealous mind,
Offer thy ſervice to revenge in kind.
Inſtruct the damſel while ſhe combs her hair,
To raiſe the choler of that injur'd fair;
And, fighting, make her miſtreſs underſtand,
She has the means of vengeance in her hand:
Then, naming thee, thy humble ſuit prefer;
And ſwear thou languiſheſt and dy'ſt for her.
Then let her loſe no time, but puſh at all:
For women ſoon are rais'd, and ſoon they fall.
Give their firſt fury leiſure to relent,
They melt like ice, and ſuddenly repent.

T' enjoy the maid, will that thy ſuit advance!
'Tis a hard queſtion, and a doubtful chance.
One maid, corrupted, bauds the better for't;
Another for herſelf would keep the ſport.
Thy buſineſs may be further'd or delay'd:
But by my counſel, let alone the maid:
Ev'n though ſhe ſhould conſent to do the feat;
The profit's little, and the danger great.
I will not lead thee through a rugged road;
But where the way lies open, ſafe, and broad.
Yet, if thou find'ſt her very much thy friend,
And her good face her diligence commend:
Let the fair miſtreſs have thy firſt embrace,
And let the maid come after in her place.

But

But this I will advise, and mark my words;
 For 'tis the best advice my skill affords:
 If needs thou with the damsel wilt begin,
 Before th' attempt is made, make sure to win:
 For then the secret better will be kept;
 And she can tell no tales when once she's dipt.
 'Tis for the fowler's interest to beware,
 The bird intangled should not 'scape the snare.
 The fish, once prick'd, avoids the bearded hook,
 And spoils the sport of all the neighbouring brook.
 But, if the wench be thine, she makes thy way,
 And, for thy sake, her mistress will betray;
 Tell all she knows, and all she hears her say.
 Keep well the counsel of thy faithful spy:
 So shalt thou learn whene'er she treads awry.

All things the seasons of their seasons keep;
 And certain times there are to sow and reap.
 Ploughmen and sailors for the season stay,
 One to plough land, and one to plough the sea:
 So should the lover wait the lucky day.
 Then stop thy suit, it hurts not thy design:
 But think, another hour she may be thine.
 And when she celebrates her birth at home,
 Or when she views the public shows of Rome,
 Know, all thy visits then are troublesome.
 Defer thy work, and put not then to sea,
 For that's a boding and a stormy day.
 Else take thy time, and, when thou canst, begin:
 To break a Jewish sabbath, think no sin:

Nor

Nor ev'n on superstitious days abstain;
 Not when the Romans were at Allia slain,
 Ill omens in her frowns are understood;
 When she's in humour, every day is good.
 But than her birth-day seldom comes a worse;
 When bribes and presents must be sent of course;
 And that's a bloody day, that costs thy purse. }
 Be stanch; yet parsimony will be vain:
 The craving sex will still the lover drain.
 No skill can shift them off, nor art remove;
 They will be begging, when they know we love.
 The merchant comes upon th' appointed day,
 Who shall before thy face his wares display.
 To choose for her she craves thy kind advice;
 Then begs again, to bargain for the price:
 But when she has her purchase in her eye,
 She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to buy.
 'Tis what I want, and 'tis a pen'orth too;
 In many years I will not trouble you.
 If you complain you have no ready coin;
 No matter, 'tis but writing of a line,
 A little bill, not to be paid at sight;
 Now curse the time when thou wert taught to write.
 She keeps her birth-day; you must send the cheer;
 And she'll be born a hundred times a year.
 With daily lies she dribs thee into cost;
 That ear-ring dropt a stone, that ring is lost.
 They often borrow what they never pay;
 Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away.

Had

Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each art,
All would be wearied ere I told a part.

By letters, not by words, thy love begin;
And ford the dangerous passage with thy pen.
If to her heart thou aim'st to find the way,
Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.
Priam by prayers did Hector's body gain;
Nor is an angry God invoc'd in vain.

With promis'd gifts her easy mind bewitch;
For ev'n the poor in promise may be rich.
Vain hopes awhile her appetite will stay;
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
Who gives is mad; but make her still believe
'Twill come, and that's the cheapest way to give.
Ev'n barren lands fair promises afford;
But the lean harvest cheats the starving lord.
Buy not thy first enjoyment, lest it prove
Of bad example to thy future love:
But get it gratis; and she'll give thee more,
For fear of losing what she gave before.
The losing gamester shakes the box in vain,
And bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.

Write then, and in thy letter, as I said,
Let her with mighty promises be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,
Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
She read herself into a marriage-vow
(And every cheat in love the Gods allow).
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome;
It will not only at the bar o'ercome:

Sweet words the people and the senate move;
But the chief end of eloquence is love.
But in thy letter hide thy moving arts;
Affect not to be thought a man of parts.
None but vain fools to simple women preach:
A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar stile your thoughts convey,
And write such things as present you would say;
Such words as from the heart may seem to move:
'Tis wit enough, to make her think you love.
If seal'd she sends it back, and will not read,
Yet hope, in time, the business may succeed.
In time the steer will to the yoke submit;
In time the restive horse will bear the bit.
Ev'n the hard plough-share use will wear away;
And stubborn steel in length of time decay.
Water is soft, and marble hard; and yet
We see soft water through hard marble eat.
Though late, yet Troy at length in flames expir'd;
And ten years more Penelope had tir'd.
Perhaps thy lines unanswer'd she retain'd;
No matter; there's a point already gain'd:
For she, who reads, in time will answer too;
Things must be left by just degrees to grow.
Perhaps she writes, but answers with disdain,
And sharply bids you not to write again:
What she requires, she fears you should accord;
The jilt would not be taken at her word.

Meantime, if she be carried in her chair,
Approach, but do not seem to know she's there.

Speak

Speak softly to delude the standers-by;
Or, if aloud, then speak ambiguously.
If sauntering in the portico she walk,
Move slowly too; for that's a time for talk:
And sometimes follow, sometimes be her guide:
But, when the crowd permits, go side by side.
Nor in the play-house let her sit alone:
For she's the play-house and the play in one.
There thou may'st ogle, or by signs advance
Thy suit, and seem to touch her hand by chance.
Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the play the lover's pains;
For her sweet sake the loss of time despise;
Sit while she sits, and when she rises rise.
But dress not like a fop, nor curl your hair,
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
Leave those effeminate and useless toys
To eunuchs, who can give no solid joys.
Neglect becomes a man: this Theseus found:
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wishes crown'd.
The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care:
And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
Be not too finical; but yet be clean:
And wear well-fashion'd cloaths, like other men.
Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul;
Nor in wide shoes your feet too loosely roll.
Of a black muzzle, and long beard, beware;
And let a skilful barber cut your hair.
Your nails be pick'd from filth, and even par'd;
Nor let your nasty nostrils bud with beard.

Cure

Cure your unfavory breath, gargle your throat;
And free your armpits from the ram and goat.
Dress not, in short, too little or too much;
And be not wholly French, not wholly Dutch.

Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites:
Who would not follow, when a God invites?
He helps the poet, and his pen inspires,
Kind and indulgent to his former fires.

Fair Ariadne wander'd on the shore,
Forfaken now; and Theseus lov'd no more:
Loose was her gown, dishevel'd was her hair;
Her bosom naked, and her feet were bare:
Exclaiming, on the water's brink she stood;
Her briny tears augment the briny flood.
She shriek'd, and wept, and both became her face:
No posture could that heavenly form disgrace.
She beat her breast: 'The traitor's gone, said she;
What shall become of poor forsaken me?
What shall become—she had not time for more,
The sounding cymbals rattled on the shore.
She swoons for fear, she falls upon the ground;
No vital heat was in her body found.
The Mimallonian dames about her stood;
And scudding Satyrs ran before their God.
Silenus on his ass did next appear,
And held upon the mane (the God was clear);
The drunken fire pursues, the dames retire;
Sometimes the drunken dames pursue the drunken fire.
At last he topples over on the plain;
The Satyrs laugh, and bid him rise again,

And

And now the God of Wine came driving on,
 High on his chariot by swift tigers drawn.
 Her colour, voice, and sense, forsook the fair;
 Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
 And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear. }
 She shook, like leaves of corn when tempests blow,
 Or slender reeds that in the marshes grow.
 To whom the God: Compose thy fearful mind;
 In me a truer husband thou shalt find.
 With heaven I will endow thee, and thy star }
 Shall with propitious light be seen afar,
 And guide on seas the doubtful mariner,
 He said, and, from his chariot leaping light,
 Left the grim tigers should the nymph affright,
 His brawny arms around her waist he threw
 (For Gods, whate'er they will, with ease can do):
 And swiftly bore her thence: th' attending throng
 Shout at the sight, and sing the nuptial song.
 Now in full bowls her sorrow she may steep:
 The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride asleep.

But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
 And the lov'd nymph is seated by thy side;
 Invoke the God, and all the mighty Powers,
 That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
 Then in ambiguous words thy suit prefer,
 Which she may know were all address to her.
 In liquid purple letters write her name,
 Which she may read, and reading find the flame.
 Then may your eyes confess your mutual fires
 (For eyes have tongues, and glances tell desires).

Whene'er

Whene'er she drinks, be first to take the cup;
And, where she laid her lips, the blessing sup.
When she to carving does her hand advance,
Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.
Thy service ev'n her husband must attend
(A husband is a most convenient friend).
Seat the fool cuckold in the highest place:
And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
Whether below or equal in degree,
Let him be lord of all the company,
And what he says, be seconded by thee.
'Tis common to deceive through friendship's name:
But, common though it be, 'tis still to blame:
'Thus factors frequently their trust betray,
And to themselves their masters' gains convey.
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er;
Thy tongue and feet may stumble, drinking more.
Of drunken quarrels in her sight beware;
Pot-valour only serves to fright the fair.
Eurytion justly fell, by wine oppress'd,
For his rude riot at a wedding-feast.
Sing, if you have a voice; and shew your parts
In dancing, if indued with dancing arts.
Do any thing within your power to please;
Nay, ev'n affect a seeming drunkenness;
Clip every word; and if by chance you speak
Too home, or if too broad a jest you break,
In your excuse the company will join,
And lay the fault upon the force of wine.

True drunkenness is subject to offend;
 But when 'tis feign'd 'tis oft a lover's friend.
 Then safely may you praise her beauteous face,
 And call him happy, who is in her grace.
 Her husband thinks himself the man design'd;
 But curse the cuckold in your secret mind.
 When all are risen, and prepare to go,
 Mix with the croud, and tread upon her toe.
 This is the proper time to make thy court;
 For now she's in the vein, and fit for sport.
 Lay bashfulness, that rustic virtue, by;
 To manly confidence thy thoughts apply.
 On fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold;
 Now speak and speed, for Venus loves the bold.
 No rules of rhetoric here I need afford:
 Only begin, and trust the following word;
 It will be witty of its own accord.

Act well the lover; let thy speech abound
 In dying words, that represent thy wound:
 Distrust not her belief; she will be mov'd;
 All women think they merit to be lov'd.

Sometimes a man begins to love in jest,
 And, after, feels the torment he profess.
 For your own sakes be pitiful, ye fair;
 For a feign'd passion may a true prepare.
 By flatteries we prevail on womankind;
 As hollow banks by streams are undermin'd.
 Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are sweet:
 Her taper fingers praise, and little feet.

Such

Such praises ev'n the chaste are pleas'd to hear;
Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.

Once naked Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd;
And still they grieve that Venus was prefer'd.
Praise the proud peacock, and he spreads his train:
Be silent, and he pulls it in again.

Pleas'd is the courser in his rapid race;
Applaud his running, and he mends his pace.
But largely promise, and devoutly swear;
And, if need be, call every God to hear.

Jove sits above, forgiving with a smile
The perjuries that easy maids beguile.
He swore to Juno by the Stygian lake:
Forsworn, he dares not an example make,
Or punish falsehood for his own dear sake.

'Tis for our interest that the Gods should be;
Let us believe them: I believe, they see,
And both reward and punish equally.

Not that they live above, like lazy drones,
Or kings below, supine upon their thrones.
Lead then your lives as present in their sight;
Be just in dealings, and defend the right;
By fraud betray not, nor oppress by might.

But 'tis a venial sin to cheat the fair;
All men have liberty of conscience there.
On cheating nymphs a cheat is well design'd;

'Tis a profane and a deceitful kind.

'Tis said, that Ægypt for nine years was dry,
Nor Nile did floods, nor heaven did rain supply.

A foreigner at length inform'd the king,
 That slaughter'd guests would kindly moisture bring;
 The king reply'd: On thee the lot shall fall;
 Be thou, my guest, the sacrifice for all.
 Thus Phalaris Perillus taught to low,
 And made him season first the brazen cow.
 A rightful doom, the laws of nature cry,
 'Tis, the artificers of death should die.
 Thus justly women suffer by deceit;
 Their practice authorizes us to cheat.
 Beg her, with tears, thy warm desires to grant;
 For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
 If tears will not be squeez'd, then rub your eye,
 Or 'noint the lids and seem at least to cry.
 Kifs, if you can: resistance if she make,
 And will not give you kisses, let her take.
 Fy, fy, you naughty man! are words of course;
 She struggles but to be subdued by force.
 Kifs only soft, I charge you, and beware,
 With your hard bristles not to brush the fair.
 He who has gain'd a kifs, and gains no more,
 Deserves to lose the blifs he got before.
 If once she kifs, her meaning is exprest;
 There wants but little pushing for the rest:
 Which if thou dost not gain, by strength or art,
 The name of clown then suits with thy desert;
 'Tis downright dulness, and a shameful part.
 Perhaps, she calls it force; but, if she 'scape,
 She will not thank you for th' omitted rape.

The

The sex is cunning to conceal their fires;
 They would be forc'd ev'n to their own desires.
 They seem t' accuse you, with a downcast sight;
 But in their souls confess you did them right.
 Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
 Thank with their tongues, but curse you with their
 heart.

Fair Phœbe and her sister did prefer
 To their dull mates the noble ravisher.

What Deidamio did in days of yore,
 The tale is old, but worth the reading o'er.
 When Venus had the golden apple gain'd,
 And the just judge fair Helen had obtain'd:
 When she with triumph was at Troy receiv'd,
 The Trojans joyful, while the Grecians griev'd:
 They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
 And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cause:
 Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
 Disguis'd his sex, and lurk'd among the fair.
 What! means Æacides to spin and sew?
 With spear and sword in field thy valour shew;
 And, leaving this, the nobler Pallas know.
 Why dost thou in that hand the distaff wield,
 Which is more worthy to sustain the shield?
 Or with that other draw the woolly twine,
 The same the Fates for Hector's thread assign?
 Brandish thy falchion in thy powerful hand,
 Which can alone the ponderous lance command.
 In the same room by chance the royal maid
 Was lodg'd, and, by his seeming sex betray'd,
 Close to her side the youthful hero laid,

I know not how his courtship he began;
But, to her cost she found it was a man.
'Tis thought she struggled; but withal 'tis thought,
Her wish was to be conquer'd, when she fought,
For when, disclos'd, and hastening to the field,
He laid his distaff down, and took the shield,
With tears her humble suit she did prefer,
And thought to stay the grateful ravisher.
She sighs, she sobs, she begs him not to part:
And now 'tis nature what before was art.
She strives by force her lover to detain,
And wishes to be ravish'd once again.
'This is the sex; they will not first begin,
But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to suffer sin.
Is there, who thinks that women first should woo?
Lay by thy self-conceit, thou foolish beau.
Begin, and save their modesty the shame;
'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy flame.
'Tis decent for a man to speak his mind;
They but expect th' occasion to be kind.
Ask, that thou may'st enjoy; she waits for this;
And on thy first advance depends thy bliss.
Ev'n Jove himself was forc'd to sue for love;
None of the nymphs did first solicit Jove.
But if you find your prayers increase her pride,
Strike sail awhile, and wait another tide.
They fly when we pursue; but make delay,
And, when they see you slacken, they will stay.
Sometimes it profits to conceal your end;
Name not yourself her lover, but her friend.

How

How many skittish girls have thus been caught!
 He prov'd a lover, who a friend was thought.
 Sailors by sun and wind are swarthy made;
 A tann'd complexion best becomes their trade.
 'Tis a disgrace for ploughmen to be fair;
 Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.
 Th' ambitious youth, who seeks an olive crown,
 Is sun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown.
 But if the lover hopes to be in grace,
 Wan be his looks, and meagre be his face.
 That colour from the fair compassion draws:
 She thinks you sick, and thinks herself the cause.
 Orion wander'd in the woods for love:
 His paleness did the nymphs to pity move;
 His ghastly visage argued hidden love.
 Nor sail a night-cap in full health, to wear;
 Neglect thy dress, and discompose thy hair.
 All things are decent, that in love avail:
 Read long by night, and study to be pale:
 Forsake your food, refuse your needful rest;
 Be miserable, that you may be blest.

Shall I complain, or shall I warn you most?
 Faith, truth, and friendship, in the world are lost;
 A little and an empty name they boast:
 Trust not thy friend, much less thy mistress praise;
 If he believe, thou may'st a rival raise.
 'Tis true, Patroclus, by no lust misled,
 Sought not to stain his dear companion's bed.
 Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd;
 Ev'n Phædra to Pirithous still was chaste.

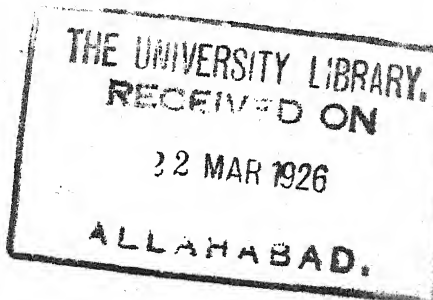
But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
 Those rare examples of a faithful mind.
 The sea shall sooner with sweet honey flow;
 Or from the furzes pears and apples grow.
 We sin with guile, we love by fraud to gain;
 And find a pleasure in our fellow's pain.
 From rival foes you may the fair defend;
 But, would you ward the blow, beware your friend:
 Beware your brother, and your next of kin;
 But from your bosom-friend your cares begin.

Here I had ended, but experience finds,
 That sundry women are of sundry minds;
 With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to please:
 They therefore must be caught by various ways.
 All things are not produc'd in any soil;
 This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.
 So 'tis in men, but more in womankind:
 Different in face, in manners, and in mind:
 But wise men shift their sails with every wind:
 As changeful Proteus vary'd oft his shape,
 And did in sundry forms and figures 'scape;
 A running stream, a standing tree became,
 A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
 Some fish with harpoons, some with darts are struck,
 Some drawn with nets, some hang upon the hook:
 So turn thyself; and, imitating them,
 Try several tricks, and change thy stratagem.
 One rule will not for different ages hold;
 The jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.

Then

Then talk not bawdy to the bashful maid;
Broad words will make her innocence afraid.
Nor to an ignorant girl of learning speak;
She thinks you conjure, when you talk in Greek.
And hence 'tis often seen, the simple shun
The learn'd, and into vile embraces run.

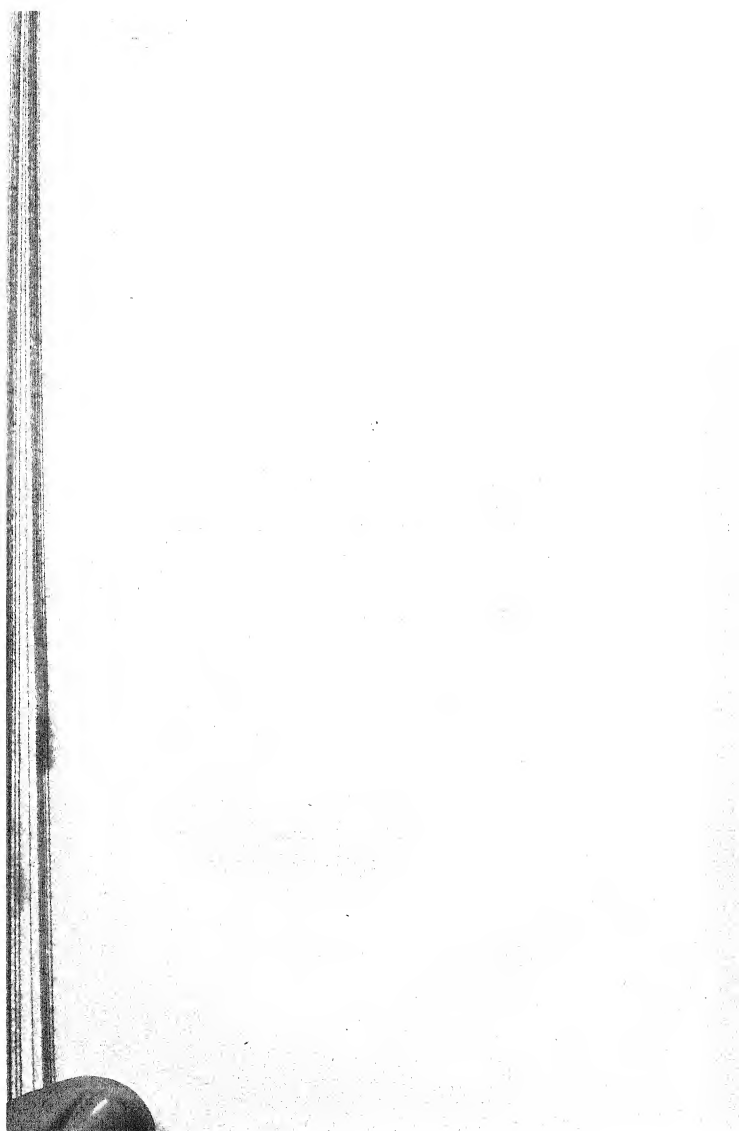
Part of my task is done, and part to do:
But here 'tis time to rest myself and you.



T R A N S L A T I O N S

F R O M

H O M E R.



THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Chryses, priest of Apollo, brings presents to the Grecian princes, to ransom his daughter Chryseis, who was prisoner in the fleet. Agamemnon, the general, whose captive and mistress the young lady was, refuses to deliver, threatens the venerable old man, and dismisses him with contumely. The priest craves vengeance of his God; who sends a plague among the Greeks: which occasions Achilles, their great champion, to summon a council of the chief officers: he encourages Calchas, the high priest and prophet, to tell the reason, why the Gods were so much incensed against them. Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him: then, emboldened by the hero, he accuses the general as the cause of all, by detaining the fair captive, and refusing the presents offered for her ransom. By this proceeding, Agamemnon is obliged, against his will, to restore Chryseis, with gifts, that he might appease the wrath

wrath of Phæbus; but, at the same time, to revenge himself on Achilles, sends to seize his slave Briseis. Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his mother Thetis; and begs her to revenge his injury, not only on the general, but on all the army, by giving victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful king became sensible of his injustice. At the same time, he retires from the camp into his ships, and withdraws his aid from his countrymen. Thetis prefers her son's petition to Jupiter, who grants her suit. Juno suspects her errand, and quarrels with her husband for his grant; till Vulcan reconciles his parents with a bowl of nectar, and sends them peaceably to bed.

THE wrath of Peleus' son, O Muse, recount;
 Whose dire effects the Grecian army found,
 And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
 Were sent, in early youth, to shades of night:
 Their limbs a prey to dogs and vultures made:
 So was the sovereign will of Jove obey'd:
 From that ill-omen'd hour when strife begun,
 Betwixt Atrides' great, and Thetis' god-like son.

What Power provok'd, and for what cause relate,
 Sow'd, in their breasts, the seeds of stern debate:
 Jove's and Latona's son his wrath express'd,
 In vengeance of his violated priest,
 Against the king of men; who, swoln with pride,
 Refus'd his presents, and his prayers deny'd.
 For this the God a swift contagion spread
 Amid the camp, where heaps on heaps lay dead.

For

For venerable Chryses came to buy,
 With gold and gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
 Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood;
 Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his God:
 Bare was his hoary head; one holy hand
 Held forth his laurel crown, and one his sceptre of
 command.

His suit was common; but above the rest,
 To both the brother-princes thus address'd:

Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Grecian powers,
 So may the Gods who dwell in heavenly bowers
 Succeed your siege, accord the vows you make,
 And give you Troy's imperial town to take;
 So, by their happy conduct, may you come
 With conquest back to your sweet native home;
 As you receive the ransom which I bring
 (Respecting Jove, and the far-shooting king),
 And break my daughter's bonds, at my desire;
 And glad with her return her grieving fire.

With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks decree
 To take the gifts, to set the damsel free.
 The king of men alone with fury burn'd;
 And, haughty, these opprobrious words return'd:
 Hence, holy dotard, and avoid my sight,
 Ere evil intercept thy tardy flight:
 Nor dare to tread this interdicted strand,
 Lest not that idle sceptre in thy hand,
 Nor thy God's crown, my vow'd revenge withstand. }
 Hence, on thy life: the captive maid is mine;
 Whom not for price or prayers I will resign:

Mine she shall be, till creeping age and time
 Her bloom have wither'd, and consum'd her prime.
 Till then my royal bed she shall attend;
 And, having first adorn'd it, late ascend:
 This, for the night; by day, the web and loom,
 And homely household-task, shall be her doom,
 Far from thy lov'd embrace, and her sweet native
 home.

He said: the helpless priest reply'd no more.
But sped his steps along the hoarse resounding shore:
Silent he fled; secure at length he stood,
Devoutly curs'd his foes, and thus invoc'd his God:

O source of sacred light, attend my prayer,
God with the silver bow and golden hair;
Whom Chrysa, Cilla, Tenedos obeys,
And whose broad eye their happy foil surveys;
If, Smintheus, I have pour'd before thy shrine
The blood of oxen, goats, and ruddy wine,
And larded thighs on loaded altars laid,
Hear, and my just revenge propitious aid.
Pierce the proud Greeks, and with thy shafts
How much thy power is injur'd in thy priest.

He pray'd, and Phœbus, hearing, urg'd his flight,
With fury kindled, from Olympus' height;
His quiver o'er his ample shoulders threw;
His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as they flew.
Black as a stormy night, he rang'd around
The tents, and compass'd the devoted ground.
Then with full force his deadly bow he bent,
And feather'd fates among the mules and sumpters sent:

The

Th' essay of rage, on faithful dogs the next;
 And last, in human hearts his arrows fix'd.
 The God nine days the Greeks at rovers kill'd,
 Nine days the camp with funeral fires was fill'd;
 The tenth, Achilles, by the Queen's command,
 Who bears heavens awful sceptre in her hand,
 A council summon'd: for the Goddeſs griev'd
 Her favour'd hoſt ſhould periſh unreliev'd.

The kings aſſembled, ſoon their chief incloſe;
 Then from his ſeat the Goddeſs-born aroſe,
 And thus undaunted ſpoke: What now remains,
 But that once more we tempt the watery plains,
 And, wandering homeward, ſeek our ſafety hence,
 In flight at leaſt, if we can find defence?
 Such woes at once encompaſs us about,
 The plague within the camp, the ſword without.
 Conſult, O king, the prophets of th' event:
 And whence theſe ills, and what the Gods intent,
 Let them by dreams explore; for dreams from Jove
 are ſent.

What want of offer'd victims, what offence
 In fact committed could the Sun incenſe,
 To deal his deadly ſhafts? What may remove
 His ſettled hate, and reconcile his love?
 That he may look propitious on our toils;
 And hungry graves no more be glutted with our ſpoils.

Thus to the king of men the hero ſpoke,
 Then Calchas the deſir'd occaſion took:
 Calchas the ſacred ſeer, who had in view
 Things preſent and the paſt; and things to come fore-
 knew.

Supreme of augurs, who by Phœbus taught,
 The Grecian powers to Troy's destruction brought.
 Skill'd in the secret causes of their woes,
 The reverend priest in graceful act arose:
 And thus bespoke Pelides: Care of Jove,
 Favour'd of all th' immortal Powers above;
 Wouldst thou the seeds deep-sown of mischief know,
 And why, provok'd Apollo bends his bow?
 Plight first thy faith, inviolably true,
 To save me from those ills, that may ensue.
 For I shall tell ungrateful truths, to those
 Whose boundless powers of life and death dispose.
 And sovereigns, ever jealous of their state,
 Forgive not those whom once they mark for hate;
 Ev'n though th' offence they seemingly digest,
 Revenge, like embers rak'd, within their breast,
 Bursts forth in flames; whose unresisted power
 Will seize th' unwary wretch, and soon devour.
 Such, and no less is he, on whom depends
 The sum of things; and whom my tongue of force
 offends.

Secure me then from his foreseen intent,
 That what his wrath may doom, thy valour may
 prevent.

To this the stern Achilles made reply:
 Be bold; and on my plighted faith rely,
 To speak what Phœbus has inspir'd thy soul
 For common good; and speak without control.
 His Godhead I invoke, by him I swear,
 That while my nostrils draw this vital air,

None

None shall presume to violate those bands;
 Or touch thy person with unhallow'd hands:
 Ev'n not the king of men that all commands.

}

At this, resum'g heart, the prophet said:
 Nor hetacomb-unslain, nor vows unpaid,
 On Greeks, accurs'd, this dire contagion bring,
 Or call for vengeance from the bowyer King;
 But he the tyrant, whom none dares resist,
 Affronts the Godhead in his injur'd priest:
 He keeps the damsels captive in his chain,
 And presents are refus'd, and prayers prefer'd in vain.
 For this th' avenging Power employs his darts;
 And empties all his quiver in our hearts;
 Thus will persist, relentless in his ire,
 Till the fair slave be render'd to her fire:
 And ransom-free restor'd to his abode,
 With sacrifice to reconcile the God:
 Then he, perhaps, aton'd by prayer, may cease
 His vengeance justly vow'd, and give the peace.

Thus having said, he fate: thus answer'd then,
 Upstarting from his throne, the king of men,
 His breast with fury fill'd, his eyes with fire;
 Which rolling round, he shot in sparkles on the fire:
 Augur of ill, whose tongue was never found
 Without a priestly curse, or boding sound;
 For not one blest'd event foretold to me
 Pass'd through that mouth, or pass'd unwillingly.
 And now thou dost with lies the throne invade,
 By practice harden'd in thy slandering trade.

Obtending heaven, for whate'er ills befall;
 And sputtering under specious names thy gall.
 Now Phœbus is provok'd, his rites and laws
 Are in his priest profan'd, and I the cause:
 Since I detain a slave, my fovereign prize;
 And sacred gold, your idol-god, despise.
 I love her well: and well her merits claim,
 To stand preferr'd before my Grecian dame:
 Not Clytemnestra's self in beauty's bloom
 More charm'd, or better ply'd the various loom:
 Mine is the maid; and brought in happy hour,
 With every household-grace adorn'd, to bless my nup-
 tial bower.

Yet shall she be restor'd; since public good
 For private interest ought not to be withstood,
 To save th' effusion of my people's blood. }
 But right requires, if I resign my own,
 I should not suffer for your sakes alone;
 Alone excluded from the prize I gain'd,
 And by your common suffrage have obtain'd.
 The slave without a ransom shall be sent:
 It rests for you to make th' equivalent.

To this the fierce Thessalian prince reply'd:
 O first in power, but passing all in pride,
 Griping, and still tenacious of thy hold,
 Wouldst thou the Grecian chiefs, though largely-soul'd,
 Should give the prizes they had gain'd before,
 And with their loss thy sacrilege restore?
 Whate'er by force of arms the soldier got,
 Is each his own, by dividend of lot:

Which

Which to resume, were both unjust and base;
 Not to be borne but by a servile race.
 But this we can: if Saturn's son bestows
 The sack of Troy, which he by promise owes;
 Then shall the conquering Greeks thy loss restore,
 And with large interest make th' advantage more.

To this Atrides answer'd: Though thy boast
 Assumes the foremost name of all our host,
 Pretend not, mighty man, that what is mine,
 Control'd by thee, I tamely should resign.
 Shall I release the prize I gain'd by right,
 In taken towns, and many a bloody fight,
 While thou detain'st Briseis in thy bands,
 By priestly glossing on the God's commands?
 Resolve on this, (a short alternative)
 Quit mine, or, in exchange, another give;
 Else I, assure thy soul, by sovereign right
 Will seize thy captive in thy own despight.
 Or from stout Ajax, or Ulysses, bear
 What other prize my fancy shall prefer:
 Then softly murmur, or aloud complain,
 Rage as you please, you shall resist in vain.
 But more of this, in proper time and place;
 To things of greater moment let us pass.
 A ship to sail the sacred seas prepare;
 Proud in her trim: and put on board the fair,
 With sacrifice and gifts, and all the pomp of prayer.
 The crew well chosen, the command shall be
 In Ajax; or if other I decree,
 In Creta's king, or Ithacus, or if I please in thee:

Most fit thyself to see perform'd th' intent
 For which my prisoner from my sight is sent;
 (Thanks to thy pious care) that Phœbus may relent. }

At this Achilles roll'd his furious eyes,
 Fix'd on the king askant; and thus replies:
 O, impudent, regardful of thy own,
 Whose thoughts are center'd on thyself alone,
 Advanc'd to sovereign sway, for better ends
 Than thus like abject slaves to treat thy friends.
 What Greek is he, that, urg'd by thy command,
 Against the Trojan troops will lift his hand?
 Not I: nor such inforc'd respect I owe;
 Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my foe.
 What wrong from Troy remote could I sustain,
 To leave my fruitful soil and happy reign,
 And plough the furges of the stormy main? }
 Thee, frontless man, we follow'd from afar;
 Thy instruments of death, and tools of war.
 Thine is the triumph; ours the toil alone:
 We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee on the
 throne.

For thee we fall in fight; for thee redress
 Thy baffled brother; not the wrongs of Greece.
 And now thou threaten'st with unjust decree,
 To punish thy affronting heaven, on me.
 To seize the prize which I so dearly bought;
 By common suffrage given, confirm'd by lot.
 Mean match to thine: for still above the rest
 Thy hook'd rapacious hands usurp the best,

Though mine are first in fight, to force the prey;
And last sustain the labours of the day.

Nor grudge I thee the much the Grecians give;
Nor murmuring take the little I receive.

Yet ev'n this little, thou, who wouldst ingross
The whole, insatiate, envy'st as thy loss.

Know, then, for Phthia fix'd is my return:
Better at home my ill-paid pains to mourn,
Than from an equal here sustain the public scorn. }

The king, whose brows with shining gold were
bound,

Who saw his throne with scepter'd slaves encompass'd
round,

Thus answer'd stern: Go, at thy pleasure, go:
We need not such a friend, nor fear we such a foe.

There will not want to follow me in fight:

Jove will assist, and Jove assert my right.

But thou of all the kings (his care below)

Art least at my command, and most my foe.

Debates, dissensions, uproars, are thy joy;

Provok'd without offence, and practis'd to destroy.

Strength is of brutes, and not thy boast alone;

At least 'tis lent from heaven; and not thy own.

Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy native land,

And there thy ant-born Myrmidons command.

But mark this menace; since I must resign

My black-ey'd maid, to please the Powers divine:

(A well-rigg'd vessel in the port attends,

Mann'd at my charge, commanded by my friends,)

The ship shall waft her to her wish'd abode,
 Full fraught with holy bribes to the far-shooting God.
 This thus dispatch'd, I owe myself the care,
 My fame and injur'd honour to repair:
 From thy own tent, proud man, in thy despight,
 This hand shall ravish thy pretended right.
 Briseis shall be mine, and thou shalt see,
 What odds of awful power I have on thee:
 That others at thy cost may learn the difference of }
 degree.

At this th' impatient hero sourly smil'd:
 His heart impetuous in his bosom boil'd.
 And, justled by two tides of equal sway,
 Stood, for a while, suspended in his way.
 Betwixt his reason, and his rage untam'd;
 One whisper'd soft, and one aloud reclaim'd:
 That only counsel'd to the safer side;
 This to the sword, his ready hand apply'd.
 Unpunish'd to support th' affront was hard:
 Nor easy was th' attempt to force the guard.
 But soon the thirst of vengeance fir'd his blood:
 Half shone his faulchion, and half sheath'd it stood.

In that nice moment, Pallas, from above,
 Commission'd by th' imperial wife of Jove,
 Descended swift (the white-arm'd Queen was loath
 The fight should follow; for she favour'd both):
 Just as in act he stood, in clouds inshrin'd,
 Her hand she fasten'd on his hair behind;
 Then backward by his yellow curls she drew;
 To him, and him alone, confess'd in view.

Tam'd

Tam'd by superior force, he turn'd his eyes
Aghast at first, and stupid with surprize:
But by her sparkling eyes, and ardent look,
The virgin-warrior known, he thus bespoke:

Com'st thou, Celestial, to behold my wrongs?
To view the vengeance which to crimes belongs?

Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddess thus rejoind'd:
I come to calm thy turbulence of mind,
If reason will resume her sovereign sway,
And, sent by Juno, her commands obey.
Equal she loves you both, and I protect:
Then give thy guardian Gods their due respect;
And cease contention; be thy words severe,
Sharp as he merits: but the sword forbear.
An hour unhop'd already wings her way,
When he his dire affront shall dearly pay:
When the proud king shall sue, with treble gain,
To quit thy loss, and conquer thy disdain.
But thou, secure of my unfailing word,
Compose thy swelling soul, and sheath the sword.

The youth thus answer'd mild; Auspicious Maid,
Heaven's will be mine, and your commands obey'd.
The Gods are just, and when, subduing sense,
We serve their Powers, provide the recompence.
He said; with surly faith believ'd her word,
And in the sheath, reluctant, plung'd the sword.
Her message done, she mounts the blest abodes,
And mix'd among the senate of the Gods.

At her departure his disdain return'd
The fire she fann'd, with greater fury burn'd;

Rumbling

Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent:
Dastard, and drunkard, mean and insolent:
Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,
In threats the foremost, but the lag in fight;
When didst thou thrust amid the mingled prease,
Content to bid the war aloof in peace?
Arms are the trade of each plebeian soul;
'Tis death to fight; but kingly to control.
Lord-like at ease, with arbitrary power,
To peel the chiefs, the people to devour.
These, traitor, are thy talents; safer far
Than to contend in fields, and toils of war.
Nor couldst thou thus have dar'd the common hate,
Were not their souls as abject as their state.
But, by this sceptre, solemnly I swear,
(Which never more green leaf or growing branch shall
bear,

Torn from the tree, and given by Jove to those
Who laws dispense, and mighty wrongs oppose)
That when the Grecians want my wonted aid,
No gift shall bribe it, and no prayer persuade.
When Hector comes, the homicide to wield
His conquering arms, with corps to strow the field,
Then shalt thou mourn thy pride; and late confess
My wrong repented, when 'tis past redress.
He said: and with disdain, in open view,
Against the ground his golden sceptre threw;
Then fate: with boiling rage Atrides burn'd,
And foam betwixt his gnashing grinders churn'd.

But

But from his seat the Pylian prince arose,
With reasoning mild, their madness to compose:
Words, sweet as honey, from his mouth distill'd;
Two centuries already he fulfill'd;
And now began the third; unbroken yet:
Once fam'd for courage; still in council great.

What worse, he said, can Argos undergo,
What can more gratify the Phrygian foe,
Than these distemper'd heats? If both the lights
Of Greece their private interest disunites!
Believe a friend, with thrice your years increas'd,
And let these youthful passions be repress'd:
I flourish'd long before your birth; and then
Liv'd equal with a race of braver men
Than these dim eyes shall e'er behold again.
Ceneus and Dryas, and, excelling them,
Great Theseus, and the force of greater Polypheme.
With these I went, a brother of the war,
Their dangers to divide; their fame to share.
Nor idle stood with unassisting hands,
When salvage beasts, and men's more salvage bands,
Their virtuous toil subdu'd: yet those I sway'd,
With powerful speech: I spoke, and they obey'd.
If such as those my counsels could reclaim,
Think not, young warriors, your diminish'd name,
Shall lose of lustre, by subjecting rage
To the cool dictates of experienc'd age.
Thou, king of men, stretch not thy sovereign sway
Beyond the bounds free subjects can obey:

But

But let Pelides in his prize rejoice,
 Atchiev'd in arms, allow'd by public voice.
 Nor thou, brave champion, with his power contend,
 Before whose throne, ev'n kings their lower'd scepters
 bend.

The head of action he, and thou the hand,
 Matchless thy force; but mightier his command:
 Thou first, O king, release the rights of sway;
 Power, self-restrain'd, the people best obey.
 Sanctions of law from thee derive their source;
 Command thyself, whom no commands can force.
 The son of Thetis, rampire of our host,
 Is worth our care to keep; nor shall my prayers be lost.

Thus Nestor said, and ceas'd: Atrides broke
 His silence next; but ponder'd ere he spoke.
 Wise are thy words, and glad I would obey,
 But this proud man affects imperial sway.
 Controlling kings, and trampling on our state,
 His will is law; and what he wills is fate.
 The Gods have given him strength: but whence the stile
 Of lawless power assum'd, or licence to revile?

Achilles cut him short; and thus reply'd:
 My worth, allow'd in words, is in effect deny'd.
 For who but a poltron, possess'd with fear,
 Such haughty insolence can tamely bear?
 Command thy slaves: my freeborn soul disdains
 A tyrant's curb; and restiff breaks the reins.
 Take this along; that no dispute shall rise
 (Though mine the woman) for my ravish'd prize:

But

But she excepted, as unworthy strife,
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy life,
Touch aught of mine beside, by lot my due,
But stand aloof, and think profane to view:
This fauchion, else, not hitherto withstood,
These hostile fields shall fatten with thy blood.

He said; and rose the first: the council broke;
And all their grave consults dissolv'd in smoke.

The royal youth retir'd, on vengeance bent,
Patroclus follow'd silent to his tent.

Meantime, the king with gifts a vessel stores;
Supplies the banks with twenty chosen oars:
And next, to reconcile the shooter God,
Within her hollow sides the sacrifice he stow'd:
Chryseis last was set on board; whose hand
Ulysses took, intrusted with command:
They plow the liquid seas, and leave the lessening
land. }

Atrides then, his outward zeal to boast,
Bade purify the sin-polluted host.
With perfect hecatombs the God they grac'd;
Whose offer'd entrails in the main were cast.
Black bulls and bearded goats on altars lie;
And clouds of savory stench involve the sky.
These pomps the royal hypocrite design'd
For shew; but harbour'd vengeance in his mind:
Till holy malice, longing for a vent,
At length discover'd his conceal'd intent.
Talthybius, and Eurybates the just,
Heralds of arms, and ministers of trust,

He

He call'd, and thus bespoke: Haste hence your way:
 And from the Goddeſs-born demand his prey.
 If yielded, bring the captive: if deny'd,
 The king (ſo tell him) ſhall chaſtiſe his pride:
 And with arm'd multitudes in perſon come,
 To vindicate his power, and juſtify his doom.

This hard command unwilling they obey,
 And o'er the barren ſhore purſue their way,
 Where quarter'd in their camp the fierce Theſſalians
 lay. }

Their ſovereign ſeated on his chair, they find;
 His penſive cheek upon his hand reclin'd,
 And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind. }

With gloomy looks he ſaw them entering in
 Without ſalute: nor durſt they firſt begin,
 Fearful of raſh offence and death foreſeen. }
 He ſoon, the cauſe divining, clear'd his brow;
 And thus did liberty of ſpeech allow.

Interpreters of Gods and Men, be bold:
 Awful your character, and uncontrol'd,
 Howe'er unpleaſing be the news you bring,
 I blame not you, but your imperious king.
 You come, I know, my captive to demand;
 Patroclus; give her to the herald's hand.
 But you, authentic witneſſes I bring,
 Before the Gods, and your ungrateful king,
 Of this my manifeſt: that never more
 This hand ſhall combat on the crooked ſhore:
 No, let the Grecian powers, oppreſs'd in fight,
 Unpitied periſh in their tyrant's fight.

Blind

Blind of the future, and by rage misled,
He pulls his crimes upon his people's head.
Forc'd from the field in trenches to contend,
And his insulted camp from foes defend.
He said; and soon obeying his intent,
Patroclus brought Briseis from her tent;
Then to th' intrusted messengers resign'd:
She wept, and often cast her eyes behind:
Forc'd from the man she lov'd: they led her thence,
Along the shore, a prisoner to their prince.

Sole on the barren sands the suffering chief
Roar'd out for anguish, and indulg'd his grief.
Cast on his kindred seas a stormy look,
And his upbraided mother thus bespoke:

Unhappy parent of a short-liv'd son,
Since Jove in pity by thy prayers was won
To grace my small remains of breath with fame,
Why loads he this imbitter'd life with shame?
Suffering his king of men to force my slave,
Whom, well deserv'd in war, the Grecians gave.

Set by old Ocean's side the Goddess heard;
Then from the sacred deep her head she rear'd:
Rose like a morning-mist; and thus begun
To sooth the sorrows of her plaintive son.
Why cries my Care, and why conceals his smart?
Let thy afflicted parent share her part.

Then, fighting from the bottom of his breast,
To the Sea-Goddess thus the Goddess-born address'd:
Thou know'st my pain, which telling but recalls:
By force of arms we raz'd the Theban walls;

The

The ranfack'd city, taken by our toils,
We left, and hither brought the golden spoils;
Equal we shar'd them; but before the reft,
The proud Prerogative had feiz'd the beft.
Chryfeis was the greedy tyrant's prize,
Chryfeis rofy-cheek'd, with charming eyes.
Her fire, Apollo's prieft, arriv'd to buy,
With proffer'd gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he flood,
Awful, and arm'd with enfigns of his God:
Bare was his hoary head, one holy hand
Held forth his laurel-crown, and one, his fceptre of
command.

His fuit was common, but above the reft
To both the brother-princes was addrefs'd.
With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks agree
To take the gifts, to fet the prifoner free.
Not fo the tyrant, who with fcorn the prieft
Receiv'd, and with opprobrious words difmifs'd.
The good old man, forlorn of human aid,
For vengeance to his heavenly patron pray'd:
The Godhead gave a favourable ear,
And granted all to him he held fo dear;
In an ill hour his piercing shafts he sped;
And heaps on heaps of flaughter'd Greeks lay dead,
While round the camp he rang'd: at length arofe
A feer who well divin'd; and durft difclofe
The fource of all our ills: I took the word;
And urg'd the facred flave to be reftor'd,

The God appeas'd: the swelling monarch storm'd:
And then the vengeance vow'd, he since perform'd:
The Greeks, 'tis true, their ruin to prevent,
Have to the royal priest his daughter sent;
But from their haughty king his heralds came,
And seiz'd, by his command, my captive dame,
By common suffrage given; but, thou, be won,
If in thy power, t' avenge thy injur'd son:
Ascend the skies; and supplicating move
Thy just complaints, to cloud-compelling Jove.
If thou by either word or deed hast wrought
A kind remembrance in his grateful thought,
Urge him by that: for often hast thou said
Thy power was once not useless in his aid,
When he, who high above the highest reigns,
Surpriz'd by traitor Gods, was bound in chains.
When Juno, Pallas, with ambition fir'd,
And his blue brother of the seas conspir'd,
Thou freed'st the sovereign from unworthy bands,
Thou brought'st Briareus with his hundred hands,
(So call'd in heaven, but mortal men below
By his terrestrial name Ægeon know:
Twice stronger than his fire, who sat above
Assessor to the throne of thundering Jove.)
The gods, dismay'd at his approach, withdrew,
Nor durst their unaccomplish'd crime pursue.
That action to his grateful mind recal;
Embrace his knees, and at his footstool fall:
That now, if ever, he will aid our foes;
Let Troy's triumphant troops the camp inclose:

Ours beaten to the shore, the siege forsake;
And what their king deserves, with him partake.
That the proud tyrant, at his proper cost,
May learn the value of the man he lost.

To whom the Mother-goddes thus reply'd,
Sigh'd ere she spoke, and while she spoke she cry'd:
Ah, wretched me! by Fates averse, decreed,
To bring thee forth with pain, with care to breed!
Did envious heaven not otherwise ordain,
Safe in thy hollow ships thou shouldst remain;
Nor ever tempt the fatal field again. }
But now thy planet sheds his poisonous rays
And short, and full of sorrow are thy days.
For what remains, to heaven I will ascend,
And at the Thunderer's throne thy suit commend.
Till then, secure in ships, abstain from fight;
Indulge thy grief in tears, and vent thy spight.
For yesterday the court of heaven with Jove
Remov'd: 'tis dead vacation now above.
Twelve days the Gods their solemn revels keep,
And quaff with blameless Ethiops in the deep.
Return'd from thence, to heaven my flight I take,
Knock at the brazen gates, and Providence awake.
Embrace his knees, and suppliant to the fire,
Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy desire.

She said: and parting left him on the place,
Sworn with disdain, resenting his disgrace:
Revengeful thoughts revolving in his mind,
He wept for anger, and for love he pin'd.

Meantime with prosperous gales Ulysses brought
 The slave, and ship with sacrifices fraught,
 To Chrysa's port: where entering with the tide
 He dropp'd his anchors, and his oars he ply'd.
 Furl'd every sail, and drawing down the mast,
 His vessel moor'd; and made with haulsers fast.
 Descending on the plain, ashore they bring
 The hecatomb to please the shooter king.
 The dame before an altar's holy fire
 Ulysses led; and thus bespoke her fire:

Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy God ador'd:
 The king of men thy daughter has restor'd;
 And sent by me with presents and with prayer;
 He recommends him to thy pious care.
 That Phœbus at thy suit his wrath may cease,
 And give the penitent offenders peace.

He said, and gave her to her father's hands,
 Who glad receiv'd her, free from servile bands.
 This done, in order they, with sober grace,
 Their gifts around the well-built altar place.
 Then wash'd, and took the cakes; while Chryses stood
 With hands upheld, and thus invok'd his God:

God of the silver bow, whose eyes survey
 The sacred Cilla, thou whose awful sway
 Chrysa the blest'd, and Tenedos obey:
 Now hear, as thou before my prayer hast heard,
 Against the Grecians and their prince preferr'd:
 Once thou hast honour'd, honour once again
 Thy priest; nor let his second vows be vain,

But from th' afflicted host and humbled prince
Avert thy wrath, and cease thy pestilence.
Apollo heard, and, conquering his disdain,
Unbent his bow, and Greece respir'd again.

Now when the solemn rites of prayer were past,
Their salted cakes on crackling flames they cast.
Then, turning back, the sacrifice they sped:
The fatted oxen slew, and flea'd the dead.
Chopp'd off their nervous thighs, and next prepar'd
T' involve the lean in cauls, and mend with lard.
Sweet-breads and collops were with skewers prick'd
About the sides; imbibing what they deck'd.
The priest with holy hands was seen to tine
The cloven wood, and pour the ruddy wine.
The youth approach'd the fire, and as it burn'd
On five sharp broachers rank'd, the roast they turn'd;
These morsels stay'd their stomachs; then the rest
They cut in legs and fillets for the feast;
Which drawn and serv'd, their hunger they appease
With savory meat, and set their minds at ease.

Now when the rage of eating was repell'd,
The boys with generous wine the goblets fill'd.
The first libations to the gods they pour:
And then with songs indulge the genial hour.
Holy debauch! Till day to night they bring.
With hymns and pæans to the bowyer king.
At sun-set to their ship they make return,
And snore secure on decks, till rosy morn.
The skies with dawning day were purpled o'er;
Awak'd, with labouring oars they leave the shore:

The

The Power appeas'd, with winds suffic'd the fail,
The belling canvas strutted with the gale;
The waves indignant roar with furly pride,
And prefs against the sides, and beaten off divide.
They cut the foamy way, with force impell'd
Superior, till the Trojan port they held:
Then hauling on the strand their galley moor,
And pitch their tents along the crooked shore.
Meantime the Goddess-born in secret pin'd;
Nor visited the camp, nor in the council join'd,
But, keeping close, his gnawing heart he fed
With hopes of vengeance on the tyrant's head:
And wish'd for bloody wars and mortal wounds,
And of the Greeks oppress'd in fight to hear the dying
sounds.

Now, when twelve days compleat had run their race,
The Gods bethought them of the cares belonging to
their place.

Jove at their head ascending from the sea,
A shoal of puny Powers attend his way.
Then Thetis, not unmindful of her son,
Emerging from the deep, to beg her boon,
Pursued their track; and waken'd from his rest,
Before the sovereign stood a morning guest.
Him in the circle; but apart, she found:
The rest at awful distance stood around.
She bow'd, and ere she durst her suit begin,
One hand embrac'd his knees, one prop'd his chin.
Then thus: If I, celestial fire, in ought
Have serv'd thy will, or gratify'd thy thought,

One glimpse of glory to my issue give;
Grac'd for the little time he has to live.
Dishonour'd by the king of men he stands:
His rightful prize is ravish'd from his hands.
But thou, O father, in my son's defence,
Assume thy power, assert thy providence.
Let Troy prevail, till Greece th' affront has paid
With doubled honours; and redeem'd his aid.

She ceas'd, but the considering God was mute:
Till she, resolv'd to win, renew'd her suit:
Nor loos'd her hold, but forc'd him to reply,
Or grant me my petition, or deny:
Jove cannot fear: then tell me to my face,
That I, of all the Gods, am least in grace.
This I can bear. The Cloud-compeller mourn'd,
And, sighing first, this answer he return'd:

Know'st thou what clamours will disturb my reign,
What my stunn'd ears from Juno must sustain?
In council she gives licence to her tongue,
Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong.
And now she will my partial power upbraid,
If, alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans aid.
But thou depart, and shun her jealous sight,
The care be mine, to do Pelides right.
Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely:
When, nodding to thy suit, he bows the sky.
This ratifies th' irrevocable doom:
The sign ordain'd, that what I will shall come:
The stamp of heaven, and seal of fate. He said,
And shook the sacred honours of his head,

With

With terror trembled heaven's subsiding hill:
And from his shaken curls ambrosial dews distil.
The Goddess goes exulting from his sight,
And seeks the seas profound; and leaves the realms of
light.

He moves into his hall: the Powers resort,
Each from his house to fill the sovereign's court.
Nor waiting summons, nor expecting stood;
But met with reverence, and receiv'd the God.
He mounts the throne; and Juno took her place:
But sullen discontent fate lowering on her face.
With jealous eyes, at distance she had seen,
Whispering with Jove, the silver-footed Queen;
Then, impotent of tongue (her silence broke)
Thus turbulent in rattling tone she spoke.

Author of ills, and close contriver Jove,
Which of thy dames, what prostitute of love,
Has held thy ear so long, and begg'd so hard,
For some old service done, some new reward?
Apart you talk'd, for that's your special care,
The comfort never must the council share.
One gracious word is for a wife too much;
Such is a marriage-vow, and Jove's own faith is such.

Then thus the Sire of Gods, and men below,
What I have hidden, hope not thou to know.
Ev'n Goddesses are women: and no wife
Has power to regulate her husband's life:
Counsel she may; and I will give thy ear
The knowledge first, of what is fit to hear.

What I tranfact with others, or alone,
Beware to learn; nor prefs too near the throne.

To whom the Goddeſs with the charming eyes,
What haſt thou ſaid, O tyrant of the ſkies!
When did I ſearch the ſecrets of thy reign,
Though privileg'd to know, but privileg'd in vain?
But well thou do'ſt, to hide from common fight
Thy cloſe intrigues, too bad to bear the light.
Nor doubt I, but the ſilver-footed dame,
Tripping from ſea, on ſuch an errand came,
To grace her iſſue, at the Grecians' coſt,
And for one peeviſh man deſtroy an hoſt.

To whom the Thunderer made this ſtern reply; }
My houſhold curſe, my lawful plague, the ſpy
Of Jove's deſigns, his other ſquinting eye!
Why this vain prying, and for what avail?
Jove will be maſter ſtill, and Juno fail.
Should thy ſuſpicious thoughts divine aright,
Thou but becom'ſt more odious to my fight,
For this attempt: uneaſy life to me,
Still watch'd, and importun'd, but worſe for thee.
Curb that impetuous tongue, before too late
The Gods behold, and tremble at thy fate.
Pitying, but daring not, in thy defence,
To liſt a hand againſt Omnipotence.

This heard, th' imperious Queen ſate mute with fear:
Nor further durſt incenſe the gloomy Thunderer.
Silence was in the court at this rebuke:
Nor could the Gods, abaſh'd, ſuſtain their ſovereign's
look,

The limping Smith observ'd the sadden'd feast,
And hopping here and there, (himself a jest)
Put in his word, that neither might offend;
To Jove obsequious, yet his mother's friend.
What end in heaven will be of civil war,
If Gods of pleasure will for mortals jar?
Such discord but disturbs our jovial feast;
One grain of bad, embitters all the best.
Mother, though wise yourself, my counsel weigh;
'Tis much unsafe my fire to disobey.
Not only you provoke him to your cost,
But mirth is marr'd, and the good cheer is lost.
Tempt not his heavy hand; for he has power
To throw you headlong, from his heavenly tower,
But one submissive word, which you let fall,
Will make him in good-humour with us all.

He said no more; but crown'd a bowl, unbid:
The laughing nectar overlook'd the lid:
Then put it to her hand; and thus pursu'd,
This curst quarrel be no more renew'd.
Be, as becomes a wife, obedient still;
Though griev'd, yet subject to her husband's will.
I would not see you beaten; yet, afraid
Of Jove's superior force, I dare not aid.
Too well I know him, since that hapless hour
When I and all the Gods employ'd our power
To break your bonds: me by the heel he drew,
And o'er heaven's battlements with fury threw.
All day I fell: my flight at morn begun,
And ended not but with the setting sun:

Pitch'd

Pitch'd on my head, at length the Lemnian ground
Receiv'd my batter'd skull, the Sinthians heal'd my
wound.

At Vulcan's homely mirth his mother smil'd,
And smiling took the cup the clown had fill'd.
The reconciler-bowl went round the board,
Which empty'd, the rude skinker still restor'd.
Loud fits of laughter seiz'd the guests, to see
The limping God so dest at his new ministry.
The feast continued till declining light:
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then 'twas
night.

Nor wanted tuneful harp, nor vocal quire;
The Muses sung; Apollo touch'd the lyre.
Drunken at last, and drowsy they depart,
Each to his house; adorn'd with labour'd art
Of the lame architect: the thundering God
Ev'n he withdrew to rest, and had his load.
His swimming head to needful sleep apply'd;
And Juno lay unheeded by his side.

THE LAST PARTING OF
HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hector, returning from the field of battle, to visit Helen his sister-in-law, and his brother Paris, who had fought unsuccessfully hand in hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own palace to see his wife Andromache, and his infant son Astyanax. The description of that interview is the subject of this translation.

THUS having said, brave Hector went to see
His virtuous wife, the fair Andromache,
He found her not at home; for she was gone,
Attended by her maid and infant son, }
To climb the steep tower of Ilion:
From whence, with heavy heart, she might survey
The bloody business of the dreadful day.
Her mournful eyes she cast around the plain,
And fought the lord of her desires in vain.

But he, who thought his peopled palace bare,
When she, his only comfort, was not there,
Stood in the gate, and ask'd of every one,
Which way she took, and whither she was gone;
If to the court, or, with his mother's train,
In long procession to Minerva's fane?

The

The servants answer'd, Neither to the court,
Where Priam's sons and daughters did resort,
Nor to the temple was she gone, to move
With prayers the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove;
But, more solicitous for him alone,
Than all their safety, to the tower was gone,
There to survey the labours of the field,
Where the Greeks conquer, and the Trojans yield;
Swiftly she pass'd, with fear and fury wild;
The nurse went lagging after with the child.

This heard, the noble Hector made no stay;
Th' admiring throng divide, to give him way;
He pass'd through every street, by which he came,
And at the gate he met the mournful dame.

His wife beheld him, and with eager pace
Flew to his arms, to meet a dear embrace:
His wife, who brought in dower Cilicia's crown,
And, in herself, a greater dower alone:
Action's heir, who on the woody plain
Of Hippoplacus did in Thebe reign.
Breathless she flew, with joy and passion wild;
The nurse came lagging after with her child.

The royal babe upon her breast was laid;
Who, like the morning star, his beams display'd.
Scamandrius was his name, which Hector gave,
From that fair flood which Ilion's wall did lave:
But him Astyanax the Trojans call,
From his great father, who defends the wall.

Hector beheld him with a silent smile:
His tender wife stood weeping by the while:

Prefs'd in her own, his warlike hand she took,
Then sigh'd, and thus prophetically spoke:

Thy dauntless heart (which I foresee too late)
Too daring man, will urge thee to thy fate:
Nor dost thou pity, with a parent's mind,
This helpless orphan, whom thou leav'st behind;
Nor me, th' unhappy partner of thy bed;
Who must in triumph by the Greeks be led:
They seek thy life, and, in unequal fight
With many, will oppress thy single might:
Better it were for miserable me
To die, before the fate which I foresee.
For ah! what comfort can the world bequeath
To Hector's widow, after Hector's death?

Eternal sorrow and perpetual tears
Began my youth, and will conclude my years:
I have no parents, friends, nor brothers left;
By stern Achilles all of life bereft.
Then when the walls of Thebes he overthrew,
His fatal hand my royal father slew;
He slew Aetion, but despoil'd him not;
Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot;
Arm'd as he was he sent him whole below,
And reverenc'd thus the manes of his foe:
A tomb he rais'd; the mountain nymphs around
Inclos'd with planted elms the holy ground.

My seven brave brothers in one fatal day
To death's dark mansions took the mournful way;
Slain by the same Achilles, while they keep
The bellowing oxen and the bleating sheep.

My

My mother, who the royal sceptre fway'd,
Was captive to the cruel victor made,
And hither led; but, hence redeem'd with gold,
Her native country did again behold,
And but beheld: for soon Diana's dart
In an unhappy chace transfix'd her heart.

But thou, my Hector, art thyself alone
My parents, brothers, and my lord in one:
O kill not all my kindred o'er again,
Nor tempt the dangers of the dusty plain;
But in this tower, for our defence, remain.
Thy wife and son are in thy ruin lost:
This is a husband's and a father's post.
The Scæan gate commands the plains below;
Here marshal all thy foldiers as they go;
And hence with other hands repel the foe.
By yon wild fig-tree lies their chief ascent,
And thither all their powers are daily bent:
The two Ajaces have I often seen,
And the wrong'd husband of the Spartan queen:
With him his greater brother; and with these
Fierce Diomede and bold Meriones:
Uncertain if by augury or chance,
But by this easy rife they all advance;
Guard well that pass, secure of all beside.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd.

That and the rest are in my daily care;
But should I shun the dangers of the war,
With scorn the Trojans would reward my pains,
And their proud ladies with their sweeping trains.

The

The Grecian fwords and lances I can bear:
But loss of honour is my only fear.
Shall Hector, born to war, his birth-right yield,
Belye his courage, and forsake the field?
Early in rugged arms I took delight,
And still have been the foremost in the fight:
With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
And am the champion of my father's crown.
And yet my mind forebodes, with sure presage,
That Troy shall perish by the Grecian rage.
The fatal day draws on, when I must fall;
And universal ruin cover all.
Not Troy itself, though built by hands divine,
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
My mother, nor my brothers of renown,
Whose valour yet defends th' unhappy town;
Not these, nor all their fates which I foresee,
Are half of that concern I have for thee.
I see, I see thee, in that fatal hour,
Subjected to the victor's cruel power;
Led hence a slave to some insulting sword,
Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord;
A spectacle in Argos, at the loom,
Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;
Or from deep wells the living stream to take,
And on thy weary shoulders bring it back.
While, groaning under this laborious life,
They insolently call thee Hector's wife;
Upbraid thy bondage with thy husband's name;
And from my glory propagate thy shame.

This

This when they say, thy sorrows will increase
With anxious thoughts of former happiness;
That he is dead who could thy wrongs redress.
But I, oppress'd with iron sleep before,
Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more.

He said—

Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.
The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
And on his nurse's neck reclining lay,
His unknown father shunning with affright,
And looking back on so uncouth a sight;
Daunted to see a face with steel o'er-spread,
And his high plume that nodded o'er his head.
His fire and mother smil'd with silent joy;
And Hector hasten'd to relieve his boy;
Dismiss'd his burnish'd helm, that shone afar,
The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war:
Th' illustrious babe, thus reconcil'd, he took:
Hugg'd in his arms, and kiss'd, and thus he spoke:
Parent of Gods and men, propitious Jove,
And you bright synod of the Powers above;
On this my son your gracious gifts bestow;
Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow,
To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
To shield the people, and assert the crown:
That, when hereafter he from war shall come,
And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,
Some aged man, who lives this act to see,
And who in former times remember'd me,

May say, the son in fortitude and fame
Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name:
That at these words his mother may rejoice,
And add her suffrage to the public voice.

Thus having said,

He first with suppliant hands the Gods ador'd:
Then to the mother's arms the child restor'd:
With tears and smiles she took her son, and press'd
Th' illustrious infant to her fragrant breast.
He, wiping her fair eyes, indulg'd her grief,
And eas'd her sorrows with this last relief.

My wife and mistress, drive thy fears away,
Nor give so bad an omen to the day;
Think not it lies in any Grecian's power,
To take my life before the fatal hour.
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly
Th' irrevocable doom of destiny.

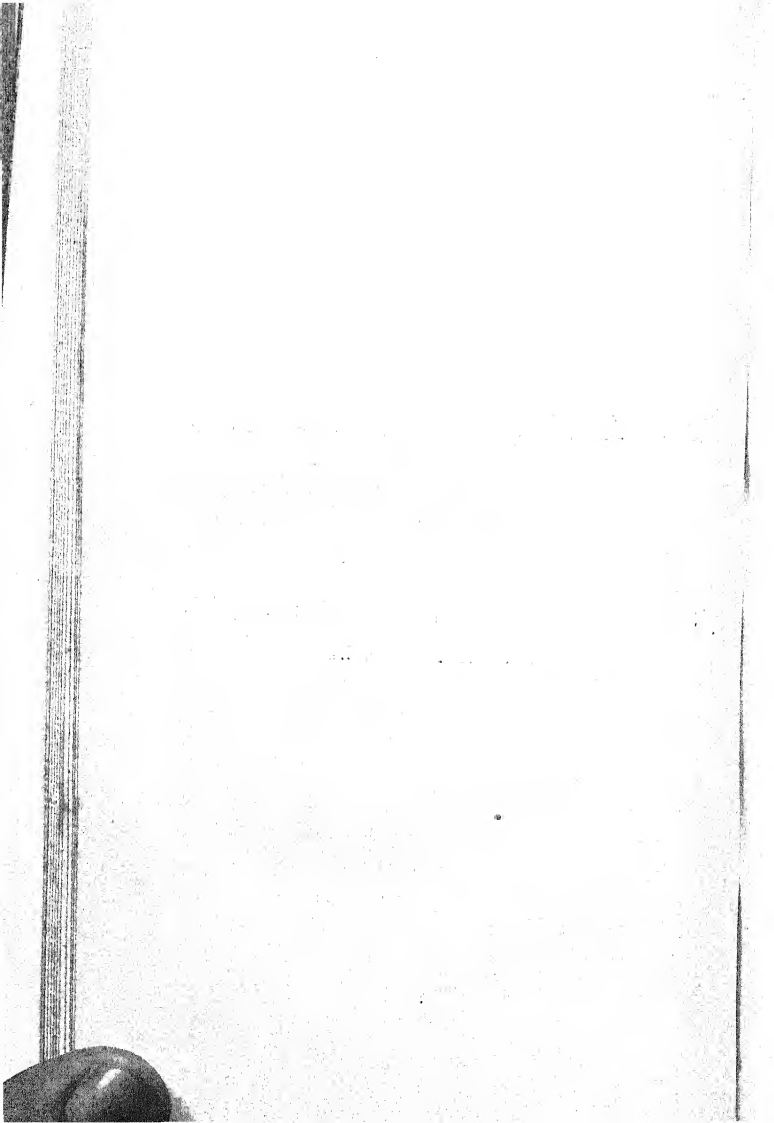
Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
There task thy maids, and exercise the loom,
Employ'd in works that womankind become.
The toils of war and feats of chivalry
Belong to men, and most of all to me.

At this, for new replies he did not stay,
But lac'd his crested helm, and strode away.
His lovely consort to her house return'd,
And looking often back in silence mourn'd:
Home when she came, her secret woe she vents,
And fills the palace with her loud laments;
Those loud laments her echoing maids restore,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THEOCRITUS, LUCRETIVS,
AND HORACE.



P R E F A C E,

C O N C E R N I N G

MR. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATIONS.

FOR this last half-year I have been troubled with the disease (as I may call it) of translation: the cold prose fits of it, which are always the most tedious with me, were spent in the history of the League; the hot, which succeeded them, in verse miscellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myself a kind of ease in the change of the paroxysm; never suspecting but the humour would have wasted itself in two or three pastorals of Theocritus, and as many odes of Horace. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them than my ordinary productions, I encouraged myself to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and immediately fixed upon some parts of them, which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural impulses for the undertaking. But there was an accidental motive which was full as forcible. It was my Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse; which made me uneasy till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair precept in Poetry is, like a seeming demonstra-

tion in the Mathematics, very specious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally observed his instructions; I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinced both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity, than to pretend that I have at least in some places made examples to his rules. Yet, withal, I must acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my commission: for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such expositions of my authors, as no Dutch commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in such particular passages, I have thought that I discovered some beauty yet undiscovered by those pedants, which none but a Poet could have found. Where I have taken away some of their expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this consideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear so shining in the English. And where I have enlarged them, I desire the false critics would not always think, that those thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are secretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduced from him; or at least, if both those considerations should fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an Englishman, they are such as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the
life:

life: where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. It is one thing to draw the out-lines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original. Much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same Poets, whom our Ogilbys have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good Poet is no more like himself, in a dull translation, than his carcase would be to his living body. There are many, who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: it is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best of company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust, which he contracted while he

was laying-in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cry'd-up English Poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient, that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own. So that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough Poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers: for, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and it is a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual Poet whom you would interpret. For
example,

example, not only the thoughts, but the style and verification, of Virgil and Ovid are very different. Yet I see, even in our best Poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and, by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter (Sir P. Lely), that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their Poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness; as in that of sugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my translations out of four several Poets; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed, not only every thought, but every word and syllable: who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse

is every where founding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears: yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the verification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet ground. He avoids, like the other, all Synalæpha's, or cutting-off one vowel when it comes before another, in the following word. But to return to Virgil, though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of Synalæpha's, and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and gross hyperboles: he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and, where they

are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded, as a great part of his character; but must confess, to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself: for, where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most sonorous, of any translation of the *Æneid*: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tasso tells us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin Orator endeavoured to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek Poet; and that the Latin Poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious, is to alter his character; and to translate him line for line is impossible, because the Latin is naturally a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which, by reason of its monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them. Virgil is much the closest of any Roman Poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the English heroic.

Besides

Besides all this, an author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a translator has not; he is confined by the sense of the inventor to those expressions which are the nearest to it: so that Virgil, studying brevity, and having the command of his own language, could bring those words into a narrow compass, which a translator cannot render without circumlocutions. In short, they who have called him the torture of grammarians, might also have called him the plague of translators; for he seems to have studied not to be translated. I own that, endeavouring to turn his Nisus and Euryalus as close as I was able, I have performed that Episode too literally; that, giving more scope to Mezentius and Lausus, that version, which has more of the majesty of Virgil, has less of his conciseness; and all that I can promise for myself, is only, that I have done both better than Ogilby, and perhaps as well as Caro. By considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better; but never so well as to have satisfied myself.

He who excels all other Poets in his own language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue, which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its majesty: nearest indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty, which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best under-

understands their force. This diction of his (I must once again say) is never to be copied; and, since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation. The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our language, and the hastiness of my performance, would allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sense: but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be, I understand him better: at least I writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lausus I cannot so easily excuse: they are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's sense; but they are too like the tenderness of Ovid, and were printed before I had considered them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the copy is at the press; the second is this:

“When Lausus died, I was already slain.”

This appears pretty enough at first sight; but I am convinced, for many reasons, that the expression is too bold; that Virgil would not have said it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two lines, which are more according to the author:

“Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design;

“As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine,”

Having

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have in the next place to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman Poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil; who as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellencies: for the method of the Georgics is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you see Virgil has imitated with great success in those four books, which in my opinion are more perfect in their kind than even his divine *Æneid*. The turn of his verses he has likewise followed in those places which Lucretius has most laboured; and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius (I mean of his soul and genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar readers, but even his patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him; and using a magisterial authority while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him, as our Poet and Philosopher of Malmesbury. This is that perpetual dicta-

torship,

torship, which is exercised by Lucretius; who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bonâ fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks: in which plain sincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbes, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt of some eternal truths, which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is beforehand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future: all this too with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as poetical as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his Philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct, in his system of nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power. In short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a Poet. These are the considerations which I had of that author before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly

ingly I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments; at least, to take away rewards and punishments is only a pleasing prospect to a man, who resolves before-hand not to live morally. But, on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burthen insupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confined to the shortness of our present being, especially when we consider, that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate. So that it is hope of futurity alone that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the excesses, to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, and there is no band of morality to restrain him: for fame and reputation are weak ties: many men have not the least sense of them: powerful men are only awed by them, as they conduce to their interest, and that not always, when a passion is predominant: and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of
our

our Christian faith, which is the proper business of divines.

But there are other arguments in this poem (which I have turned into English) not belonging to the mortality of the soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable man, to make him less in love with life, and consequently in less apprehensions of death. Such as are the natural satiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniencies of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible, and useless to others. These, and many other reasons, so pathetically urged, so beautifully expressed, so adorned with examples, and so admirably raised by the Prosopopeia of nature, who is brought-in speaking to her children, with so much authority and vigor, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my author. At least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleased with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me; and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review of any thing I have done in this author.

I have not here designed to rob the ingenious and learned translator of Lucretius of any part of that commendation which he has so justly acquired by the whole author, whose fragments only fall to my portion. What I have now performed is no more than I intended above twenty years ago. The ways of our translations are very different. He follows him more closely than I

have done, which became an interpreter of the whole Poem: I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous had he used my method in so long a work; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to translate the whole. The preference then is justly his; and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his reputation is already established in this Poet, mine is to make its fortune in the world. If I have been any where obscure in following our common author, or if Lucretius himself is to be condemned, I refer myself to his excellent annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him: and yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek gentleman shall quickly be dispatched, because I have more business with the Roman.

That which distinguishes Theocritus from all other Poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions, and the natural expression of them in words so becoming a pastoral. A simplicity shines through all he writes. He shews his art and learning, by disguising both. His shepherds never rise above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the same difference betwixt him and
Virgil,

Virgil, as there is between Tasso's *Aminta* and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's shepherds are too well read in the Philosophy of Epicurus and Plato; and Guarini's seem to have been bred in courts. But Theocritus and Tasso have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was said of Tasso, in relation to his similitudes, that he never departed from the woods, that is, all his comparisons were taken from the country. The same may be said of our Theocritus. He is softer than Ovid; he touches the passions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and sciences for a supply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its clownishness, like a fair shepherdess in her country ruffet, talking in a Yorkshire tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate; because the severity of the Roman language denied him that advantage. Spencer has endeavoured it in his *Shepherd's Kalendar*; but neither will it succeed in English: for which reason I have forbore to attempt it. For Theocritus writ to Sicilians, who spoke that dialect; and I direct this part of my translations to our ladies, who neither understand, nor will take pleasure in such homely expressions. I proceed to Horace.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be considered in his three different talents, as he was a Critic, a Satirist, and a Writer of Odes. His morals are uniform, and run through all of them: for, let his Dutch commentators say what they will, his Philosophy was Epicurean; and he made use of Gods and Providence only to

serve a turn in Poetry. But since neither his Criticisms, which are the most instructive of any that are written in this art, nor his Satires, which are incomparably beyond Juvenal's, if to laugh and railly is to be preferred to railing and declaiming, are no part of my present undertaking, I confine myself wholly to his Odes. These are also of several sorts: some of them are panegyric, others moral, the rest jovial, or (if I may so call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet, in his most elevated flights, and in the sudden changes of his subject, with almost imperceptible connexions, that Theban Poet is his master. But Horace is of the more bounded fancy, and confines himself strictly to one sort of verse, or stanza, in every Ode. That which will distinguish his style from all other Poets, is the elegance of his words, and the numerousness of his verse. There is nothing so delicately turned in all the Roman language. There appears in every part of his diction, or (to speak English) in all his expressions, a kind of noble and bold purity. His words are chosen with as much exactness as Virgil's; but there seems to be a greater spirit in them. There is a secret happiness attends his choice, which in Petronius is called "*Curiosa Felicitas*," and which I suppose he had from the "*Feliciter audere*" of Horace himself. But the most distinguishing part of all his character seems to me to be his briskness, his jollity, and his good-humour: and those I have chiefly endeavoured to copy. His other excellencies, I confess, are above my imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleased me

in the reading, I have attempted to translate in Pindaric Verse; it is that which is inscribed to the present Earl of Rochester, to whom I have particular obligations, which this small testimony of my gratitude can never pay. It is his darling in the Latin, and I have taken some pains to make it my master-piece in English: for which reason I took this kind of verse, which allows more latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our language, in this age, by the happy genius of Mr. Cowley. The seeming easiness of it has made it spread: but it has not been considered enough, to be so well cultivated. It languishes in almost every hand but his, and some very few, whom (to keep the rest in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near perfection as was possible in so short a time. But, if I may be allowed to speak my mind modestly, and without injury to his sacred ashes, somewhat of the purity of the English, somewhat of more equal thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the numbers, in one word, somewhat of a finer turn, and more Lyrical Verse, is yet wanting. As for the soul of it, which consists in the warmth and vigor of fancy, the masterly figures, and the copiousness of imagination, he has excelled all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind itself be capable of more perfection, though rather in the ornamental parts of it than the essential, what rules of morality or respect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deserve to be models in all they write. Milton's Para-

dise Loft is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats against his elevations, when it is evident he creeps along sometimes for above an hundred lines together? Cannot I admire the height of his invention, and the strength of his expression, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harshness of their sound? It is as much commendation as a man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is idolatry. Since Pindar was the prince of Lyric Poets, let me have leave to say, that, in imitating him, our numbers should, for the most part, be Lyrical. For variety, or rather where the majesty of thought requires it, they may be stretched to the English Heroic of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of six. But the ear must preside, and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this, the harmony of Pindaric Verse can never be complete: the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows; without leaping from one extreme into another. It must be done like the shadowings of a picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I shall be glad, if I have so explained myself as to be understood; but if I have not, "*quod nequeo dicere & sentio tantum*" must be my excuse. There remains much more to be said on this subject; but, to avoid envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general opinion of the best judges, and in a manner has been forced from me, by seeing a noble sort of Poetry so happily restored by one man,

and

and so grossly copied by almost all the rest. A musical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley could arise in another age, may bring it to perfection. In the mean time.

“ —Fungar vice cotis, acutum

“ Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exfors ipsa secandi.”

To conclude, I am sensible that I have written this too hastily and too loosely: I fear I have been tedious, and, which is worse, it comes out from the first draught, and uncorrected. This I grant, is no excuse: for it may be reasonably urged, why did he not write with more leisure, or, if he had it not (which was certainly my case), why did he attempt to write on so nice a subject? The objection is unanswerable; but, in part of recompence, let me assure the reader, that, in hasty productions, he is sure to meet with an author's present sense, which cooler thoughts would possibly have disguised. There is undoubtedly more of spirit, though not of judgment, in these incorrect Essays, and consequently, though my hazard be the greater, yet the reader's pleasure is not the less.

JOHN DRYDEN.

T R A N S L A T I O N S

F R O M

T H E O C R I T U S .

A M A R Y L L I S :

OR, THE THIRD IDYLLIUM OF

T H E O C R I T U S,

P A R A P H R A S E D.

TO Amaryllis Love compels my way,
 My browsing goats upon the mountains stray :
 O Tityrus, tend them well, and see them fed
 In pastures fresh, and to their watering led ;
 And 'ware the ridgling with his budding head. }
 Ah, beauteous nymph! can you forget your love,
 The conscious grottos, and the shady grove;
 Where stretch'd at ease your tender limbs were laid,
 Your nameless beauties nakedly display'd?
 Then I was call'd your darling, your desire,
 With kisses such as set my soul on fire:
 But you are chang'd, yet I am still the same;
 My heart maintains for both a double flame;
 Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your scorn:
 So faithful I, and you so much forsworn!
 I die, and death will finish all my pain;
 Yet, ere I die, behold me once again:
 Am I so much deform'd, so chang'd of late?
 What partial judges are our love and hate!

Ten

Ten wildings have I gather'd for my dear;
How ruddy, like your lips, their streaks appear!
Far off you view'd them with a longing eye
Upon the topmost branch (the tree was high):
Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I swerv'd,
And for to-morrow have ten more reserv'd.
Look on me kindly, and some pity shew,
Or give me leave at least to look on you.
Some God transform me by his heavenly power
Ev'n to a bee to buzz within your bower,
The winding ivy-chaplet to invade,
And folded fern that your fair forehead shade.
Now to my cost the force of Love I find;
The heavy hand it bears on human-kind.
The milk of tigers was his infant food,
Taught from his tender years the taste of blood;
His brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood. }
Ah, nymph, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
To make the sufferings of your slaves your sport!
Unheeded ruin! treacherous delight!
O polish'd hardness soften'd to the sight!
Whose radiant eyes your ebon brows adorn,
Like midnight those, and these like break of morn!
Smile once again, revive me with your charms;
And let me die contented in your arms.
I would not ask to live another day,
Might I but sweetly kiss my soul away.
Ah, why am I from empty joys debarr'd?
For kisses are but empty when compar'd.

I rave,

I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear
 The garland, which I wove for you to wear,
 Of parsley, with a wreath of ivy bound,
 And border'd with a rosy edging round.
 What pangs I feel, unpity'd and unheard!
 Since I must die, why is my fate deferr'd!
 I strip my body of my shepherd's frock:
 Behold that dreadful downfall of a rock,
 Where yon old fisher views the waves from high!
 'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.
 You would be pleas'd to see me plunge to shore,
 But better pleas'd if I should rise no more.
 I might have read my fortune long ago,
 When, seeking my success in love to know,
 I try'd th' infallible prophetic way,
 A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay:
 I struck, and yet no lucky crack did follow;
 Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow:
 And which was worse, if any worse could prove,
 The withering leaf foreshew'd your withering love.
 Yet farther (ah, how far a lover dares!)
 My last recourse I had to sieve and sheers;
 And told the witch Agreo my disease:
 Agreo, that in harvest us'd to lease:
 But harvest done, to chare-work did aspire;
 Meat, drink, and two-pence, was her daily hire.
 To work she went, her charms she mutter'd o'er,
 And yet the resty sieve wagg'd ne'er the more;
 I wept for woe, the testy beldame swore,

And,

And, foaming with her God, foretold my fate;
 That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.
 A milk-white goat for you I did provide;
 Two milk-white kids ran frisking by her side,
 For which the nut-brown lads, Erithacis,
 Full often offer'd many a savoury kiss.
 Hers they shall be, since you refuse the price:
 What madman would o'erstand his market twice!
 My right eye itches, some good-luck is near,
 Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear;
 I'll set up such a note as she shall hear. }
 What nymph but my melodious voice would move?
 She must be flint, if she refuse my love.
 Hippomenes, who ran with noble strife }
 To win his lady, or to lose his life,
 (What shift some men will make to get a wife!)
 Threw down a golden apple in her way;
 For all her haste she could not choose but stay:
 Renown said, Run; the glittering bribe cry'd, Hold;
 The man might have been hang'd, but for his gold.
 Yet some suppose 'twas Love (some few indeed)
 That stopt the fatal fury of her speed:
 She saw, she sigh'd; her nimble feet refuse
 Their wonted speed, and she took pains to lose.
 A Prophet some, and some a Poet cry,
 (No matter which, so neither of them lye)
 From steepy Othrys' top to Pylus drove
 His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his love:
 If such another wager should be laid,
 I'll find the man, if you can find the maid,

Why name I men, when Love extended finds
His power on high, and in cœlestial minds;
Venus the shepherd's homely habit took,
And manag'd something else besides the crook;
Nay, when Adonis died, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the boar.
How blest was fair Endymion with his Moon,
Who sleeps on Latmos' top from night to noon!
What Jason from Medea's love possest,
You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest.
My aking head can scarce support the pain;
This curst Love will surely turn my brain:
Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no pity;
Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.
A clammy sweat does o'er my temples creep;
My heavy eyes are urg'd with iron sleep:
I lay me down to gasp my latest breath,
The wolves will get a breakfast by my death;
Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply,
For Love has made me carrion ere I die.

T H E
E P I T H A L A M I U M
O F
H E L E N A N D M E N E L A U S.

FROM THE 18TH IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

TWELVE Spartan virgins, noble, young, and fair,
 With violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;
 And to the pompous palace did resort,
 Where Menelaus kept his royal court.
 There hand in hand a comely choir they led;
 To sing a blessing to his nuptial bed,
 With curious needles wrought, and painted flowers
 bespread. }

Jove's beauteous daughter now his bride must be,
 And Jove himself was less a God than he:
 For this their artful hands instruct the lute to sound,
 Their feet assist their hands, and justly beat the ground.
 This was their song: Why, happy bridegroom, why,
 Ere yet the stars are kindled in the sky,
 Ere twilight shades, or evening dews are shed,
 Why dost thou steal so soon away to bed?
 Has Somnus brush'd thy eye-lids with his rod,
 Or do thy legs refuse to bear their load,
 With flowing bowls of a more generous God? }

If

If gentle slumber on thy temples creep,
(But, naughty man, thou dost not mean to sleep)
Betake thee to thy bed, thou drowzy drone,
Sleep by thyself, and leave thy bride alone:
Go, leave her with her maiden mates to play,
At sports more harmless till the break of day:
Give us this evening; thou hast morn and night,
And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy youth! to thee, among the crowd,
Of rival princes, Cupid sneez'd aloud;
And every lucky omen sent before,
To meet thee landing on the Spartan shore.
Of all our heroes thou canst boast alone,
That Jove, whene'er he thunders, calls thee son:
Betwixt two sheets thou shalt enjoy her bare,
With whom no Grecian virgin can compare;
So soft, so sweet, so balmy, and so fair.
A boy, like thee, would make a kingly line:
But oh, a girl like her must be divine.
Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelvescore viragoes of the Spartan race,
While naked to Eurota's banks we bend,
And there in manly exercise contend,
When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost,
And hide the beauties that we made our boast.
So, when the night and winter disappear,
The purple morning, rising with the year,
Salutes the spring, as her celestial eyes
Adorn the world, and brighten all the skies

So beauteous Helen shines among the rest,
 Tall, slender, straight, with all the Graces blest,
 As pines the mountains, or as fields the corn,
 Or as Theſſalian ſteeds the race adorn;
 So roſy-colour'd Helen is the pride
 Of Lacedæmon, and of Greece beſide.
 Like her no nymph can willing oſiers bend
 In basket-works, which painted ſtreaks commend:
 With Pallas in the loom ſhe may contend:
 But none, ah! none can animate the lyre,
 And the mute ſtrings with vocal ſouls inſpire;
 Whether the learn'd Minerva be her theme,
 Or chaſte Diana bathing in the ſtream:
 None can record their heavenly praiſe ſo well
 As Helen, in whoſe eyes ten thouſand Cupids dwell,
 O fair, O graceful! yet with maids inroll'd,
 But whom to-morrow's fun a matron ſhall behold!
 Yet ere to-morrow's fun ſhall ſhew his head,
 The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
 For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy head.
 Where all ſhall weep and wiſh for thy return,
 As bleating lambs their abſent mother mourn.
 Our nobleſt maids ſhall to thy name bequeath
 The boughs of Lotos, form'd into a wreath.
 This monument, thy maiden beauty's due,
 High on a plane-tree ſhall be hung to view:
 On the ſmooth rind the paſſenger ſhall ſee
 Thy name engrav'd, and worſhip Helen's tree:
 Balm, from a ſilver-box diſtill'd around,
 Shall all bedew the roots, and ſcent the ſacred ground.
The

The balm, 'tis true, can aged plants prolong,
But Helen's name will keep it ever young.
Hail bride, hail bridegroom, son-in-law to Jove!
With fruitful joys Latona bleſs your love;
Let Venus furniſh you with full deſires,
Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires:
Almighty Jove augment your wealthy ſtore,
Give much to you, and to his grandſons more.
From generous loins a generous race will ſpring,
Each girl, like her, a queen; each boy, like you, a king.
Now ſleep, if ſleep you can; but while you reſt,
Sleep cloſe, with folded arms, and breſt to breſt:
Riſe in the morn; but oh! before you riſe,
Forget not to perform your morning ſacrifice.
We will be with you ere the crowing cock
Salutes the light, and ſtruts before his feather'd flock.
Hymen, oh Hymen, to thy triumphs run,
And view the mighty ſpoils thou haſt in battle won.

THE
DESPAIRING LOVER.

FROM THE 23^d IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

WITH inauspicious love, a wretched swain
Pursued the fairest nymph of all the plain;
Fairest indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeless in a deep despair:
Her heavenly form too haughtily she priz'd,
His person hated, and his gifts despis'd;
Nor knew the force of Cupid's cruel darts,
Nor fear'd his awful power on human hearts;
But either from her hopeless lover fled,
Or with disdainful glances shot him dead.
No kiss, no look, to cheer the drooping boy;
No word she spoke, she scorn'd ev'n to deny.
But, as a hunted panther casts about
Her glaring eyes and pricks her listening ears to scout,
So she, to shun his toils, her cares employ'd,
And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd.
Her mouth she writh'd, her forehead taught to frown,
Her eyes to sparkle fires to love unknown:
Her fallow cheeks her envious mind did shew,
And every feature spoke aloud the curstness of a shrew.
Yet could not he his obvious fate escape:
His love still dress'd her in a pleasing shape;

And

And every fullen frown, and bitter scorn,
But fann'd the fuel that too fast did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,
He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain:
At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief:
With tears so tender as adorn'd his love,
And any heart, but only hers, would move.
Trembling before her bolted doors he stood,
And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood:
Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look;
Then, kissing first the threshold, thus he spoke:

Ah nymph, more cruel than of human race!
Thy tigress heart belies thy angel face:
Too well thou shew'dst thy pedigree from stone:
Thy granddame's was the first by Pyrrha thrown:
Unworthy thou to be so long desir'd;
But so my love, and so my fate requir'd.
I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live;
But take this gift, the last that I can give.
This friendly cord shall soon decide the strife
Betwixt my lingering love and loathsome life:
This moment puts an end to all my pain;
I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.
Farewell, ungrateful and unkind! I go
Condemn'd by thee to those sad shades below.
I go th' extreme remedy to prove,
To drink oblivion, and to drench my love:
There happily to lose my long desires:
But ah! what draught so deep to quench my fires?

Farewell, ye never-opening gates, ye stones,
And threshold guilty of my midnight moans.
What I have suffer'd here, ye know too well;
What I shall do, the Gods and I can tell.
The rose is fragrant, but it fades in time;
The violet sweet, but quickly past the prime;
White lilies hang their heads, and soon decay,
And whiter snow in minutes melts away:
Such is your blooming youth, and withering so:
The time will come, it will, when you shall know
The rage of love; your haughty heart shall burn
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.
Obdurate as you are, oh! hear at least
My dying prayers, and grant my last request.
When first you ope your doors, and passing by
The sad ill-omen'd object meets your eye,
Think it not lost, a moment if you stay;
The breathless wretch, so made by you, survey:
Some cruel pleasure will from thence arise,
To view the mighty ravage of your eyes,
I wish (but oh! my wish is vain, I fear)
The kind oblation of a falling tear:
Then loose the knot, and take me from the place,
And spread your mantle o'er my grizly face;
Upon my livid lips bestow a kiss:
O envy not the dead; they feel not bliss!
Nor fear your kisses can restore my breath;
Ev'n you are not more pitiless than death.
Then for my corpse a homely grave provide,
Which love and me from public scorn may hide.

Thrice

Thrice call upon my name, thrice beat your breast,
And hail me thrice to everlasting rest:

Last let my tomb this sad inscription bear:

A wretch whom love has kill'd lies buried here;
O passengers, Aminta's eyes beware. }

Thus having said, and furious with his love,
He heav'd with more than human force to move
A weighty stone (the labour of a team)
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the neighbouring beam:
Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws,
And fitted to his neck the fatal noose:
Then spurning backward took a swing, till death
Crept up, and stop't the passage of his breath.
The bounce burst ope the door; the scornful fair
Relentless look'd, and saw him beat his quivering feet
in air;

Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but brush'd regardless by:
And, as she past, her chance or fate was such,
Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted by the touch:
Next to the dance, thence to the bath did move;
The bath was sacred to the God of Love;
Whose injur'd image, with a wrathful eye,
Stood threatening from a pedestal on high:
Nodding a while, and watchful of his blow,
He fell; and falling crush'd th' ungrateful nymph below:
Her gushing blood the pavement all besmear'd;
And this her last expiring voice was heard;

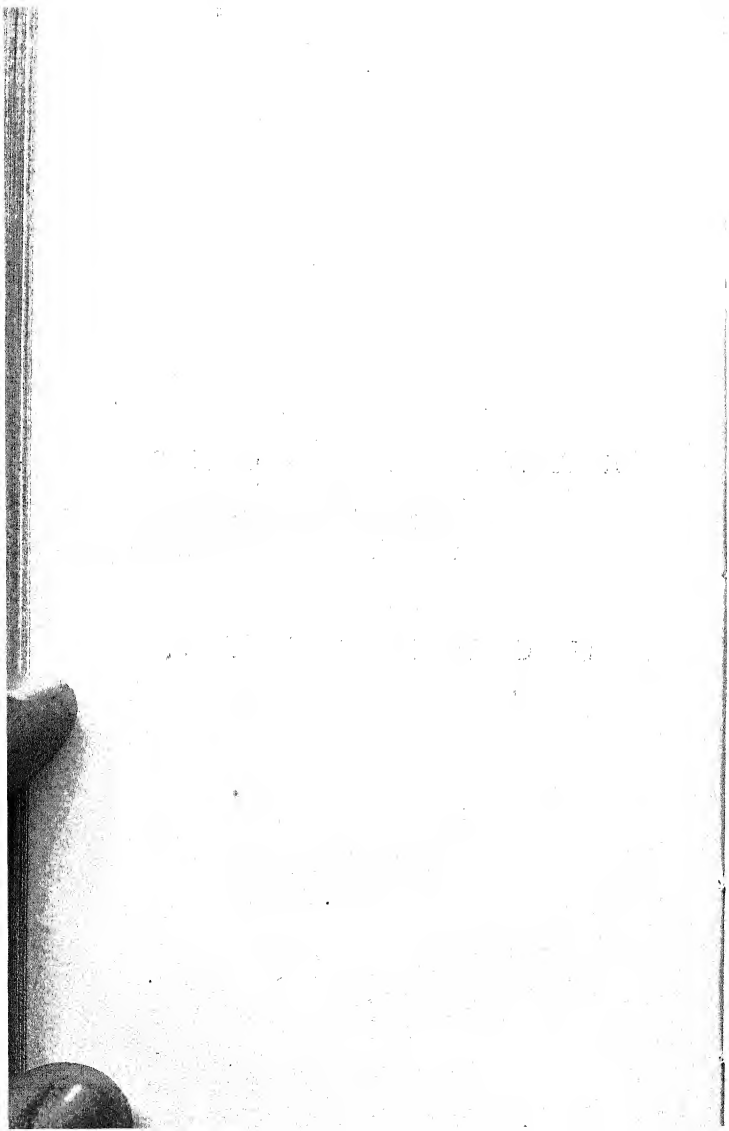
Lovers farewell, revenge has reach'd my scorn;

Thus warn'd, be wise, and love for love return.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

LUCRETIVS.



THE BEGINNING OF
THE FIRST BOOK
OF
LUCRETIIUS.

DELIGHT of human-kind, and Gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious Queen of Love,
Whose vital power, air, earth, and sea supplies;
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling skies:
For every kind, by thy prolific might,
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.
Thee, Goddess, thee the clouds and tempests fear:
And at thy pleasing presence disappear:
For thee the land in fragrant flowers is dress'd;
For thee the ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy breast;
And Heaven itself with more serene and purer light is
blest.

For when the rising spring adorns the mead,
And a new scene of nature stands display'd,
When teeming buds and cheerful greens appear,
And western gales unlock the lazy year;
The joyous birds thy welcome first express,
Whose native songs thy genial fire confess,
Then savage beasts bound o'er their flighted food,
Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood,

All

All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and sea: }
 Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
 Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee. }
 O'er barren mountains, o'er the flowery plain,
 The leafy forest, and the liquid main, }
 Extends thy uncontrol'd and boundless reign. }
 Through all the living regions dost thou move,
 And scatter'ft, where thou go'ft, the kindly seeds of love,
 Since then the race of every living thing
 Obeys thy power; since nothing new can spring
 Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear,
 Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear;
 Be thou my aid, my tuneful song inspire,
 And kindle with thy own productive fire;
 While all thy province, Nature, I survey,
 And sing to Memmius an immortal lay }
 Of heaven and earth, and every where thy wondrous
 power display: }

To Memmius, under thy sweet influence born,
 Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces dost adorn.
 The rather then assist my Muse and me,
 Infusing verses worthy him and thee.
 Meantime on land and sea let barbarous discord cease,
 And lull the listening world in universal peace.
 To thee mankind their soft repose must owe;
 For thou alone that blessing canst bestow;
 Because the brutal business of the war
 Is manag'd by thy dreadful servant's care;
 Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
 The pleasing pains of thy eternal love;

And,

And, panting on thy breast, supinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famish'd
eyes;

Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath,
By turns restor'd to life, and plung'd in pleasing death.
There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,
When, wishing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy charms in that auspicious moment try;
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary world restore.

THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND BOOK OF LUCRETII.

'TIS pleasant, safely to behold from shore,
The rolling ship, and hear the tempest roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war.
But much more sweet thy labouring steps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:
From thence to look below on human-kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind:
To see vain fools ambitiously contend
For wit and power; their last endeavours bend
T' outline each other, waste their time and health
In search of honour, and pursuit of wealth.

○ wretched

O wretched man! in what a mist of life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noisy strife,
He spends his little span; and overfeeds
His cramm'd desires, with more than nature needs!
For nature wisely flints our appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd delight:
Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears obtain;
A soul serene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires;
So bounded are our natural desires,
That, wanting all, and setting pain aside,
With bare privation sense is satisfy'd.
If golden sconces hang not on the walls,
'To light the costly suppers and the balls;
If the proud palace shines not with the state
Of burnish'd bowls, and of reflected plate;
If well-tun'd harps, nor the more pleasing sound
Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;
Yet on the grass, beneath a poplar shade,
By the cool stream, our careless limbs are lay'd;
With cheaper pleasures innocently blest,
When the warm spring with gaudy flowers is drest.
Nor will the raging fever's fire abate,
With golden canopies and beds of state:
But the poor patient will as soon be found
On the hard mattress, or the mother ground.
Then since our bodies are not eas'd the more
By birth, or power, or fortune's wealthy store,
'Tis plain, these useless toys of every kind
As little can relieve the labouring mind:

Unless

Unless we could suppose the dreadful fight
Of marshal'd legions moving to the fight,
Could, with their sound and terrible array,
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death away.
But, since the supposition vain appears,
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with sounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midst of pomp pursue the prince,
Not aw'd by arms, but in the presence bold,
Without respect to purple, or to gold;
Why should not we these pageantries despise,
Whose worth but in our want of reason lies?
For life is all in wandering errors led;
And just as children are surpriz'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, so riper years
Ev'n in broad day-light are possess'd with fears;
And shake at shadows fanciful and vain,
As those which in the breasts of children reign.
These bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
No rays of outward sunshine can dispel;
But nature and right reason must display
Their beams abroad, and bring the darksome soul to
day.

FROM THE FIFTH BOOK OF LUCRETIIUS.

“ Tum porrò puer, &c.”

THUS, like a sailor by a tempest hurl'd
Ashore, the babe is shipwreck'd on the world:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpless of all that human wants require;
Expos'd upon unhospitable earth,
From the first moment of his hapless birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room;
Too true presages of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and every savage beast,
By more indulgent nature are increas'd.
They want no rattles for their froward mood,
Nor nurse to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words; nor winter blasts they fear,
Nor change their habits with the changing year:
Nor, for their safety, citadels prepare,
Nor forge the wicked instruments of war:
Unlabour'd earth her bounteous treasure grants,
And nature's lavish hand supplies their common wants.

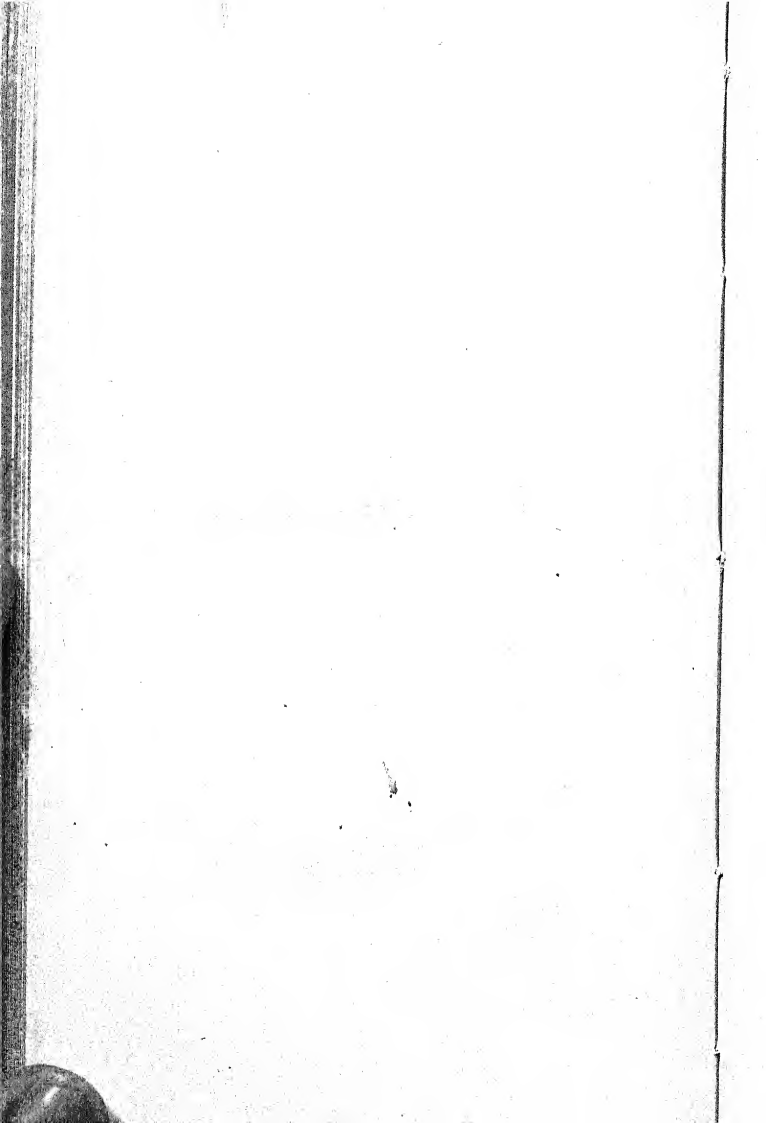
TRANSLATIONS

FROM

H O R A C E.

VOL. XXI.

Y



T H E
THIRD ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK
O F
H O R A C E .

Inscribed to the Earl of Roscommon, on his intended
Voyage to Ireland.

SO may th' auspicious queen of love,
And the twin stars the seed of Jove.
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O sacred ship, be kind;
And gentle breezes fill thy sails,
Supplying soft Etesian gales:
As thou, to whom the Muse commends
The best of poets and of friends,
Dost thy committed pledge restore;
And land him safely on the shore;
And save the better part of me,
From perishing with him at sea,
Sure he, who first the passage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his side;
Or his at least, in hollow wood
Who tempted first the briny flood:

Y 2.

Nor

Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the shore;
Nor Hyades portending rain;
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright,
Who unconcern'd, with stedfast sight,
Could view the furies mounting steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep!
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With storms above, and rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wise command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ships and men prophane
Invade th' inviolable main;
Th' eternal fences over-leap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toil, no hardship, can restrain
Ambitious man inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aspire,
And stole from Heaven the seeds of fire:
A train of ills, a ghastly crew,
The robber's blazing track pursue:
Fierce famine with her meagre face,
And fevers of the fiery race,
In swarms th' offending wretch surround,
All brooding on the blasted ground:
And limping death, lash'd on by fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.

This made not Dædalus beware,
 With borrow'd wings to sail in air:
 To hell Alcides forc'd his way,
 Plung'd through the lake, and snatch'd the prey.
 Nay scarce the Gods, or heavenly climes,
 Are safe from our audacious crimes;
 We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
 And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

THE NINTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF
 HORACE.

I.

BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height
 Made higher with new mounts of snow;
 Again behold the winter's weight
 Oppress the labouring woods below;
 And streams, with icy fetters bound,
 Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid ground.

II.

With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,
 And feed the genial hearth with fires;
 Produce the wine, that makes us bold,
 And sprightly wit and love inspires:
 For what hereafter shall betide,
 God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III.

Let him alone, with what he made,
 To tofs and turn the world below;
 At his command the ftorms invade;
 The winds by his commiffion blow;
 Till with a nod he bids them ceafe,
 And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To-morrow and her works defy,
 Lay hold upon the prefent hour,
 And fnatch the pleasures paffing by,
 To put them out of fortune's power:
 Nor love, nor love's delights difdain;
 Whate'er thou gett'ft to-day, is gain.

V.

Secure thofe golden early joys,
 That youth unfour'd with sorrow bears,
 Ere withering time the tafte deftroys,
 With ficknefs and unwieldy years.
 For active fports, for pleafing reft,
 This is the time to be poffeft;
 The beft is but in feafon beft. }

VI.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd blifs,
 The pleafing whifper in the dark,]
 The half unwilling willing kifs,
 The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
 When the kind nymph would coynefs feign,
 And hides but to be found again;
 Thefe, thefe are joys the Gods for youth ordain. }

THE TWENTY-NINTH ODE OF THE FIRST
BOOK OF HORACE.

Paraphras'd in Pindaric Verse, and inscribed to the
Right Hon. Laurence Earl of Rochester.

I.

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
That long the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Make haste to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd:
The rosy wreath is ready made:
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil, that shall perfume thy hair.

II.

When the wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries Come away;
Make haste, and leave thy business and thy care:
No mortal interest can be worth thy stay.

III.

Leave for a while thy costly country seat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the great:
Make haste and come:
Come, and forsake thy cloying store;
Thy turret that surveys, from high,
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome;
And all the busy pageantry
That wise men scorn, and fools adore:
Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures of
the poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich, to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty:
 A savory dish, a homely treat,
 Where all is plain, where all is neat,
 Without the stately spacious room,
The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great,

V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high;
 The Syrian star,
 Barks from afar,
And with his sultry breath infects the sky;
The ground below is parch'd, the Heavens above us fry;
The shepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh:
The Sylvans to their shades retire,
Those very shades and streams new shades and streams
 require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging
 fire.

VI.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
And what the city factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know:
But God has, wisely, hid from human sight

The

The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state;
When mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the present smiling hour;
And put it out of fortune's power:
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both house and homestead into seas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd hon-
ours mourn.

VIII.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day;
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate are mine,
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
Fortune,

IX.

Fortune, that, with malicious joy,
 Does man her slave opprefs,
 Proud of her office to destroy,
 Is feldom pleas'd to blefs:
 Still various and unconstant still,
 But with an inclination to be ill,
 Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
 And makes a lottery of life.
 I can enjoy her while she's kind;
 But when she dances in the wind,
 And shakes the wings and will not ftay,
 I puff the prostitute away:
 The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd:
 Content with poverty, my foul I arm;
 And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,
 Who never fail in her unfaithful fea,
 If ftorms arife, and clouds grow black;
 If the maff split, and threaten wreck?
 Then let the greedy merchant fear
 For his ill-gotten gain;
 And pray to Gods that will not hear,
 While the debating winds and billows bear
 His wealth into the main.
 For me, fecure from fortune's blows,
 Secure of what I cannot lofe,

In my small pinnacle I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar;
And, running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek
Within some little winding creek:
And see the storm ashore.

THE SECOND EPODE OF HORACE.

HOW happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet country life;
Discharg'd of business, void of strife,
And from the griping scrivener free!
Thus, ere the seeds of vice were sown,
Liv'd men in better ages born,
Who plow'd with oxen of their own
Their small paternal field of corn.
Nor trumpets summon him to war,
Nor drums disturb his morning sleep,
Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
The clamours of contentious law,
And court, and state, he wisely shuns,
Nor, brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
To servile salutations runs;
But either to the clasping vine
Does the supporting poplar wed,
Or with his pruning-hook disjoin

Unbearing branches from their head,
And grafts more happy in their stead :
Or, climbing to a hilly steep,
He views his herds in vales afar,
Or sheers his overburden'd sheep,
Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of virgin honey in the jars.
Or in the now-declining year,
When bounteous autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
And clustering grapes with purple spread,
The fairest of his fruit he serves,
Priapus, thy rewards :
Sylvanus too his part deserves,
Whose care the fences guards.
Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted grafs, he lies ;
No God of sleep he need invoke ;
The stream that o'er the pebbles flies
With gentle slumber crowns his eyes.
The wind that whistles through the sprays
Maintains the concert of the song ;
And hidden birds with native lays
The golden sleep prolong.
But, when the blasts of winter blows,
And hoary frost inverts the year,
Into the naked woods he goes,
And seeks the tufty boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed spear!

Or spreads his subtle nets from sight
With twinkling glasses, to betray
The larks that in the meshes light,
Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
Amidst his harmless easy joys
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor love his peace of mind destroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But if a chaste and pleasing wife,
To ease the business of his life,
Divides with him his household care,
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the swift Apulian's bride,
Sun-burnt and swarthy though she be,
Will fire for winter-nights provide,
And without noise will oversee
His children and his family;
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;
If she in pens his flocks will fold,
And then produce her dairy store,
With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not oysters of the Lucrine lake
My sober appetite would wish,
Nor turbot, or the foreign fish
That rolling tempests overtake,
And hither waft the costly dish.
Not heathpout, or the rarer bird,
Which Phasis or Ionia yields,

More

More pleasing morsels would afford
Than the fat olives of my fields;
Than shards or mallows for the pot,
That keep the loosen'd body sound,
Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
To the just guardian of my ground.
Amidst these feasts of happy swains,
The jolly shepherd smiles to see
His flock returning from the plains;
The farmer is as pleas'd as he
To view his oxen sweating smoke,
Bear on their necks the loosen'd yoke:
To look upon his menial crew,
That sit around his chearful hearth,
And bodies spent in toil renew
With wholesome food and country mirth.
This Morecraft said within himself,
Resolv'd to leave the wicked town:
And live retir'd upon his own,
He call'd his money in;
But the prevailing love of pelf,
Soon split him on the former shelf,
He put it out again.

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